

School of Theology at Claremont



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NTURES IN FRIENDLINESS

PROGRAMS FOR THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

Prepared for Use in the Vacation Church
School

M. F. BROWN

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The Community Methodist Church
LANCASTER, CALIFORNIA



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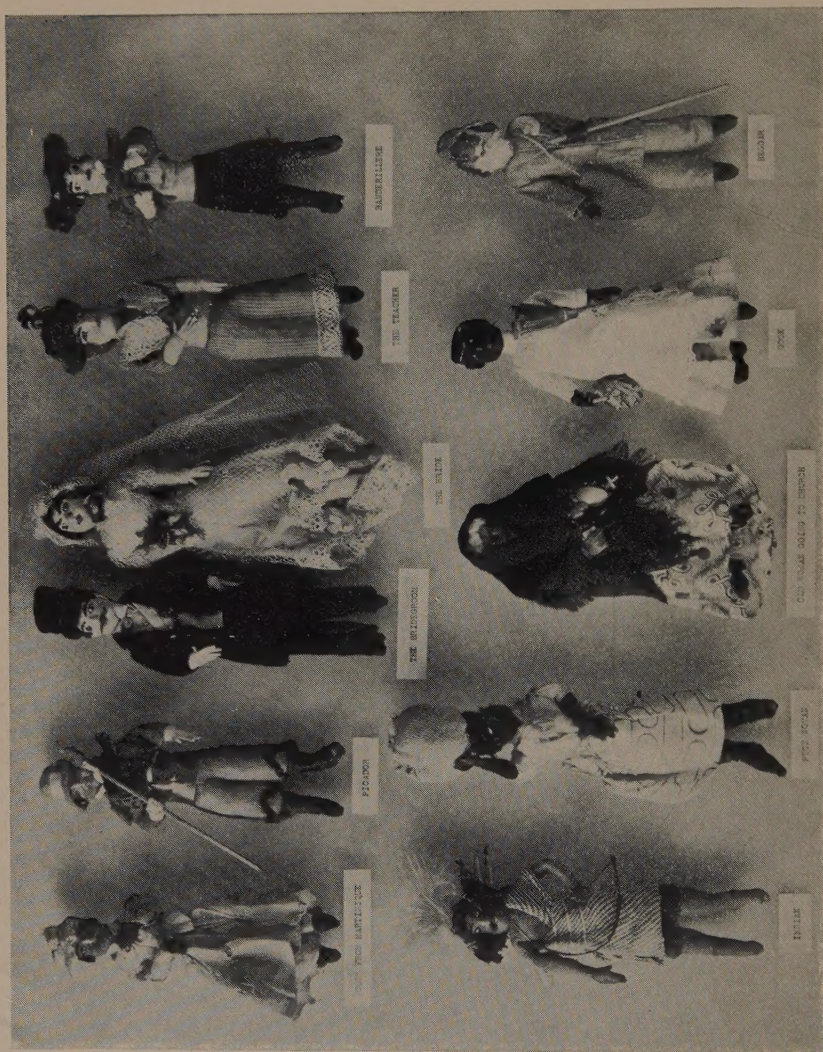
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"The wicked borroweth and
returneth not." (Psalms 37-21)

**ADVENTURES IN
FRIENDLINESS**



COSTUME DOLLS DRESSED BY OUR FRIENDS IN LATIN AMERICA

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Adventures in Friendliness

PROGRAMS FOR THE PRIMARY DEPARTMENT

Prepared for Use in the Vacation
Church School

BY

M. F. BROWN

The Community Methodist Church
LANCASTER, CALIFORNIA



JOHN T. FARIS, D.D., Editor

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O. M. C.

PREFACE

The Purpose of These Programs

A notable characteristic of our next-door-neighbor countries is the fact that the condition of the people is marked by great extremes. There are two well-defined classes, the rich and the poor. We do not find that strong and comfortable middle class which makes up so large and important an element of the population of our own United States.

In the great cities there are wide, well-paved boulevards lined with splendid public buildings, streets that rival those of which we ourselves are justly proud; there are haciendas, each with its inclosed *patio*, beautified with tropical flowers and the tinkling music of the water in the fountain, where tables are luxurious in appointment and service. Yet the great majority of the people both in the cities and in the vast interior regions are the peons, poor and downtrodden, often quite stoical in accepting what they regard as an inevitable fate.

Many unattractive generalizations have been made about these people. While some of these characterizations are partly correct, they are not universally true. The peon has been charged with being dishonest, such a thief that nothing is safe from his fingers. It has been declared that he is lazy, always putting off till to-morrow what should be done to-day. He has also been called untruthful, willing to say anything that will be advantageous, regardless of facts.

It is true that vast numbers are both ignorant and superstitious. Yet when we know something of the heritage and the history of these people we can both understand and sympathize with the warring character traits that must be theirs. In their veins a curious mixture courses.

Their first ancestors were the powerful South American Indians who were enjoying the wealth of a wonderful land when the fierce, proud, cruel Spaniards conquered and stole these possessions from

them. Not content with despoiling and capturing these people, the adventuring conquerors imported Negro slaves from Africa still further to serve their purpose.

This, then, forms the ancestral history of these people: they are a mingling of the Indian, the Spaniard, and the Negro. When we remember the characteristics of these different races—the naturally fierce nature of the Indian; the pride and the cruelty and the love of ease and luxury which mark the Spaniard; the servile, dreamy, timid, superstitious nature of the Negro—when we consider all these different characteristics we begin to understand.

If the bad could be removed from this conglomerate and the good remain rightly combined, a splendid composite would be the result. But if such traits are present without being mingled, what a conflict of emotions must distress the poor individual!

Fortunately there are those who see the great possibilities of these people and are trying to help them to find themselves. They are bringing to them gifts which should be theirs. Missionary teachers and their schools are reaching surely, if slowly, into these communities, bringing uplift and happiness and, best of all, the proper knowledge of Jesus and his love.

These devoted teachers know that the great needs of these people are education and the love of Jesus. They know also that Latin America, with her marvelous natural resources, has much to bring to us. The Americas need each other: each has something to share with the others, for to each have been given peculiar benefits. All too few of us know the wonders and advantages possessed by the sister Americas who lie just south of us. It is hoped that the facts merely touched upon in this course of lessons will make all teachers hungry to know more. For that reason a carefully selected bibliography for the teacher's own use has been added to the Supplement. Many of the books listed can be procured in public libraries. The Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions will be able to supply many of them at reasonable prices. When the zest for exploration strikes the teacher, let her make a study of this wonderland that is so little known by the average North American. There is a wealth of fascinating romance, adventure, and surprise awaiting those who indulge in even a little research. In fact, a bit of reading would conjure up so alluring a picture that perhaps only a real trip would suffice as the conclusion of study.

There are many points of natural contact which the teacher will be

quick to seize upon in presenting these children of Latin America to our own Primary children. First there is the common hero, Columbus, who really discovered the whole Western Hemisphere. If anything, (Columbus is more highly thought of, certainly more publicly celebrated, in Latin America than he is in our own land.) Latin peoples feel that we of North America have been slow in recognizing the seamanship of the Spanish and Portuguese sailors as having played a vital part in the discovery that opened up this half of the world.

A second point of contact is the common sharing of the names "American" and "America"; for we in this hemisphere are all Americans together, sharing a common love of liberty and equally moved by patriotic zeal. Their flags, their homelands, their national heroes are very dear to our friends in Latin America. Their school children honor and salute their national flags daily at school and sing their inspiring national anthems. Perhaps they go even farther than we do in their fervent enthusiasms, counting no cost too dear for liberty. While in this land there is a feeling that their good judgment is often open to question, there can be no question concerning their patriotism.

In presenting the peoples of Latin America, the teacher is too apt to dwell upon the poor and ignorant classes, describing the squalor and neglect, and forget entirely the other side of the picture. As in every land there are prominent women in these lands who are doing a noble pioneer work among their own people. One splendid public-spirited woman, wealthy and refined, has won for herself the title of the "Apostle of Progress." For political reasons no names can be mentioned but one of our own returned missionaries has told some fascinating stories of the life and work of this woman. Frequently she goes to Paris, to London, and to other great centers of culture, bringing back with her ideas and ideals which she puts to work among her own people. This "Apostle of Progress" has taken courses under the Red Cross, has studied the Scout movement, and has started many groups of both boy and girl scouts in her own land. She has also spent considerable time in settlement work and among the clinics here in our own United States, carrying back new and helpful ideas for the betterment of her own people and through her own study and effort bringing things to pass. Not so long ago, Argentina held a "better babies" campaign. Is it not a startling thought that in three years' time

Argentina has reduced her infant mortality so that it is now lower than that of Chicago?

How many of our North Americans remember that the universities of Argentina and Peru are many, many years older than the oldest of our own continent's universities, "fair Harvard"? Who recalls that the first block printing press came to us from South America? Just what impression has been made upon the shell of our superiority through pictures and photographs of the truly splendid public buildings, parks, and art centers that lie below the equator? We who pride ourselves on our love for the beautiful, on our appreciation of great art and great music, need to call to mind the fact that Europe recognizes no star, however acclaimed in this land, until he or she has sung in the Argentine opera house, and been received with favor there. Caruso and Tetrizzini had both to pass this test before the world accepted them as stars. Not all the peoples of South America are poor, ignorant, downtrodden folk, the rows upon rows of appreciative listeners in evening dress giving their attention to the world's great singers in the world-famous Argentine opera house proclaim. This is the other side of the picture we need to remember when we think of our neighbors to the south of us.

All Latin-American people are hungry for an education. They devour all the knowledge they can get. They make industrious, brilliant scholars, and are willing to make almost any sacrifice in order to secure a chance to enter the few and crowded schools. One mother sold her wedding jewelry to keep her children in school. Another girl rode thirty miles on a little burro, only to be turned away from the school of her choice (one of our mission schools, by the way) because there was no room. Every Presbyterian school is crowded; there is not room even to "swing another hammock" in many of them.

The purpose of this little book is to awaken an appreciation of our neighbors to the south of us, not only of those who are needy but also of the noble men and women of the higher class. There is something vitally wrong when the people of our America and the peoples of Latin America, having so much in common—so many fine ideals, so many beautiful appreciations to share with one another—can stand off and regard one another as strangers and of no kin. If this text can help in ever so small a way to unite the whole hemisphere under common American ideals held by all our children

in both continents, if the course will make our children conscious of a sense of brotherhood with our other American neighbors, then it will have fulfilled its purpose. May there come to be a desire among Americans everywhere to help one another, sharing with one another all that is best and happy in helping each American nation to take its place in a world of nations.

Planning the Programs

In planning to present these programs to a group, study first the general plan. It will be obvious that the course is elastic; there is plenty of opportunity for adding to it, and, of even greater importance, opportunity for omission without change or injury to the general scheme. Do not attempt too much with your pupils. If you need to take more than one day to a program, do so. Go through the course, omitting and simplifying as best suits the needs of your own particular group.

It is always well for the teacher to have a loose-leaf blank book in which to add extra stories, music, handcraft suggestions, and the like. Every teacher plans to give her own individual touch to her work, and in doing so cannot be confined merely to the textbook material. Remember the purpose of the course: be as simple and direct as possible as you try to impress upon your group the facts that we are all God's children, whatever our homeland or race; that we are all dependent on each other; that each must share with the other. Put emphasis on our likenesses with other peoples rather than upon our differences, for only so can a genuine bond of sympathy grow up between differing nations and races the world over.

Teachers and principals of vacation church schools using this text are urged first of all to read the book as a whole. Then read with especial care Programs XXIV and XXV, where a very definite picture of the scope of the course, with a possible outcome, is clearly given. As the teacher reads and studies this material, she will need to refer constantly to the Supplement where further details and suggestions are given in connection with the various elements of the daily program and with the projects. Special attention is called to Program VI where, under Expressional Activities, picture suggestions, with possible sources of supply, are listed. The material given there has reference to the special project whereby good

pictures are to be mounted and packed for sending to some missionary school, preferably in Latin America.

The Picture Project

Two important points in regard to this picture project must not be overlooked. First, pictures which are to be secured from any of the suggested picture companies must be ordered at least three weeks in advance. Second, because of the high duties involved in sending these pictures to many of our mission lands, all schools which undertake the picture project are urged to mail the finished boxes of pictures, carefully packed, to the Young People's Department of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, instead of trying to send them directly to any particular field. It frequently happens that, because of ignorance on the part of senders of the duties imposed by the Governments in many of our mission fields, real hardship is placed on the workers there; gifts often become a burden to those to whom they are supposed to bring satisfaction and help, because of the excessive duties we unthinkingly force our mission workers to pay upon our well-intended gifts. The Foreign Mission Board is ready to handle the problem, however. Knowing the needs of each field, and all about the differing rates and duties, this Board can place the pictures to much better advantage than can the local schools. Postage money ought always to be included. The Board will be glad, in handling the pictures, to have local schools state a preference in the matter of choosing a destination for the pictures. Everything possible will be done to respect the wishes of the local school.

Teachers will be quick to see the necessity for this request for coöperation with our Foreign Board in the matter of sending the pictures. The careful and loving work of the children done during the summer is designed to bring real joy and satisfaction to all who may receive the pictures. But the plan will fall short of its purpose if the distribution is not systematically and thoughtfully done. The duty imposed by some countries to whom they may be sent may far outweigh the actual value of the gift pictures. Also, unorganized sending of the pictures would mean that certain of the better known centers of our work might be flooded with more pictures than they can well use, while other needier mission centers, hungry for just such a gift, might be entirely overlooked.

The teacher will note that the picture lists given in Program VI are offered under various themes. Some schools may wish to select pictures under still other themes, perhaps substituting some themes for those offered on page 59. It is hoped that many schools will choose to mount and send pictures on the life and work of Jesus, but such a series of pictures might well be supplemented with other series than those listed on page 58. Some groups may be interested in preparing a series of pictures on "Child Life in Our America for the Children of Other Americas," pictures showing children at play, at work, at school, and perhaps including a few pictures similar to those of Jessie Willcox Smith. Another school might prepare a series of pictures on "The Animal Life of Our America," with special reference to the pets of our own children. Other suggestions would be the preparation of a series of Christmas pictures, or Easter pictures, or perhaps a series of pictures on the infancy and childhood of Jesus, or on "Christ the Healer and Helper." Other suggestions will occur to the resourceful teacher.

In Conclusion

As the teacher works into the course, she must not allow herself to be tempted to do too many things with so young a group as her Primary children. While a great variety of suggestions are offered in this text, they are offered with the thought of affording choice. That day when the children begin to be worried and harried into doing more than they can comfortably and enjoyably carry out in so brief a time marks the beginning of the failure of the whole purpose of the course. Enthusiastic friendliness does not thrive under compulsion.

The teacher will note that the same hymn book is used throughout as was suggested for the two previous years of the course. Refer frequently to these two previous Primary texts by Carolyn Dudley, "Learning God's Way" and "God's Children Living Together." Wherever it seems desirable, make use of the extra stories, patterns, and musical selections to be found there, in supplementing this course.

This introduction closes with a final word urging all teachers to bear two things in mind. First, study always well *in advance* to be sure you can plan for what is coming. Especially direct your attention early to formulating your finished plan, so that you will know

at just what point you hope your group will arrive at the end of the course. Second, remember to send *early* for all supplies, long before you expect to need them, so that everything will be well in hand, as you may find it necessary to make adaptations in your program to meet your own local situation.



PART I

TEACHING MATERIAL

PART I
TEACHING MATERIAL
PROGRAM I

**Worship Service Theme: How God's Children May Praise Him
and Show Their Love for Him.**

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Signal for the children to be seated.)

GREETING WORDS FROM THE TEACHER. Make your welcome informal and cordial. Speak of the good times you are all going to have together. Try to make each child feel that he is an important member of the group.

SONGS: A praise song, "Can a Little Child, Like Me," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship," by Edith Lovell Thomas.

CONVERSATION: Call attention to something beautiful which the children have all seen—flowers in the classroom, or a tree outside—anything which is familiar. Then speak of God's gift of the outdoor world. Ask volunteers to tell what they like especially in the summer time. Ask if they ever said, "Thank you" for the things they mention. To whom could they say, "Thank you"? Write on the board the words of the doxology, and have the children read them with you:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host:
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen."

Ask what praise means. Tell them it is one way of saying, "Thank you." Explain "blessings," "creatures here below," and "heavenly host." Ask who are to praise God. Show that the hymn says everyone in all the world is to say, "Thank you," to him. Have the doxology sung. Ask the children if they know that the Bible is full of praise verses. Repeat the following; then say it a second time

and ask the children to join in. Repeat two or three times until the words are familiar:

“Praise ye the Lord;
For it is good to sing praises unto our God;
For it is pleasant, and praise is comely.”—Ps. 147:1.

PRAYER (By teacher): Heavenly Father, we thank thee for thy good gifts that come to us every day. We thank thee for thy love and thy care. Accept our thanks and our songs of praise. Help us to be thy good children all this day. Amen.

SONGS: “All the Happy Children,” “A First Book in Hymns and Worship.” (If the children are not familiar with this song let them choose a well-known favorite.) A second song chosen by the class.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY. (If this is not familiar to your children, teach it during the “Work Period” to-day. See Supplement.)

PIANO CHORD. (Seated.)

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Luke 10:30-37.

The Good Neighbor

INTRODUCTION TO THE STORY. We like to sing hymns that tell of our love for God. We like to say, “Thank you,” by our songs. One night, long, long ago, a song was heard that was the most beautiful song in the world.

Angels sang that song on the birthday night of a little Child. Yes, you begin to look as if you knew about that hymn of praise. Who heard the music? Some shepherds. Did they catch the words of the heavenly music? Yes. Who will repeat them slowly and clearly for me while I write them on the blackboard?

“Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace among men.”

The first part (underscore)—“Glory to God in the highest”—was a praise song to God. Let us say it together.

The second part (underscore heavily)—“And on earth peace among men”—was the message that the Baby had been sent to bring to shepherds, Wise Men, poor people, rich people, sick people, sad people, glad people—to you, to me, and to everybody in all lands.

When the Baby Jesus grew to be a man he spent his life telling everyone of God's love for us and showing that God wants us all to love one another. That is the meaning of the words, "peace among men."

Jesus said that God wants all his children to be friendly. He wants them to live together as good neighbors. He told a story to show what it means to be a good neighbor. This was the story.

THE STORY: One day a man was walking along the road from Jerusalem to Jericho. It was no easy thing to travel from Jerusalem to Jericho. The road ran down a steep hill all the way. Great rocks and boulders along the sides made gloomy places like caves. Wild animals lived behind the rocks. In the road were sharp stones that bruised and tired the feet.

As the man passed over the lonely, dangerous way a band of thieves sprang out from their hiding places. They knocked the man down. They tore off his clothes, and beat and wounded him. Then they stole all that he had and ran away, leaving him in the road half dead.

By and by a priest came along. The priests were men who spent their lives serving God. The poor wounded man thought, "Perhaps he will help me." But the priest crossed over to the other side of the road.

"I must get out of this place as quickly as I can or the thieves may catch me," he said, and went on, leaving the man alone.

Then another man came down the road. He, too, was a priest who tried to serve God always. He saw the poor man lying half dead, and he went on.

"This is no place for me," he thought to himself. "I will hurry and reach a safer road as soon as possible!"

A third man came by. He was a man from another country, called Samaria. He saw the traveler crumpled up on the wayside, and stopped beside him.

Very gently he raised the injured man's head. He poured oil on the wounds and bound them up. Then he lifted the man up on his own donkey and led him to an inn. There he put him to bed.

In the morning when the Samaritan was about to start away on his journey again, he took some money from his purse and gave it to the innkeeper.

"Take care of this man until he is well. Whatever more you may need to spend, I will repay you when I come this way again," he said.

When Jesus finished his story he asked, "Which of the three men was a neighbor to the man who was hurt?"

How many boys and girls can answer Jesus' question? (Get answers and discuss.)

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Matt. 22: 39.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Work out upon the sand table a simple background of the scene of the "Good Neighbor." Directions for a

"homemade" sand table are given in the Supplement. A few stones may be used to provide the rugged way, and paper dolls, small clothespins, even toothpicks may be used to represent the good neighbor and the others.

Begin teaching the salute to the Christian flag if not already known, in order that you may use it in your service of worship. (For the words of the salute, see the Supplement.)

RECREATION: Games. Dramatization of "Making Friends."

I wish a little girl some day
 Far off across the sea
 Would sail across the world to play
 All afternoon with me.

We'd first be sort of timid while
 We'd try to understand
 Each other's words, but we could smile,
 And I could take her hand.

Then she would dance and wave her shawl
 And sing a song or two,
 And after that I'd show them all
 The tricks my dog could do.

And when I'd give her flowers she
 Could take home to her mother
 I'm pretty sure we'd be
 Real friends with one another.

—*Marjorie Barrows, in Child Life.*

Rand McNally & Company, Publishers.

Repeat the poem until it is familiar. Choose one child to be the visitor, and recite the lines slowly while the children follow the lines.

One other game chosen by the children.

MUSIC PERIOD: One song chosen by the children.

Begin teaching the song, "I Want to Send a Whisper Song."
 "A First Book in Hymns and Worship."

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends

Do you know how many kinds of Americans there are? Let's count them. There are Americans who live in Canada. What are

they called? Then there are Americans who live in Mexico, who are Mexicans. And far away to the south are many other people in other countries who don't speak our language, and who dress differently from the way we dress. But they are all Americans, too. They are very, very proud to call themselves Americans. They have freedom as much as we do. They are just as proud of Columbus as we are, and they celebrate Columbus Day with almost as much excitement as we celebrate the Fourth of July. One of those countries is named in honor of Columbus, and it is called Colombia.

How would you like to go to see some of these other Americans? We can find out what kinds of homes they live in and what games they play. Just at first we shan't be able to speak their language, but we'll learn a few words, and soon we'll understand what they say. We'll find that we can do lots of things with those other boys and girls. They like to sing and to play games. Some of them can draw beautiful pictures. Many of them want to go to school. They know about the God we love, and they know about Jesus. So we shall not feel so very strange even if we are away from home. We are going to travel a long way, but we shall always feel at home, because we shall be in America.

(The lessons center around a trip to some of the principal countries of Latin America. Let the children help to plan the trip. The first stop will be our next-door-neighbor country, Mexico. Two routes are possible. They may go, as Columbus did, by boat; or they may go, as most of the missionaries go, by train. The train route will be more interesting, for there will be more to see along the way.

From travel bureaus obtain descriptive folders of Texas and if possible of Mexico. Display pictures of trains. Have the suitcases packed, and buy the tickets. Give each child a small button bearing the American flag to wear as a badge on the trip. Speak of eating on the train and of going to sleep at night in the Pullman berths. Let the children arrange their chairs like seats in a railroad train.

Speak briefly of what a good traveler is like. He wants to make friends with the new people he meets. He will find new ways of doing things, and they may seem queer, but he will not laugh at them or make fun of them. Mexicans are friendly people, and they are very polite. When the children meet their new Mexican friends

they will want them to feel that children in the United States are friendly and polite, too.

Everyone will be watching from the car windows for the first glimpse of Mexico. Explain that the children will see Mexicans before they leave the United States. A great many Mexican families come to our country to work. Some of them work in the beet fields, and others work at the oil wells. Many of the children work, too; so they have no time to go to school.)

As we travel farther and farther south, we come to the very largest of all states. I wonder if you know which state is the largest? In Texas we find some Mexicans who are helping to build the railroads. We shall see some of them. Now our train is slowing up, for the engine needs more water. Over there on that track is a box car, just an ordinary freight car. But look closely. This isn't an ordinary car, for it is some one's home. Look, there is Pancho sitting outside. He must be the father. He is resting after a hard day's work on the railroad tracks. Can you see that tiny stove inside the box-car house? Pancho's wife, Josefina, is in there frying meat for dinner. If the windows were open I believe we could hear it sizzle. The children must be around somewhere. There they are. Juan is tall and sturdy like his father and Angela is short like her mother. They are all dark-haired and dark-skinned. Watch Juan when he laughs. See what white teeth he has.

We are very near Mexico now. When we cross the Rio Grande we shall be in Juan's own country.

While the train is hurrying on let us find out something about the country we are going to visit.

(Show picture map of Latin America. See Supplement. Point out the route which the play train has taken.)

Mexico is so near the United States that the Mexicans can easily sell us their good things and buy from us the things they do not have. Mexico gives us a great many of the things we use every day. I can see some of Mexico's good things here in this room. Where do you suppose the gold came from that made Marjorie's pretty ring? That might have come from Mexico, for Mexico has splendid gold mines. Carol's silver bracelet may have come from there, for Mexico has some of the finest silver mines in the world. What is this penny made of? Mexico sends us a great deal of copper, for that land has copper mines, too. And we get iron, lead, tin, and coal from there. Mexico sends us rubber also, and hemp,

from which we make ropes. Can you find anything iron in our room? (Use same procedure with other products mentioned.) Do you have any of the good things of Mexico in your homes?

Your mothers are sure to have a little bit of Mexico in their pantries. Perhaps the coffee they drink is Mexican coffee. Do you like vanilla ice cream? Wouldn't our food taste funny if there were no vanilla to put into our ice cream and cake and other good things? Vanilla comes from Mexico, and so does some of our sugar cane. And apples, lemons, oranges, bananas, and pineapples grow there, too.

So you see Mexico is a very good neighbor, for it shares with us so many of the things we need and like.

I am going to tell you about a boy who lived in Mexico. His name was Pedro. As Mexico is in North America (point it out on the map) Pedro was an American as well as a Mexican, you see.

Pedro: A Boy of Mexico

For many weeks Pedro (Pay'dro) had watched the shiny black automobile that drew up at the curb every evening when the band played in the park. He would be the happiest boy in all Mexico if he might sit on the seat beside the chauffeur, and, oh, if only he might hold the wheel that guided the car!

The door of the car opened, and a man and a woman got out. Pedro knew that the man was a doctor from the United States and the woman was his wife, who taught in the mission school. As the woman got out she dropped her scarf. Pedro called it a *rebozo* in his language. Pedro did not run after her to give it to her, for he had never been taught to be polite. Pedro decided that he would keep the *rebozo* himself. No one had ever told him that it was wrong to take things that did not belong to him.

So he slipped the *rebozo* into his pocket. Then just for fun he wrapped it around his shoulders and sat down on a park bench just as if he were a lady listening to the music.

Suddenly he felt a hand on his shoulder. The doctor stood beside him.

"Come, boy, I will take you to your father," said the doctor.

"But I have no father or mother, *señor*," said Pedro. "I live wherever I can find a place to sleep."

Then the doctor took Pedro to his own home. For a week Pedro lived there. He watered the flowers in the lady's garden, and he ran errands for the doctor. No one said anything about the scarf. They were hoping Pedro would tell all about it himself some day.

Pedro liked to listen while the lady told stories from a beautiful book. One day the lady had to leave Pedro alone for a few minutes. When she had gone she remembered that she had left the book on a chair. Would Pedro find it and run away with it as he had with the scarf? She hurried back to see. But there sat Pedro, and there was the book just where she had left it.

"Were you afraid I would take it?" Pedro asked. "I used to think it was

fun to steal pretty things, but I won't do it any more. You told me that Jesus was always giving. I'd rather be like him."

That night when the doctor and the lady went for their ride, the lady called Pedro.

"Won't you come with us to-night?" she said. "We'd be glad to have a boy with us whom we can trust. And our chauffeur is getting old. He may be glad to have some one watch him and learn from him how to drive the car."

Then Pedro climbed into the front seat, and as the shiny black automobile drove off, he was the happiest boy in all Mexico.

To-morrow we shall find out something about the way people live in Mexico. I have a story for you about a Mexican boy named Manuel and his most prized belonging. It isn't his ball or his pen-knife. You could never guess what it is. To-morrow I'll tell you.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Have the children look over pictures you have collected of life in Mexico. These may be sorted under various headings such as "Mexico the Beautiful," "Mexican Homes," "Mexican Babies," and so forth, and used for posters.

Ask the children to bring from home samples of products of Mexico such as cotton, almonds, coffee, hemp, and pictures. Explain that these will be cared for in the school museum and returned at the end of the term.

Color pictures of Mexico connected with picture map and paste in place. (See directions in Supplement.)



PROGRAM II

**Worship Service Theme: How God's Children May Praise Him
and Show Their Love for Him**

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Signal for the children to be seated.)

GREETING WORDS FROM THE TEACHER.

CONVERSATION: About things seen on the way to school which show God's love for his children.

HYMNS: "All Things Bright and Beautiful," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship." A second hymn chosen by the children.

PRAYER: The Lord's Prayer.

DOXOLOGY: Shall we sing our hymn of praise to God? (Get the children's thought on how this hymn should be sung. All rise.)

CONVERSATION ABOUT THE "ANGELS' SONG": What was the most beautiful praise song that ever was heard? Who sang it? Why was it sung? (Have the angels' song recited in chorus; then have the girls repeat the first half and the boys the second.)

VERSES OF PRAISE (In the worship services use the verses which the children have memorized and can repeat without effort. Add to the verses each morning what has been taught the day before during the Work Period):

"Praise ye the Lord;

For it is good to sing praises unto our God;

For it is pleasant, and praise is comely."—Ps. 147:1.

PRAYER (By teacher): Our heavenly Father, we thank and praise thee for all the good things that thou hast done for us. Fill our hearts with good will and with kindness to all our neighbors and friends in the world round about us. Amen.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY AND TO THE CHRISTIAN FLAG. (See Supplement.)

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Matt. 10:1-13; Luke 6:12, 13.

Jesus Gives His Disciples Work to Do

THE LINK WITH THE PRECEDING LESSON. Yesterday we had a story about neighbors. There was a poor man who had been unfortunate; he needed a friendly neighbor very much. Who remembers what happened to him? Yes, as Robert tells us, he was going along a rough, lonely road and some robbers jumped out from the rocks and beat him and left him half dead.

Three men came along. What did the first man do? Would you like to have that first man for a friend? Why not? What did the second man do? Was he a better friend than the first? What did the third man do? So many of you remember that I shall begin with Jack and let him tell the story. But I may interrupt him and let Mary or perhaps Dorothy or Fred finish it. So be ready, all of you.

Would you like to have that third man for a friend? Why was he a good neighbor? Yes, because he was helpful. Over on this side of the blackboard I am going to write two lists. You shall help me to make them, and we will add to them later on. Here I am going to list the words that describe a good neighbor. What did we say that the good Samaritan did? Yes, he helped. (Write, "Helpful.") The other two men who passed by were too busy thinking about other things to help. What shall we call them? Weren't they thoughtless? (Write.) To-morrow we'll find out more about the good neighbor.

Jesus gave us a rule about neighbors. It was our Memory Verse yesterday. Let us repeat it together.

THE STORY. Jesus liked to be with people. He liked to make sick folks well and he liked to answer questions that were troublesome. He wanted to tell everyone of the heavenly Father's love.

But Jesus lived in a small country, and there were a great many people in the world who might never hear of him. They were all God's children, and they had a right to hear his message. So he planned a way by which they all might learn of him and share in his love. It was a big and wonderful plan, but Jesus needed helpers if he was going to carry it out. At once he thought of the disciples, who were his special friends. He called them to him and explained his plan.

"You have heard me preach, and you have watched me make sick people well," he told them. "Now I want you to go on a journey by yourselves. You are to preach to people who have never heard of me. Tell them of God's love for them, and show them how he wants them to live.

"Go two by two, so that you may be company for each other. Do not carry much baggage, for that would be a trouble to you.

"I will give you power to help people. Heal the sick; make the blind see again; comfort those who are unhappy. You are to take my message to the whole world. Tell everyone of my love."

So the disciples went, two by two, and they worked hard. They healed the sick; they made the blind see again; they comforted those who were unhappy. And they never forgot about Jesus who came to earth to be a Friend to everyone.

Then they came back to Jesus, proud and happy, because they had been able to share in his work.

Do you suppose the disciples were being like the good Samaritan when they went out to find people whom they could help? Why do you think so? Would

you call them good neighbors? Can we be good neighbors as they were? While we are on our trip I want you to watch for chances to be good neighbors, too.

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation."—Mark 16:15. (Explain that this was Jesus' command to the disciples. Define gospel and creation.)

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITY: A very simple impromptu dramatization of yesterday's story, "The Good Neighbor." (See Supplement for general directions.)

RECREATION: Game, "Brotherhood." (Two leaders choose sides. One group comes forward and while the leader says, "Brothers, we come to America bringing this," the others on his side represent their gift in pantomime. They may pretend to drink "coffee," bounce a rubber ball, spend a copper penny, or act out some other suitable pantomime to represent the gift they have chosen. The opposing side must guess what they bring. Have the children "bring" products of Mexico mentioned in the last lesson.)

MUSIC PERIOD: Continue teaching the new song, "I Want to Send a Whisper Song." One song chosen by the children.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

(Show the picture map and review yesterday's lesson briefly by speaking of the different countries that are all part of America. Have Mexico pointed out. Speak again of the two ways of reaching Mexico. Point to the Rio Grande and say that this river is all that separates the United States from Mexico.)

Yesterday I told you that in the night the train would cross the river and that this morning we should be in Mexico.

We reached the city of Laredo, and there we crossed the bridge into Mexico. But first the Government men looked through our suitcases to be sure that we were not carrying anything into the country that would be against the law. They were most polite and helpful, and it was not long before we were on a Mexican train. The conductor calls, "*Vámonos*"! (all aboard), and we settle ourselves for the long ride to Mexico City.

The train looks like an American train. But the people have dark faces and sparkling dark eyes. They talk a great deal and

they keep their hands moving as they talk. Their actions help us so that we can almost understand what they are saying. They all have a great many bundles and bags with them—boxes and baskets, and chickens and birds in cages, as well as dogs.

At first we do not see much from the car windows but brown hills. Where the train stops for water we see a water tank with two or three small mud huts. No matter how small the huts are, there are always flowers growing outside, for Mexicans love beautiful things. When we stop women come through the train selling figs or tunas. The tuna is the fruit of the prickly pear, and when it is peeled it is delicious. Men are selling opals and *camote*, or sweet-potato candy, in long rolls of tissue paper fringed at both ends.

Then we come to a large city called Monterey where there are huge smokestacks. Iron is mined here, and many of the Mexicans work in the foundries. (Stop here to help the children to recall how much we depend on iron for many of our buildings, for transportation, and so forth.) Then come great stretches of land where we see hundreds and hundreds of cattle. After that the train goes through the mountains. We pass a stream where some children are in swimming while their mother washes the family clothes by beating them with a stick on a flat stone.

At last we are in Mexico City. What a crowd of people are waiting at the station! Some of them are blind and they are begging for help. We call porters to take our baggage, and then we get into a carriage and drive off over the rough cobblestones to our hotel.

There are no very tall buildings in Mexico City. The houses are built of claylike mud, painted in bright colors. They are square, with flat roofs. The prettiest part of the houses is the garden, which is in an open space inside the house called the *patio*.

Dark-skinned barefoot boys are carrying heavy baskets of fruit to the market. Many of the poorer women dress as the Indians do, with blankets around their shoulders. Others wear long *rebozos* or scarfs of brown or blue, and they use these to carry bundles or even babies. Some of them are carrying heavy bundles, and others have babies in their arms. Here is a man coming toward us with the heaviest load you ever saw. He is bent almost double with the weight. He is called a *cargador*, which means burden bearer.

(Show pictures of Mexican boys and men.) What is the first

thing you notice about the way these boys and men of Mexico dress? See their oddly shaped hats with tall crowns and big rolling brims? They are sombreros. The Mexican man or boy thinks more of his hat than of anything else he wears. He will pay more for it than for his coat, and he will take the best care of it.

Across the street there is a hat store. See the rows and rows of sombreros? Mexican stores seem different from ours because they open right on the street. When it is morning the shopkeeper folds back the doors which are the whole front of his house, and he is ready for business. Then at night he closes them again.

We are going to stay in Mexico awhile; so we shall have time to visit the houses and see how the boys and girls live there.

To-day we are going to visit a Mexican school. Not all the boys and girls in Mexico go to school, for some are so poor that they have to work hard to help their mothers and fathers. Sometimes teachers from our country go to Mexico to help these boys and girls to learn to read and write. Once a little girl ten years old wanted to go to school so much that she walked with her mother many, many miles down a steep, rocky mountain road. But when she reached the school there was no room for her, and she had to go home. The next year she went back. Still there was no room. The third year she and her mother took the long walk again. This time there was room, and a very happy little Mexican girl began to go to school.

In school the Mexican boys and girls study some of the same things you do. Of course they learn about Columbus and how he discovered America. For Columbus came from Spain, and the great-great-great-great-grandfathers of many of these Mexican children were men from Spain who came to make new homes in America. Many of the Mexicans lived in beautiful homes, built much like those homes their great-great-great-great-grandfathers once owned in lovely Spain. The Mexican ladies in these fine homes were dressed in silk with pretty combs in their hair and black lace shawls as fine and silky as the webs the garden spider weaves.

The Mexicans have an Independence Day like ours. A great man named Hidalgo (Ee-dahl'-go) freed their country more than a hundred years ago, and they are just as proud of him as we are of George Washington. Every year at midnight of September 15 the president of Mexico rings the same bell that Hidalgo rang when Mexico was freed. Then he shouts, "*Viva Mexico!*" ("Long live

Mexico!") and the people answer, "*Que Viva!*" ("Long may she live!") Independence Day has begun, and all day long the happy Mexicans celebrate.

Another favorite Mexican hero is Juárez (Hwah'-ress) who helped the poor people just as Lincoln helped the Negroes in our country.

Mexican children love their country. They like to sing their national anthem just as you and I like to sing the "Star-Spangled Banner." Some people have called their national anthem the most beautiful in all the world. Would you like to hear it? (Get if possible the words and music of "Mexico, mi Mexico.") Mexican children like to study music; some of them sing beautifully. They are fond of drawing and painting, too.

In Mexico City school lasts all summer and vacation comes in the winter. This is because there are no furnaces in the houses, and in the cold weather there is no way to keep the schools warm. On cold days everyone puts on extra clothing. The boys run a little faster when they play their games, and when they come indoors they crowd around the stoves.

Would you like to watch them playing? Six of the smallest children are playing "*La Capercita*," which is something like our story of "Little Red Riding-hood." Over on the step of the house the little girls are playing dolls. A crowd of noisy boys are playing *chivas*. That is like our game of "jacks." It is played with little red beans called *colorinas*. A hole is dug in the ground. All the children stand on a line, and each sees how many beans he can get into the hole. The beans that go into the hole must be thrown into the air with a quick jerk and caught on the back of the hand. The child who catches the most beans wins the game.

But not all the boys are playing. Do you see that little fellow across the street? He is hurrying to get somewhere. Let's follow him to see where he goes.

Manuel's Hat

Manuel took something off his head and looked at it. This once had been a hat. But now!

"That Carlos said his mother's hen would despise it for a nest!" Manuel's black eyes snapped angrily as he thought of the insult.

A little Mexican boy's feet may be almost or quite bare and his coat in tatters and he can be very brave about it. But if his sombrero is torn or old, then he is in shame and trouble, indeed!

"I'll show that Carlos! I'll have a fine sombrero!" he said. But where could he get it? His father was one of the hardest-worked *cargadores* in Mexico. Even

now he was traveling from the mountains with a heavy load. And he did not get much money, not enough for a new sombrero for Manuel.

Old Maria passed by. What a load of baskets she carried—beauties, too! She would sell them to travelers who came in on the train. Manuel paid more attention to something else she had. This was the great pile of hats which she carried on her head, one fitted into another, reaching up into a tall column. Maria and her whole family had spent a long time in making the beautiful sombreros. Such tall crowns! Such splendid, rolling brims! Manuel looked at them again. If only he could have one!

He followed Maria to the train. How quickly the baskets sold!

"I wish I had something to sell!" Manuel said. "I might make enough money to buy one fine sombrero!"

He decided to sell flowers. He loved flowers, and he had often gathered them when he was on long trips with his father. So he gathered bunches of the wild water hyacinth. Then there was the tree with the beautiful blossoms which looked like a bird. And the cactus flowers! He filled a basket with them.

The next day when the train pulled in, Manuel, too, was there with his load on his head.

"Most beautiful flowers!" he cried. "Who'll buy my flowers?" He pushed through the crowd of people who sold laces and baskets and sombreros.

"Oh, how beautiful! What are these? And what are these? I have never seen such flowers!" exclaimed a tall lady who had just left the train.

Quickly Manuel showed her all the flowers in his basket. Would the lady buy? He looked up at her, and saw that she had smiling, friendly eyes. Manuel liked her at once. Suddenly he reached down into his basket and pulled out a dainty little bunch of flowers.

"Please, I want you to have it," he said. Then how proud he was as the lady took the flowers in her own hand and thanked him for his gift.

"Now may I buy some for my friends?" she asked, and she bought four bunches. Then other travelers saw his flowers, and soon they were all sold.

Not every day was so successful as the first, but no day was without some sales. Then one day he met his friend strolling down the street.

"Why, here is my little friend who welcomed us with flowers," she said. "How is business?"

"It is a big business," said Manuel proudly. "I have most enough pesos for a fine sombrero." Then the lady heard the story. "Bring me some flowers every day," she said. "I shall be glad to buy them from you."

Manuel still had a long time to work. Then came a happy day when he had enough—enough at last! He counted his coins again. Yes, there was enough.

He hurried to the sombrero shop with shoulders up and head high.

"I take the finest sombrero," he exclaimed to the shopkeeper, "the sombrero with the brim and the green bird feather. Where is it?"

"Here you are," laughed the shopkeeper.

Manuel paid and walked out of the shop with his treasure on his head.

"That Carlos, I'll show it to him," said Manuel.

But the beautiful sombrero caused trouble. It was so much finer than Carlos' own hat that he began to tease.

"Look quick at the dandy! Cocky-doodle-doodle-do-do-do!" he crowed, just like one of his father's roosters.

"Stop it!" flashed Manuel. "I fight you!" His sentence was finished with a howl of anger.

Carlos had flipped the hat from his head. For an instant both boys stood as still as the statue in the park. A breeze had swept the new sombrero into the street, and an automobile had passed right over the fine tall crown!

Manuel's treasure was gone! For a minute he was too angry to speak. Then his madness burst like a storm. He clenched his fists. He stamped his feet. He opened his mouth and roared!

"You—you—Carlos! I'll, I'll—" and he could think of nothing awful enough to say.

"Why, isn't this my little friend who sold the flowers? Manuel! what has happened! Come over here on the bench and tell me!" urged a gentle voice.

Manuel sobbed out his story.

"Oh," said the lady, "the beautiful sombrero is spoiled! I'm so sorry, but perhaps we can do something about it. I think I know where there is another hat just like yours, Manuel."

"Where?"

"I'll tell you. My home is in the United States, your neighbor country, but I have come to live in your country for a while. I am going to teach in a school for boys like you. Will you come to the school and see me?"

Manuel started, and then he sat down again. He remembered.

"I have no—sombrero!"

"I have thought of that. That is part of what I was going to say. Yesterday I bought a sombrero to take to my nephew when I go home. But I want you to have it. I am going to give you Jack's hat to wear when you come with me to visit the school. Will you come?"

What do you think Manuel answered?

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Sort and arrange the products of Mexico. These may be mounted on sheets of cardboard 22x28 inches. Pictures and small maps may be pasted in the corners, and tiny samples of the products attached to the center space by sewing silk or adhesive tape. Begin work on the Mexican village, or on the paper dolls. (See Supplement for patterns; also see headings, "Cut-outs" and "The Dolls.")



Boy Village

PROGRAM III

**Worship Service Theme: How God's Children May Praise Him
and Show Their Love for Him**

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Signal for the children to be seated.)

GREETING WORDS FROM THE TEACHER.

CONVERSATION: Circling about special gifts of God that show his love.

HYMNS: "I Want to Send a Whisper Song," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship." (If the school plans an offering service, the use of this song will serve admirably as an introduction to that service. The children will be quick to see how our gifts also say, "I love you.") Choice of one or two other songs.

VERSES OF PRAISE:

Teacher: What was the angels' praise song?

(Pupils recite Luke 2:14.)

Teacher: Does God want us to praise him?

(Pupils recite Ps. 147:1.)

Teacher: One of the best ways to praise God is by doing what he tells us to do. What was Jesus' special command to the disciples?
(Pupils recite Mark 16:15.)

PRAYER: Heavenly Father, we want to tell thee how much we love thee and how happy we are because of all the good things which thou hast given us. Help us to be thy good children all day. Help us to be watchful for any kindness that we can do for our friends in the world around us. Amen.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG AND TO THE CHRISTIAN FLAG.

SIGNAL FOR THE CHILDREN: "Be seated."

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Mark 1:21-34.

Jesus Heals the Sick

THE LINK WITH THE PRECEDING LESSON. When Jesus told the story of "The Good Samaritan," he gave us a splendid rule to tell us how to treat our neighbors. Who remembers it? Frank may repeat it. Mary, tell how this rule worked out in Jesus' story of the man who was hurt by thieves. Which man loved his neighbor? (Refer to the blackboard.) What did we say about the good neighbor? (He helps.)

When Jesus was on earth he was busy all day long helping people. Did he stop with the people he saw or who lived near him? Or did he help others who were far away? How did he send his message to them? He told his friends to tell all the people in all the world of God's love for them. They were to give their help and their money wherever they saw people who needed help. They were good neighbors because they gave. Shall we add that to our list? (Write, "Giving.") Then what shall we say that good neighbors do not do? It is a fine thing to receive gifts, but when we take too much then we are bad neighbors. (Write, "Selfish.")

Jesus was always ready to give. He wanted to make everyone happy. He wanted to make sick people well. To-day's story is about a busy day when Jesus healed a great many sick people.

THE STORY. Peter's house was near the sea, for Peter was a fisherman. He and his brother Andrew could be seen sailing out over the blue waters of the Sea of Galilee. Often they would come back with their boat weighed down almost to the water's edge with the great catch of fish. The two brothers would sort the fish and sell them for a good price. But always they would carry home some to Peter's comfortable home.

Peter's wife and her mother kept the house clean and bright. There were richer homes in the city, but none was happier than Peter's. One reason why the home was so happy was that Peter's dearest Friend was staying there. He was so proud to have Jesus as his guest.

One Sabbath day Jesus and Peter and Andrew went to God's house. Jesus himself spoke to the people that day.

When the meeting was over, the people went to their homes, and the two brothers returned with Jesus to their home.

But while they had been away something had happened. Peter's wife came running to meet them.

"My mother is very sick," she said.

Then she told how suddenly the sickness had come. Not far from the city were low, marshy lands. People who breathed the air from the marshes often became ill without warning. They sometimes died of this fever after only a few hours of sickness.

No wonder Peter's wife was worried and troubled, for she loved her mother dearly, and did not know what to do.

At once Jesus was full of sympathy. He went to the good woman who had done so much to try to make the house a pleasant place for him to live. She was very, very ill.

"O Master, help her!" begged Peter.

Jesus bent over the sick mother. He took her by the hand. He told the fever to leave her!

Immediately the fever did leave her. She arose from her bed well and strong again. She was well enough to help once more about the house.

Peter was so happy that he ran next door and told his friends what Jesus had done. There the news traveled quickly from one house to another. A man who was lame heard the story. A man who was blind heard. Some one told a mother who had a sick baby.

All these people decided to go to Jesus just as soon as they could. Those who were able would go themselves. Those who could not go alone would be helped by kind neighbors or friends. By evening Peter's little house was crowded with people. They jostled one another and crowded around the windows and the door.

Jesus looked at the faces that were twisted with pain. He watched a lame man come limping up to the house. He saw a little blind girl groping her way toward him. A mother came to him with a sick little baby in her arms. Jesus loved them all. His kind face was sad as he saw how they were suffering. Then he was glad because he had the power to make them well again.

Jesus healed them all. The sick baby stopped crying and began to laugh. The little blind girl danced up and down because she could see, and the lame man threw away his crutch because he did not need it any more.

That night when the happy people went home their hearts were full of love for the Friend who had done so much for them.

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "And he healed many that were sick."—Mark 1:34. New praise verse:

"Praise ye him, all his angels:

Praise ye him, all his host."—Ps. 148:2.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: If the children can bring flowers or fruit to school, have them plan and arrange an attractive box or basket to be taken to some shut-in person in the neighborhood.

Begin work on a poster to be made throughout the course. On a sheet of cream-colored cardboard 22x28 mount a copy of Hofmann's Head of Christ. Around this picture paste pictures of boys and girls of the lands studied. Add our own boys and girls, using care not to place "our" boys and girls at the top or directly beneath. At the top print "Jesus Loves Me." This work should be done by the children under the teacher's guidance. The privilege of pasting

the pictures should be awarded to the child who has done the most careful handwork.

RECREATION: The game "*chivas*" described in yesterday's lesson. Red kidney beans will be good for the purpose.

MUSIC PERIOD: One song chosen by the children.

Begin teaching the song, "Beautiful Pictures that We See," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship." Talk with the children briefly of the good things other countries share with us. Show a picture of the Sistine Madonna or play on piano or victrola music by a foreign composer. Remind them of some of their favorite tales such as "Goody Two Shoes."

If the children do not already know "All the Happy Children," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship," the teacher may want to teach this song first, as they have already learned some missionary song and they need one song at least of general praise and worship.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

How many Mexicans do you know? There is Manuel who wanted a sombrero, and Pedro who learned not to steal. And there are the porters who carried our bags, and the peddlers in the street, and the crowds of people on the train, and the ladies with the lovely lace shawls they call mantillas.

Let us go for a walk this morning and see some more of the homes and the people of Mexico City. When we come downstairs for breakfast the hotel keeper bows very low and says, "May you be well now." That is his way of saying, "Good morning." Of course we want to be just as polite; so we bow and say, "And may you be well."

The Mexicans are so friendly that we feel at home at once. A man rides up to the hotel on a beautiful horse. We stop and admire the horse and he bows and says politely to us: "The horse is yours. Whenever you desire to ride him, he is in my stables." Of course he doesn't expect us to accept. But that is his way of greeting us politely.

It is a beautiful morning. The sun is shining on the snow on top of the mountains. Last night it was cold, but this morning the sun is warm.

First of all we are going to see the shops. Do you remember

that the shops open right on the street? First we pass a hat shop. Look at the rows and rows of fine sombreros. There is a flower market outside one of the churches. You will want to stop and see the flowers, for there are all kinds, of every color. Many of them come from the floating gardens outside the city, which we are going to see later. Mexicans love flowers and early every morning they visit the flower markets.

We stop at another shop to buy some presents for mother and father and the others at home. There are pictures made of the colored feathers of birds. There are little bowls and jars of bright-colored pottery, pretty silver pins and bracelets, and beautiful handkerchiefs and scarfs. (If it can be done, the teacher will find that borrowing and showing any of these objects to the children will both interest and delight them, especially the feather pictures. Such objects might be secured temporarily for use in the museum.)

Farther down the street are department stores just as fine as some of those in our country. We have walked a long way, and we will stop at the *alameda*, which is one of the prettiest gardens in the city. We shall want to come back and hear the band play later. The musicians wear dark-blue suits trimmed with bright red. They play well, and the Mexicans like to hear them, for they are very fond of music. Even the smallest village has its band.

We follow the street beyond the *alameda* and now and then we come to little circular parks. Many of these have fine statues. Of course there are statues of Columbus, and we shall look for a statue of Hidalgo, as well as of some of the other great men of Mexico.

Now we are ready for the floating gardens. We ride in a trolley car to the Indian village of Santa Anita. There we get into an Indian canoe and row out to rafts that are big enough for gardens. Here are grown the vegetables that the people in town eat as well as the flowers they buy at the flower markets. (Pictures of many of these places can be secured from travel catalogues and travel books or borrowed from public libraries. Their use will help the children to realize the beauties of a little known and often misunderstood country and people; for we are apt to think of all Mexicans as living in poor hovels with no beauty near them.)

On the way back we pass a group of happy, laughing Mexican boys and girls. The tall girl with the rose in her hair is Angela. There is a story about Angela which you would like to hear.

A Party that Never Was Eaten

NOTE: See playlet in the Supplement, p. 205.

If Angela had lived in the United States, she would have said she was going to have a party in the garden. Instead she called it a *merienda*. It would not be a very big "*merienda*," because only Anita and Maria and little brother Juan would be there. But it was nice to call the afternoon tea the *merienda* just as did the *señora*, the rich lady who lived in the big house. The *señora* wore a high comb in her black hair, and a beautiful Spanish lace shawl that was worth so many pesos that Angela could not count them. Angela's mother had cooked for the *merienda* in the garden of the big house; so Angela had heard all about it. She promised Anita and Maria that they should have all kinds of good things to eat.

"Tamales! Sweet tamales with raisins and other nice things in the middle! My *madre* promised to make them! She will make them just as she made them for the rich *señora* to give to her visitors from the United States."

After Anita and Maria had gone home, a plan popped into Angela's mind. She would go to the rich lady's house and wait outside the great double doors that opened into the garden. Angela didn't say "garden"; she said "*patio*." "Perhaps," she thought to herself, "the big door will swing on its hinges and I can peep inside."

This seems queer to you, but no garden in Mexico can be seen from the street except the parks. The *patio* is a big, beautiful square place with the house built all around it. This makes the garden seem to be in the center of the house. No one can see within except through the heavy door which swings in on hinges and is bolted or barred on the inside.

But if that door opens, what a beautiful sight! A fountain with tinkling water is in the center; there are walks through green grass. There are flowers in pots all about and vines climbing up on columns; and there is a table and benches for the *merienda*.

Angela waited and waited, but the door did not swing open. How hot it was!

A water carrier passed near with his great jars strapped to his shoulders.

"I buy some," she exclaimed, and gave the man a small piece of money.

"It is good," she said as she drank the water, which had come from a spring. The water carrier did not know that the water from that spring was bad, very bad to drink, and certainly Angela did not know. By and by Angela grew tired of waiting. She decided to go home and come back again. For several days she went back, but the great doors never opened. Then one day she didn't feel very well, but still she went.

"The street goes uphill to-day. Why is it?" wondered Angela. "What makes those queer noises in my ears?"

The drink of bad water was beginning to do its work, but Angela did not know that. She was almost ready to go home when at last the door swung open!

Angela stood up and clasped her hands as for a moment she caught a glimpse of the rich *señora* seated at the table with her guests. The fountain, the flowers, a little *señorita* and her tall father from the United States—all were there!

"It is—oh, it is most—" but suddenly the street seemed to come up to meet Angela, and the noise in her ears grew very loud. Then everything was dark and Angela fell in a heap by the side of the door.

"Why, what is the trouble with that child?" exclaimed the *señora*, running to the little girl who had fallen in her doorway.

"She is ill," replied the tall father of the little *señorita*, and he picked up Angela in his arms and carried her into the garden.

"Go get my medicine case," he said to his little daughter. When Angela opened her eyes, she looked into the kind faces of the little *señorita* and her kind doctor daddy. The *señora* was there, too, looking very anxious indeed.

The doctor was holding her wrist gently as he looked at his watch.

"Why do you do that?" murmured Angela. Her whole body felt so much like one big pain that she wasn't even afraid of the stranger.

"A very sick little girl," he said; and he knew, for when he was at home he was one of the head doctors in a big hospital. "Something she has eaten—or perhaps a drink of impure water."

For a few days Angela did not know what was happening or where she was. Sometimes she wondered dreamily how "*madre*" found her. Then one day she felt better, and she seemed to wake up as she heard a lady speak. It was the pretty *señora* who had given the *merienda*.

"How good she has been about taking her medicine!"

Angela's eyes were wandering round the pretty room which she was able to notice for the first time.

"Where did I get this?" and she touched the pretty nightgown tied with ribbons.

"Oh, that was one of mine. I gave it to you," said the doctor's little daughter gayly.

"Who put the flowers there? I like pretty flowers."

"I picked them this morning."

"Whose bed is this?"

"Well," said the doctor's daughter, "that's quite a long story. I don't know just whose bed it is, but I guess it belongs to a lot of people—your friends up in the United States. You see this is a hospital that they have started, and my daddy has come down to be one of the doctors for a while."

"Such nice friends! I thank—"

Angela was asleep before she could finish her "Thank you" but the smile on her face told it all.

In Angela's country there are many people who do not know that bad water or bad food makes them sick. They do not know what to do when they are sick. We have doctors who know just what to do, and some of them have gone to Mexico to help little sick children like Angela. That is one way of sharing with our next-door neighbors some of the good things that we have.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Work on the Mexican village, or from empty candy boxes construct houses like the *señora's* with the patio in the center.

Have the children make a copy of the Mexican flag, using construction paper and crayons.

PROGRAM IV

Worship Service Theme: How God's Children May Praise Him and Show Their Love for Him

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Signal for the children to be seated.)

GREETING WORDS FROM THE TEACHER. Lead into a short conversation about the everyday opportunities of being good neighbors.

HYMNS: "I Want to Send a Whisper Song," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship." "Beautiful Pictures that We See," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship." First stanza. One hymn chosen by the children.

PRAYER: The Lord's Prayer.

DOXOLOGY (All standing): Our hymn of praise to God.

VERSES OF PRAISE: Have several children recite, each taking one verse, the three praise verses now familiar.

CONVERSATION: About the things for which we wish to thank our heavenly Father this morning.

PRAYER (By teacher): Heavenly Father, hear the praises of thy children this morning. We thank thee for all thy gifts. Teach us how to use them in the best way. Amen.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY AND TO THE CHRISTIAN FLAG. (Show the Mexican flags of yesterday. Have the children stand and repeat after you this salute to Mexico's flag: "I salute the flag of a friendly nation, and I offer my friendship to the people for whose country it stands. May we all live together as brothers.")

PIANO CHORD SIGNAL: "Sit down."

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Mark 6:31-44.

Jesus Finds a Crowd of Hungry People

THE LINK WITH PRECEDING LESSON. Who will repeat the rule which Jesus gave us about loving our neighbors? Who are our

neighbors—just the people living next door to us? No, indeed! Jesus made that very clear. Our neighbors are those living in the world round about us: those close by and those far away.

This is a very big world. How did Jesus plan to give everybody a chance to hear about his love? Yes, he sent his disciples out to help him. What were they to do besides give his message? They were to help everyone. He gave them power to heal the sick and cure the lame and the blind.

Who will tell about that day in Peter's house when Jesus showed how much he wanted to give happiness and health and comfort to people? Mary, you may begin the story. But I shall ask some one else to take it up before Mary has finished, so be ready, all of you. (Retelling of the story.)

Jesus was always ready to help people because he loved them so much. To-day I am going to tell you what he did for a great crowd of tired, hungry people.

THE STORY. One day Jesus' twelve disciples were very tired. They had just come home from that first trip upon which he had sent them. They had worked hard to give everyone his message of love, and to cure sick people and lame people and to open the eyes of the blind. Jesus, too, was tired, for he had been working for people all the time that they were away.

A great crowd of people had been with Jesus, asking him questions and learning about God's love.

"Let us take time to rest," said Jesus. "We will sail across the lake and spend the day in the quiet hills over there."

All the tired faces brightened. Peter and Andrew and the others made the boat ready. Soon Jesus and his friends were aboard, and their journey was begun. How good the cool air felt! How pleasant it would be to rest awhile!

But some people saw them put out from shore.

"Jesus is gone!" they cried. "See, the boat is going over the waters!" and they pointed to where Jesus and his friends were sailing away to the other side of the lake.

A crowd gathered and looked after the sailboat. Everybody was disappointed, for so many still had crooked backs to be made well or blind eyes to be healed. Many wanted to ask him questions. So they began to follow the boat by walking along the edge of the shore. They hurried through the countryside and through the villages.

"Where are you going?" people asked.

"To find Jesus of Nazareth," they answered.

More and more people joined the crowd until it was very great indeed. By the time the boat landed all these people were there to meet it.

Jesus looked at them. They had such tired faces! These people wanted his help so much! He could not rest while they needed him. So Jesus gave up his holiday. He told them how much God loved them. He told them all the things they wanted to know, and they listened to him all day. They

forgot that they were far away from their homes. They forgot even that dinner time was long past, and that they were hungry.

At last the sun was low in the sky; night would soon be upon them.

"Master," said the disciples, "this is a desert place, far away from town, and the night is coming. Send these people away, that they may go into the villages and buy themselves bread. They have nothing to eat."

"Give ye them to eat," said Jesus.

"We have not enough," answered the disciples.

"How much have ye?"

"There is a lad here who has five loaves of bread and two small fishes, but that will not be enough for so many," said Andrew.

"Make the people sit down," said Jesus.

They were in a beautiful grassy place, and when the five thousand people sat down in little groups their bright clothing made the spot look like a gay flower garden.

Jesus took the five loaves and the two fishes in his hands and gave thanks to God.

Then he broke them into pieces. He put the food into baskets and gave them to the disciples to pass among the people. And all those five thousand hungry people ate as much as they wanted.

When the feast was ended, Jesus said, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be wasted," and the disciples gathered up twelve baskets full of food that was left over.

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. 6:11. (Try to get the children themselves to identify the verse as being a portion of The Lord's Prayer. Do not tell them the fact.) Teach the new praise verse:

"Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good;
For his lovingkindness endureth for ever."—Ps. 106:1.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Discuss ways of thanking God for his gift of food. Trace the foods with which the children are familiar—bread, milk, fruit, and so forth—back to the farm, then to their growth under God's care. Teach the following grace, and suggest that the children ask if they may say it at the table at home:

"We thank thee for our daily bread,
And all the blessings on us shed;
We pray thee fill us with thy love,
And guide us to our home above.
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Work on the Mexican village.

*Only
Bible*

RECREATION: "Magic music." Give a Mexican touch by selecting something that could be done in Mexico City for the child who goes out of the room to do.

MUSIC PERIOD: One song chosen by the class. Perfect work upon the new song, "Beautiful Pictures that We See," second stanza.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

(Review yesterday's work by asking the children to describe what they saw in Mexico City. Be sure that they remember the parks and the statues, the beautiful buildings, and the gardens. Help them to realize that Mexicans are lovers of beauty, and that they are friendly and polite.)

To-day's story touches on the school life of Mexican children. The boys and girls in the neighboring countries south of us are all eager to go to school. Both parents and children think that no sacrifice or "going without" is too great a price for the privilege of an education. They will travel an incredible number of miles either afoot or on the backs of their faithful little bronchos to the nearest school. The missionaries in our schools all tell the same story of the eagerness of the young for an education, and the concentrated attention they invariably give to their studies. Boys or girls do not have to be coaxed to go to school or to study their lessons. Once given the chance to enter a school, nothing but sheer necessity seems to interfere with their application.

To-day we are going to see Mexicans who are different from those in the city. We have a wonderful secret to tell a Mexican mother. Yesterday we took the trolley out to the floating gardens. To-day we will take the same trolley and go out into the country until we come to the home of Juan and Carmencita. They live in a poor little house built of mud dried and painted bright orange. It has no windows and the door is so low that we shall have to stoop before we can go inside. Outside the ground is hard and dry, because the sun is so hot. But there are a few bright flowers growing in tin cans beside the door. Carmencita waters them carefully every day with water from the river.

The mother is waiting for us and she is so glad to see us. She invites us inside and tells us to make ourselves at home, even if the little house is so crowded that the family must go outside.

There is only one room in the little house, and it is full of smoke for the mother has been cooking on a fire over in the corner and there is no chimney to carry the smoke away. There are no chairs, so we sit on mats which the mother spreads for us. While we are there chickens run in and out and the pig comes in to call in the most friendly fashion. The mother doesn't seem to mind when they track in dirt. No one has ever told her how important it is to keep our houses and our clothes and ourselves clean.

She looks tired, but she does not stop her work. She is grinding corn to make *tortillas* for dinner. Then she must stop, for baby Paz is crying out in her hammock under the trees.

When the baby is quiet once more the mother comes back to talk to us. She tells us that the father is a water peddler. Every day he fills his leather water bags with water from the spring, and then he takes it to the city to sell. He is hoping to save up enough money to buy a cart and a donkey. Then he can fill a barrel with water and sell a great deal more.

"Where is Juan?" we ask, and she tells us that early in the morning he went to town with a neighbor who is a farmer. Juan helps to carry the vegetables and he earns a few pennies to help father.

"It was early, so early when he left this morning," the mother says. "The pigs were squealing, and the chickens were squawking, and the baby was crying. There was so much confusion that I could hardly help him to strap the heavy basket on his back."

All this time Carmencita has been busy working on a basket which she is making to sell. Now she jumps up to help her mother with the dinner. They make a dough of the corn flour and water. Then they spread this thin on a griddle over the charcoal fire. Soon the smoking-hot *tortillas* will be ready. The frijoles, or beans, have been cooked, and they need only to be warmed. At last the meal is ready. There are no chairs, no table, no knives or forks or napkins. But the mother is very proud as she asks us to be her guests. We are so hungry that the *tortillas* and the frijoles (which we eat with our fingers) we find are delicious.

Then the meal is over, and the mother can rest awhile. Now has come the time for which we have been waiting. We can tell the mother our secret.

"Would Juan and Carmencita like to go to school?" we ask.

"Oh, how they would like it!" exclaims the mother. Carmencita

clasps her hands, and her big brown eyes tell us how much she wants to go.

"We brought a gift with us when we came to your country," we tell the mother. "It is a gift of money from boys and girls in the United States who want to make friends with some Mexican boys and girls. It will be enough to send Juan and Carmencita to school for a year if you will let them go."

The mother's face is so happy. At first Carmencita cannot believe what she has heard. She is too excited to speak. She can only dance up and down and hug first one of us and then another. "*Gracias, gracias, señora,*" she says again and again.

So that is how Carmencita and Juan have a chance to go to school, even though their father is too poor to send them himself.

Now you'll have to put on your magic spectacles and look ahead several months, for I have a story to tell you about something that happened while they were at school.

Carmencita's Christmas Gift

Christmas was coming, and Miss Anderson, the teacher in the Mexican school, was so unhappy. The year had been bad for the farmers, and there was so little food. People had sold their furniture and even their clothing to buy food, and still they were hungry. And now Christmas was coming, and there was so little money to give the children a treat.

But the children were happy, for Mexican children always look forward to *fiestas* as they call holidays. Miss Anderson knew that there were a great many children who were too poor to go to school, and she wanted to share the Christmas party with them if she could. So she decided to send invitations to some of the poorest children in town.

If only she could give them a feast! The children would not expect presents for they had never received any. But she did want to do something for them this bad year. She wanted to give them candy and oranges. No one in town had seen candy or oranges for months. She took the money she had planned to spend on presents for her own friends and bought chocolate and sugar. Then she sent a man out into the country to buy oranges. She made mountains of candy. And then because she knew that the children would be hungry, she begged some corn from a rich man in town and made dozens of *tortillas*. Then she filled bag after bag with fruit and candy and *tortillas*. There was enough for each invited child and there were twenty-five bags extra.

When Christmas afternoon came crowds of children were waiting outside the doors. Somehow far more than the invited number came in, and Miss Anderson could not turn them away.

Carmencita and Juan were among the school children who stepped up on the platform to sing Christmas songs and recite the Christmas story. How those other little Mexican boys and girls listened! Many of them had never heard of the birth of the Baby Jesus. They thought of him always as a dead Jesus on

the cross. Now Miss Anderson was telling them that Jesus is the children's Friend. Their eyes grew big with wonder.

Suddenly Miss Anderson realized a terrible thing. There was not enough candy and fruit to go around. The little uninvited guests would be so disappointed. Her own children had received their gifts and Juan and Carmencita and all the others were hugging their bags. How good that candy would taste!

Miss Anderson asked them to go with her to another room. She told them what had happened.

"We have just told these little stranger children of Jesus' love," she said. "They won't understand why on his birthday you have good things to eat, and they don't. And there isn't enough to go round. Would you—"

Carmencita interrupted her by jumping up from her seat. "*O señorita*, let them have mine," she said.

Juan jumped up, too, and cried, "And here's mine." Then all the others cried, "And mine, and mine," until all the bags were piled on the floor at Miss Anderson's feet.

Not one little stranger had to go home unhappy, because every boy and every girl was glad to follow Carmencita and share with them.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Appoint the child who made the best flag of Mexico to make a small paper flag to be pasted on the picture map.

Work on the Mexican village. A home of the poorer type like Carmencita's and Juan's may be added.



PROGRAM V

**Worship Service Theme: How God's Children May Praise Him
and Show Their Love for Him**

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Signal for the children to be seated.)

GREETING WORDS FROM THE TEACHER. Make your informal morning talk center around the thoughts expressed in the four stanzas of the song, "My Heavenly Father Loves Me." "Music Manual." Let the children take part in the conversation.

HYMNS: If the children know "Beautiful Pictures that We See" well enough let them sing both stanzas.

"All the Happy Children," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship." One hymn chosen by the children.

PRAYER: The Lord's Prayer.

DOXOLOGY (All standing): Our hymn of praise to God.

PRAISE VERSES.

PRAYER (By teacher): Heavenly Father, we thank thee for thy loving care over us during this past week and through all the years of our lives. We offer thee our songs and words of praise. Help us to be thy good children all day. May we be quick to find ways of being kind to our neighbors and friends as we meet them in the world round about us. Amen.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY AND TO THE CHRISTIAN FLAG.

PIANO CHORD SIGNAL: "Sit down."

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Matt. 18: 21-35.

Peter Asks a Question

THE CONNECTING LINK WITH THE PRECEDING LESSON. We have been talking about the message of love which Jesus wanted to send

to everyone. How did he send the message? He talked about God's love, but he did more than talk: he helped people. He showed them by the way he treated them that he loved them.

Was the message of love for just a few people who lived round about the shores of the sea of Galilee, or the people who came to Peter's house or stood outside Peter's door? No. He sent out the disciples to take his message. They were to be good neighbors, like the good Samaritan, to everyone whom they met. Jesus told them how they were to treat other people. He said, "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise." That is, "Do to your neighbors as you would like them to do to you." That is the rule which we call the Golden Rule. It is a rule which all Jesus' friends try to follow. All they have to do is ask themselves, "How should I like to have my neighbor treat me?" or "Should I like my neighbor to do that to me?" And then they will know just what Jesus would want them to do.

THE STORY. One day Jesus told a story about treating others as you would have them treat you. He told it because Peter asked a question about how to treat neighbors and friends. Peter seemed to be bothered by this question of how to treat other people. He said to Jesus: "How many times ought I to forgive people? How many times must I forgive a man if he has sinned against me? Is seven times enough?"

Peter thought that he was being very generous to forgive seven times. He thought that probably Jesus would praise him for what he had said.

But instead Jesus answered: "Seven times, Peter! Don't count how many times you forgive! Forgive as often as is needed, even if it is seventy times seven." Then he added: "That is the way God forgives you when you do wrong. He forgives you over and over again." Then Jesus said to Peter, "I want to tell you a story, Peter."

"Once there was a rich king who had many servants under him. At certain times of the year he would look over his accounts to see that all was right and straight—that his servants were doing as they should do and owed him nothing. As he was doing this one day he found that one servant had been dishonest and that he owed him a great sum of money—ten thousand talents!

"The king ordered the servant to be brought before him, and the man came, trembling with fear. He could not pay, for he had spent the money. Then the king was angry.

"'Sell him!' he commanded. 'Sell him! Sell his wife and his children! Sell all that he has, that payment may be made to me!'

"The poor man fell on his face at the feet of his master.

"'Forgive me! Forgive me! Have patience with me, and I will repay thee all that I owe!' he exclaimed.

"Then the great king looked down at him in pity. He was sorry for him. 'I forgive thee all,' he said.

"Now that same servant went out and soon afterwards met one of his friends.

This friend owed him a small amount of money. The servant was angry when he saw the man.

"Pay me what thou owest!" he exclaimed, and he seized him by the throat.

"His friend fell down at his feet as he himself had fallen at the king's feet so short a time before.

"Forgive me! Forgive me! Have patience with me, and I will repay thee all that I owe!" he exclaimed.

"But the man would not forgive him, and he had his friend put into prison.

"Other servants of the king saw what had happened. They knew that it was not fair; so they went and told the king.

"Then the king called his servant back.

"O thou wicked servant," he exclaimed. "I forgave thee all that large debt, because thou asked me. Shouldst not thou also have had pity on thy friend, even as I had pity on thee? Shouldst thou not have done to him what thou didst beg me to do for thee?"

"And he punished his unforgiving servant, and sent him away."

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."—Luke 6:31.

New praise verse:

"It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord,
And to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High."—Ps. 92:1.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Add to the list on the blackboard "Forgiving" as a quality of the good neighbor. Have the children continue the list with you throughout the course as opportunity arises. Impromptu dramatization of the Bible story. This may occupy the period devoted to Bible illustration work for more than one day, as it so clearly expresses the rule which you wish to keep prominently in the minds of the children as you proceed with later lessons. Characters: King; groups of servants; the servant who owed; the fellow servant. Give the children opportunity for free action and speech.

Distribute papers and get a good written copy of the Golden Rule. Keep for Parents' Day.

RECREATION: Mexican game "*chivas*" or "fighting roosters": This is played by pairs. Each player holds up his right foot behind him with the right hand and strikes his opponent with his knee while he hops on the left foot. The first to fall is defeated.

One American game chosen by the children.

MUSIC PERIOD: Frame pictures, complete work on the three songs

studied this week: "I Want to Send a Whisper Song"; "Beautiful Pictures that We See"; "All the Happy Children."

Song chosen by the children.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

How many of you remember Carlos, the boy who teased Manuel because of his fine new sombrero? Carlos lived in a house that was very different from Juan's. His father was a wealthy man who owned a big ranch or hacienda. The house was low and flat. It was made of mud dried and painted red. There were windows and doors, and inside were soft cushions and gay-colored furniture. In the center of the house was a beautiful *patio* where a fountain made a cool splashing noise all day long. Birds sang there in the garden and bright flowers bloomed. Beyond the house, as far as Carlos could see, the land belonged to his father. Hundreds and hundreds of cattle grazed on the land, and they all belonged to his father. Behind the house was a big farm. A high hedge of cactus grew around it and kept the cattle away from the coffee and the fruit and the vegetables and the sugar cane that grew inside.

Carlos had a pony of his own. Often he rode with his father over the ranch to see if the cattle were all right. Carlos thought that he was most important, and he spoke to the servants proudly and rudely because he thought that would make them respect him. He was as lazy as he could be, for he had never had to do anything that he did not like. When he was six years old his father gave him a servant boy of his own, who was to pick up his toys and carry his books for him. Carlos had all that he wanted to eat and he ate so much candy that he was fat and stupid.

Carlos had gone to school in a little house on his father's hacienda. It was a special private school, and the teacher came just for Carlos and his three cousins. Then one day the teacher became ill, and no one could be found to take his place. So Carlos and his cousins were sent to the school in the city. And it was on the street going to a school that he had first seen Manuel, even before Manuel had gone to school.

Manuel Learns Peter's Lesson

There were sounds of music inside the room—the march that Manuel liked so well, which made him think of soldiers keeping step and flags waving. He put

his handful of beans in his pocket, and so did Maria and Angela and Fidel and all the other boys and girls. They had been playing "*chivas*," but now it was time to form in line to go in, for the teacher was inside.

"Is my face clean? Please look!" whispered Angela as she nudged Anita.

Maria nodded and gave a quick polish to her own face as she found her place. Manuel gave a look at his hands and rubbed them on his clothes.

Everyone was careful about hands and faces and clothes and shoes, for the teacher had said that they must be clean when they came to school. Besides, the boys and girls who had the cleanest hands were the ones selected to carry the flags when they marched about the room.

What a bright, pretty room it was! There were pictures on the wall, and flowers on the teacher's desk. Manuel saw that the jar for flowers was always filled—that was his special work.

The two most beautiful pictures were hung on Manuel's side of the room. One was a picture of the Baby Jesus in his mother's lap. The other was a picture of Jesus with little children. Also, there were pictures that the boys and girls had made, pictures cut from bright pieces of paper and pasted on big sheets.

Manuel had cut out a boat with a sail and pasted it on a blue sea. It was "Peter's Boat on the Sea of Galilee." Of all the stories that the teacher told he liked best those that had something about that man Peter.

Peter loved people with all his might and main; so did Manuel. Peter liked to be first; so did Manuel. Peter sometimes got angry very quickly; and Manuel did, too. When Peter was sorry, he was sorry with all his heart; so was Manuel.

That day teacher told a story which Jesus once told to Peter; it was the same story that you heard this morning about the servant who was forgiven and would not forgive his friend when the friend was sorry and asked for forgiveness.

Manuel listened to every word.

"That Carlos! Why do I always have to think about him!" he said to himself.

Only that morning Manuel had seen him and had put his hand on top of his head with two fingers sticking up in the air like the horns of an animal! This was the Indian sign for a battle, and how Carlos had run! Indeed, ever since Manuel's hat was destroyed, Carlos had run every time he saw Manuel. But he was sorry—something told Manuel that Carlos was sorry.

"How many times must I forgive, Master? Seven times? Is seven times enough?" the teacher was saying.

Manuel listened to every word.

"Seven times, Peter! Do not count how many times you forgive! Forgive as often as is needed even if it is seventy times seven!"

Manuel's eyes grew big.

"Seven times! That Carlos! Seventy times seven! As often as needed! I never have forgiven that Carlos once!"

At noon Manuel stayed after the others.

"That Peter in the story—did he learn this lesson, teacher?" he asked.

"Oh!" said the teacher. "You mean Peter, Jesus' disciple? Yes, Manuel. He did not learn it all at once. It was a hard lesson and it took a long time to learn it. But Peter spent his life trying, and after a while he learned it splendidly!"

Manuel went home.

"I think I forgive that Carlos," he whispered to himself.

The next day he didn't make Indian horns when he saw Carlos. Then one day he came to school early. He carried carefully a big paper-wrapped package. Now and then he would sniff the package and he would smile. How good it smelled! No one but Manuel's *madre* could make such *tortillas*. He saw Carlos standing alone by the door, and he ran up to him. "I brought them for you," he said, and put the package into Carlos' hands. Then he ran away before the astonished Carlos had time to speak.

That afternoon two boys went down the street together. They were Carlos and Manuel and they were on their way out to the hacienda to ride on Carlos' pony.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: The paper dolls or the village should be finished for exhibition. Work on the museum should be completed. Distribute small folders cut in the shape of jewel boxes. Explain that Mexico is called the jewel box of the world. Ask why. After discussion have the children list inside the folders the products of Mexico. Color the outside and take home to show.



PROGRAM VI

**Worship Service Theme: How God's Children May Praise Him
and Show Their Love for Him**

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Signal for the children to be seated.)

SONG OF PRAISE: "All the Happy Children."

CONVERSATION: Some reasons why we want to say, "Thank you"
to God this morning. (Let the children express themselves freely.)

FAVORITE PRAISE VERSES BY INDIVIDUALS.

THE ANGELS' PRAISE SONG. (In concert.)

DOXOLOGY. (All standing.)

PRAYER: The Lord's Prayer.

SONG CHOSEN BY THE PUPILS.

PIANO CHORD: "Be seated."

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Acts 8:26-40.

Philip and the Man Who Read a Book

A chariot, glittering in the sunlight, rolled along one of the roads leading from Jerusalem. Fine horses and a driver who sat very straight and held the reins securely told people that a very important man was passing by. He was a queen's treasurer, caring for her jewels and all the money of her country, Ethiopia.

This man had left his country and his queen to go to Jerusalem and the Temple, for he wanted to worship God there. Now he was going back home again.

As he rode along in his chariot, he was reading from a book. It was a part of God's Word, the Bible.

The longer he read, the more puzzled and troubled he became. The Book told about Some One who had been killed, Some One who had suffered bravely and who had not complained.

"Who can this Man be?" wondered the man in the chariot, for he did not know about Jesus. "I do not understand, and how I wish some one could explain it to me."

As if in answer to his wish, another traveler approached him. It was Philip, a friend of Jesus.

Now, Philip, like Jesus' other friends, was always watching for a chance to tell others about Jesus. He had no fear of the enemies who had troubled Jesus and crucified him and were now trying to hurt his friends.

Philip saw that this important man was reading the Bible and that, as his face showed, he did not understand what he was reading.

"Hurry and catch up to that chariot, Philip," something seemed to say to him.

Philip ran and soon was near enough to hear the man reading aloud.

Then Philip spoke.

"Do you understand what you are reading?" he asked.

"How can I, unless some one explains to me? Can you explain? Who is this Jesus? Come and sit beside me in my chariot, and tell me what I want to know."

As Philip rode along with the man, he told him that the Book was telling him of Jesus. Philip told him all about Jesus and his love: how he had come upon earth to save people from their sins; how he had been killed on the cross by his enemies. In three days, he said, Jesus had risen from the dead; he had gone back to heaven; he was now there, a living, loving Jesus. He told him, too, that Jesus was everyone's Friend; and he was the Friend of this man, the queen's treasurer, also.

Philip looked at the man beside him. His face was full of love for Jesus, his new-found Friend. He would love him forever. He would tell his queen. He would tell his family. He would tell his friends. He would tell everybody about Jesus and his love.

As they rode along, they drew near a sheet of water.

"See, here is water," said the queen's treasurer, "why should I not be baptized?"

"If you believe with all your heart, you may," answered Philip.

Then the man answered solemnly, "I believe that Jesus is the Son of God."

The queen's treasurer bade his servant stop the chariot. They went down to the water, and Philip baptized him.

The queen's treasurer went back to his country, happy because he had learned about Jesus. Then Philip went on his journey alone.

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE:

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105.

(Explain to the children that "Thy word" means God's Book, the Bible.)

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITY: The children might make a Bible book-mark to take home to father or mother.

RECREATION: A choice of the Mexican games that have been learned.

MUSIC PERIOD: Two songs chosen by the children. Begin teaching "There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship."

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

THE LINK WITH THE PRECEDING LESSON. Have the children sing "I Want to Send a Whisper Song."

Felipe (Fay-leé-pay) had heard about Jesus ever since he was a little boy. But he did not know much about Jesus. In church there were little statues of Jesus on the cross, and Felipe saw these so often that he always thought of Jesus as dead. Once his grandmother told him about the Baby Jesus and the shepherds, but Felipe soon forgot that story. He had never heard of Easter Day, and he did not know that three days after Jesus died on the cross he rose again from the dead. When Felipe was especially happy, he never thought of telling Jesus about it. He usually prayed to the saints if he wanted anything, for he heard more about the saints than he did about Jesus. When he was a baby his mother put a saint's tooth on his head to keep him from being sick, and every morning and evening she sprinkled holy water on him. But she never thought of asking God to bless her little boy and to help him to be good. She thought that God did not want her to speak to him, for the priest told her that she must come to church and tell him what she wanted to ask God for. She would give him some money and he would speak to God for her.

Many, many little Mexican boys and girls have never seen a Bible, for the priests will not let them read the Bible for themselves. Sometimes one of them will learn to read, and then perhaps a missionary will give him part of the Bible. Can't you imagine how happy he is as he reads for the first time that God loved the world so much that he sent his own Son into the world?

Those Mexican boys and girls are our neighbors, and they share with us many of their good things. But what kind of neighbors are we if we don't share with them the best that we have? I want you to think a minute and then tell me what you think is the very best thing we have. (Our knowledge of the heavenly Father's loving care and of Jesus.) Are we good neighbors if we don't share with the Mexican boys and girls what we know about God?

The missionaries from our country are people who want to share with these next-door neighbors of ours. They start schools for poor children like Juan and Carmencita. They send doctors to help sick children like Angela. And they take Bibles to give to the children who learn to read, so that they, too, may know of God's love for all the children of the world. And how eager those children are to learn! They work so hard to pay the missionaries for their help, and the mothers and fathers help, too. One little girl brought her pet white hen to school to pay for her Bible, and another brought a bottle of molasses. A little boy carried eight eggs on a long journey over the mountains. Not one of them was broken when he reached the school.

Felipe's Book

Felipe's father had a great many books. Felipe could hardly wait until the time when he could read well enough so that his father would trust him with some of them. One day when Felipe could read a whole page in his reader without a mistake, his father said:

"Now you may have the best Book I have. It tells about the best Man that ever lived."

Felipe was so proud of his new Book. He read and read, but he could not understand all that was in the Book. Then his father became ill, and he died before Felipe could ask him to explain the Book.

So Felipe took the Book to school and asked the teacher about it. The teacher became very angry.

"Where did you get that Book?" he cried. "You are not allowed to have it. I will take it to the priest."

Felipe never saw his Book again, for though Felipe begged and begged to have it back, the priest burned it.

Not long afterwards Felipe heard wonderful tales of a new school. Nita and Hernando (Are-nahn-doe) told him that it was the finest place in all Mexico, for the teacher was so kind and the children played such nice games. And they learned that Jesus was the Friend of all the boys and girls in the world.

Felipe listened eagerly. The Book he had lost had told something about Jesus.

"Could I go to that school?" he asked eagerly.

"Of course," said Nita. And the next day the three went together.

Felipe looked all around him. He liked the friendly teacher with the smiling face. He liked to hear the boys and girls sing about Jesus. He listened while they sang "Jesus Loves Me! This I Know." These were the words they sang:

"Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so."

*"Jesus me ama,
Jesus me ama,
Jesus me ama,
La Biblia dice así."*

Then there was another song about Jesus and the children. Felipe liked it especially well:

*"Jesus de los cielos
Al mundo bajó,
En busca de joyas
Que amante compró.*

*"Hay-soos' day los Thee-aye-los
Ahl mun-do bah-ho
En bus-kah day ho-yahs
Kayah*mahn-tay com-pró.*

*"The Christ from the heavens
To earth did come down
In search of the jewels
He bought for his crown.*

*"Los niños salvados
Serán como el sol,
Brillando en la gloria
Del Rey Salvador.*

*"Los neen-yos sahl-vah-dos
Say-rahn comoel*sol
Bril-yahn-doen* la glor-eeah
Del Ray Sahl-vah-dor.*

*"The children, the saved ones,
Shall shine as the sun,
They'll dwell in his glory.
By Christ they were won."*

**Pronounce both vowels rapidly.*

Then the teacher told a story. Felipe listened to every word. Why, he had heard that story before! It had been in his Book. When the teacher asked a question Felipe was the first to answer. Then the teacher picked up a book and began to read. Why, that was Felipe's Book. He jumped up from his chair.

"Oh, you have my Book," he said. "Where did you get it? Please give it to me."

"But how do you know it is your Book?" asked the teacher.

"Why, I know the stories in it." And Felipe told her some of them.

The teacher smiled. "It is your Book, Felipe. Keep it carefully. It is a Book that belongs to us all, for God gave it to us."

Felipe took the Book eagerly. Why, there was writing on the first page! "To Alice Brown," it said, "from her grandfather." Then it wasn't his Book, after all. But the teacher was explaining. This copy of the Book had been given to her when she was a little girl. But there were a great many copies of the Book, and she was glad to let Felipe have her copy.

Felipe went back to his seat holding the Book proudly. How careful he would be of it this time!

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: By this time the interest of the children in their Latin-American neighbors should be so aroused that they will be eager to help. Ask them if they want to share some of their good things with these other children. Have them suggest things which they can share. Say that of course they want to share the best that they have. They should be guided to see that their best is their knowledge of Jesus. Remind them that they cannot talk with their Mexican friends in their own language. Then say that, no matter what differences there are in language, everyone can understand pictures.

The main project of the course is to be the mounting of pictures of Jesus to be sent to a group of boys and girls in Latin America. The children should be ready by now to begin work. Have them do it deliberately and carefully, emphasizing the fact to them that whatever we send away must be the best that we have.

Mounts should be selected with the pictures themselves in mind. The plain black-and-white half tones will look well on the grey mounts, while the sepia tones will stand out best against mounts of soft brown or tan. If colored pictures are to be used, then the prevailing color tone of the picture itself is usually the best guide. Each mount should allow a margin of from an inch and a half to two inches all around the picture. See that the children are instructed when it comes to the cutting out of the pictures and the pasting of them. If the teacher will draw a half-inch margin around the picture before it is cut out, the result will be far more attractive than would a picture cut out with no border. The tiny white margin gives the effect of a mat, and helps to make the picture stand out. Impress the children with the necessity of cutting on the line. Inspect all hands to be sure that they are clean so that no unsightly smudges will appear on either picture or mount. Make it clear to the children that it is not a desire to save on paste that makes the warning necessary to "use only a little." Paste applied in lumps is apt to dry out like a bread crumb and the picture will not stick. Have them apply the paste with toothpicks to the upper corners only of the pictures, with the neatly cut out titles and artists' names, applied just below, or on the back of the picture. Care will need to be exercised to see that the wrong titles do not appear on the picture. For that reason the children should be cautioned to keep their things all together, and each child should have but one picture to work on at a time.

The following pictures are suggested:

Life of Christ

No. of Picture	Title	Artist
322	Sistine Madonna.....	Raphael (detail) Oval
324	Madonna of the Chair.....	Raphael
571 B	Adoration of the Shepherds.....	Bouguereau
620	Arrival of the Shepherds.....	Lerolle
797 D	Worship of the Wise Men.....	Hofmann
797 F	The Childhood of Christ.....	Hofmann

797 G	In the Temple with the Doctors.....	Hofmann
802	Christ and the Rich Young Man.....	Hofmann
797 K	Christ and the Woman of Samaria.....	Hofmann
797 S	Christ in the Home of Mary and Martha.....	Hofmann
810	The Good Shepherd.....	Ploekhörst
811	The Announcement.....	Ploekhörst
807	Christ Blessing Little Children.....	Ploekhörst
1100	The Prodigal Son.....	Molitor
1101	Christ and the Fishermen.....	Zimmerman

Home Helpers

521	Feeding Her Birds.....	Millet
511	The Gleaners.....	Millet
509	The Angelus.....	Millet
592	On the Beach.....	Delobbe
908	Shoeing the Horse.....	Landseer
522	The Wood-Chopper.....	Millet
510	The Sower.....	Millet
501	Oxen Going to Work.....	Troyon
513	The Man with the Hoe.....	Millet

Child Helpers

792 D	The Wounded Lamb.....	Meyer von Bremen
792 C	Little Brother.....	Meyer von Bremen
820 D	Young Kittens.....	Knaus
525	The First Step.....	Millet
926	Happy as the Day Is Long.....	Faed
596	A Helping Hand.....	Renouf

Nature

575	Song of the Lark.....	Breton
757	Sheep. Spring.....	Mauve
820 C	Spring.....	Knaus
524	The Rainbow.....	Millet
503	Crossing the Ford.....	Troyon

NOTE: These thirty-five pictures were selected from the Perry Company's catalogue, and can be obtained from them at two cents each for orders of twenty-five or more pictures. Money must accompany each order and the order be placed two or three weeks in advance. Address order to Perry Pictures Company, Malden, Massachusetts. Practically all of these pictures can be obtained from other picture companies such as:

George P. Brown Picture Company, Beverly, Massachusetts.
University Prints, Newton, Massachusetts.

For pictures on the life of Christ, the W. A. Wilde Company, 120 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts, offer a good selection at one and one half cents each, but their black-and-white half tones are not so attractive for mounting as the sepia prints of the Perry Company and the prints of other companies.

The Wilde pictures are ideal, however, for coloring and notebook work. (See introduction for further notes.)

The pictures, after mounting, should be sent to Miss Faye Steinmetz, Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Miss Steinmetz is in close touch with our missionary fields and knows all their needs intimately. She will see that the pictures are sent to the fields where the need for them is the greatest. If postage money for shipping them is enclosed, the gift would be doubly acceptable.



PROGRAM VII

**Worship Service Theme: How God's Children May Praise Him
and Show Their Love for Him**

GREETING WORDS FROM THE TEACHER.

HYMNS: (Keeping in mind the first portion of the angels' song, select for the opening hymn the doxology. Suggest this thought in words to your pupils, and then let them select from their well-known songs those which carry out appropriately the idea. Their choice will tell you the depth of the impression which your teaching has made.)

Such hymns as the beautiful and appropriate "All Things Bright and Beautiful," "All the Happy Children," "God Is Love, His Mercy Brightens," "Music Manual."

PRAYER (By teacher): (Prayer comes after verses about "good neighbors." Add more specific thoughts for the child in his attempt to be a good neighbor.) Heavenly Father, we thank thee for our place in this beautiful world which thou hast made for thy children. We thank thee for our own families and our friends. Help us to be friendly with all thy children everywhere. May we be good neighbors and ready to help whenever we can. Amen.

SONGS: Lead the children to the choice of one or two songs that suggest God's care for all things. The following are good, but if not familiar, try to select something similar in thought: "There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose"; "Can a Little Child, Like Me"; the new hymn, "The Lord Is Ever Near," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship."

Ask the children to think of the Bible verses which they have learned about being "good neighbors." Let several who have remembered well come forward and recite a verse which they choose, such as:

"Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."—Matt. 22:39.

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."—Luke 6:31.

PRAYER SONG: Chosen by the children.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY AND TO THE CHRISTIAN FLAG. (See Supplement.)

PIANO CHORD SIGNAL: "Be seated."

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: II Sam. 4: 4; ch. 9.

The King and the Lame Prince

One day in King Saul's country there was great excitement. There was going to be a battle with the Philistines, and all the soldiers were getting ready. Prince Jonathan, the king's splendid son, made ready for battle and the king himself put on his armor.

The Philistines were fierce, wild people who were trying to conquer King Saul, and to take his people and his palace and his throne and his golden crown.

Fathers caught up their armor and their bows and arrows to hurry away to help their king. Mothers' faces turned white as they said good-by. Little boys and girls clung to their mothers and cried when they saw their fathers march away.

The Philistines drew nearer and nearer. Fighting began. Sharp arrows flew back and forth; swords flashed. The Philistines were strong and they fought fiercely. King Saul's bravest soldiers fell.

Back in the palace and in all the homes, the women watched and waited for news. By and by some one in the palace saw a messenger coming.

"The—king—" he panted. "The king—is dead!"

But that was not all.

"Jonathan, our splendid young prince! Prince Jonathan—is—dead!"

Then there was uproar in the palace. The servants flew from one place to another, not knowing what they did. The Philistines would soon be upon them. They would surround the palace!

Jonathan's little boy, Prince Mephibosheth, had been watching at the window for his father to come riding back on his fine horse. The little prince was only five years old, and everyone in the palace loved the little boy who played about the place all day.

The prince was frightened when he heard the noise. His nurse found him and caught him up in her arms. She would run away and hide the little prince. She trembled with fright and the little boy seemed heavy to her shaking arms. Faster, faster, she ran. Then she stumbled and fell! It was a dreadful fall! But the brave little prince did not cry. She picked him up and went on and on and on. At last they reached a place of safety in a far city.

The poor little prince had been badly hurt. The fall had made him lame in both his legs and he never walked again.

The years passed on and a new king ruled over Israel and lived in the palace. It was David, a king who loved God and tried to obey him and ruled his people justly and kindly.

One day he began to think about Prince Jonathan. He and Jonathan had loved each other dearly when they were boys.

"I wonder if there is anyone left that belonged to Jonathan to whom I can show a kindness," he said to himself.

The more he thought, the more he wanted to do this. He called a man who once had been a servant to King Saul.

"Is there anyone left of Jonathan's family to whom I can show a kindness?"

"There is a son of Jonathan living. He is lame," said Ziba, the servant.

"Where is he?" asked the king eagerly.

Ziba told him where Mephibosheth lived, away over in a place called Lo-debar.

Then the King sent messengers for Mephibosheth. They found him. It was as Ziba had said: he was a grown man and he was lame in both his feet. He was very poor, even though he was King Saul's grandson.

When the lame man reached the palace, he was taken before David, and he fell on his face before the king.

"Mephibosheth!" exclaimed King David kindly as he helped the lame prince to rise.

"Behold, thy servant!" said the lame man.

"Fear not, for I will surely be kind to thee," said the king. "I will give thee all the land that belonged to thy grandfather. Thou shalt live in the palace and eat at my table. Ziba, thou and thy family may now serve Mephibosheth as once ye served his grandfather. Take care of his land, and bring in his harvests that he may have riches."

"According to all that my lord the king commands, so shall I do," promised Ziba.

So Mephibosheth lived as a prince once more, and he was very happy. But David was happier, because he had been able to help the son of his old friend

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."—Matt. 5:7.

RECREATION: Mexican game to be played by the children. (See "Mexican Play Hour" in Supplement.)

MUSIC PERIOD: Two songs chosen by the children; also "Over the Sea." Continue learning the new song, "The Lord Is Ever Near." (See Supplement.)

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Begin work on dramatization of the story of "His Book," after the teacher has told it in story form in class. The dramatization may be done informally or with costumes as the teacher prefers and as the ability of the children warrants. This drama may be given on Parents' Day, when parents and guests are invited. The teacher will need to plan work on this throughout the course. The Music and Work Periods may be used frequently, though an outside rehearsal or two will help tremendously toward the end of the course.

The parts should be copied and ready for the children to talk over and to take home.

His Book

By Elizabeth Edland

CHARACTERS:

Bartolo (o's long)	}	Boys
Hernando (Are-nahn-doe)		
Felipe (Fay-lee-pay)		
Nita Neeta)	}	Girls
Carmencita (Car-r-men-the-ta)		
The Teacher. An older girl or a young woman		
A Number of Mexican Children		

COSTUMES AND SETTING:

The boys are dressed in shirts, long trousers, and gay sashes, with bright-colored handkerchiefs twisted about their necks.

The girls are dressed in white, with bright-colored sashes, and with shawls about their shoulders.

A simply furnished, though sunny and cheerful, mission schoolroom. There are several chairs, a small desk, and a cabinet in the room. A few beautiful Bible pictures are on the walls.

As the scene opens, Bartolo, Hernando, Carmencita, and Nita are standing near the door; Felipe is outside the door.

BARTOLO (*Speaking from the doorway*): Come on in, Felipe. It's pretty in here. You'll like it.

CARMENCITA: I'll show you some beautiful pictures if you come in.

FELIPE (*From outside*): I don't want to come in to your old mission school.

HERNANDO: I have a book I'll show you.

(*Several of the children have entered by this time, but all keep their attention on the door.*)

FELIPE (*Standing in the doorway*): A book!

HERNANDO: Yes. Come in, and I'll show it to you.

FELIPE (*Wistfully*): I had a book once!

CARMENCITA: I have a book, too. See!

(*She shows him a large scrapbook she is making. Felipe comes farther into the room and takes the scrapbook in his hands.*)

CARMENCITA: Do you like it?

FELIPE: Yes, it is pretty. But it isn't like my book.

HERNANDO: Look at mine! There's real printing in mine. (*He shows Felipe a lesson quarterly.*)

FELIPE (*After looking at it*): My book was much thicker, and had much more printing in it.

NITA (*Showing another lesson quarterly*): Mine is just like Hernando's, but you may look at it. The stories in it are beautiful.

FELIPE: The stories in my book are the most beautiful stories in the world. (*He sees a hymn book on the desk, and runs over to it quickly.*) Why, that looks like my book! Who brought it here? (*He takes up the hymn book, but glancing at its pages shakes his head in disappointment.*) No, it isn't my book.

BARTOLO: Of course it isn't your book. That belongs to the teacher.

FELIPE: Well, it looks just like my book, and some one took it. It's the only book I ever had, and maybe it's the only one I ever shall have. It was a big book, with wonderful stories.

NITA: Where did you get your book, Felipe?

(*Throughout the following conversation, the children seat themselves informally.*)

FELIPE: My father gave the book to me because I could read so well. He told me to take good care of it and I learned many of the stories.

NITA: And some one took it from you?

FELIPE: Yes, I took it to the Mexican school one day after my father died, and the teacher took the book away from me. He would not give it back to me. But I remember many of the stories. There was one about a boy named David. He had a sling, and once he killed a huge giant named Goliath. I tried to make one of those slings once, but it wasn't any good.

CARMENCITA: Oh, look! Here comes the teacher!

(*Felipe jumps up quickly, and starts to run out, but is met at the door by the teacher. She smiles at him and he turns his face rather sulkily.*)

TEACHER: Well, isn't this splendid! We have company to-day—on the very day, too, when I have a new story to tell. (*To Felipe.*) Stay until I have told the story. Then you may go if you like.

HERNANDO (*Coming over to Felipe*): Sit down here with me, Felipe.

(*The children sit down expectantly. As soon as the teacher is at the desk, there is a chord from the piano. The children stand, and sing.*)

Use the following song, which is the Mexican version of the familiar children's hymn, "When He Cometh," the first two lines of which are

"When he cometh, when he cometh
To make up his jewels."

Use the well-known tune. If possible, sing the song in Spanish. This will not be difficult. Some one who speaks the language readily may be found to help; if not, good results may easily be secured by following the pronunciation suggested on page 57. In general, pronounce the vowels as in Latin. (See Supplement.)

"Jesus de los cielos
Al mundo bajo,
En busca de joyas
Que amante compro."

"The Christ from the heavens
To earth did come down
In search of the jewels
He bought for his crown."

*"Los niños salvados
Serán como el sol,
Brillando en la gloria
Del Rey Salvador."*

"The children, the saved ones,
Shall shine as the sun,
They'll dwell in his glory,
By Christ they were won."

TEACHER: Many, many years ago, in a beautiful garden on a hillside, a number of friends were gathered together. No smiles were upon their faces, and they scarcely spoke to each other at all. They walked about in the garden without even seeing the flowers in all their bright colors. One man, whose eyes were especially sad, stopped before a tall, slender lily. The lily nodded her white head to him, as if to say, "good morning," but the man did not notice her and walked right on.

"Why is he so sad?" asked the tall, slender lily of her neighbor.

"Listen carefully," answered the neighbor lily in a very low voice. "In a tomb on this hillside is resting the great Friend of these people. Wicked men in the big city, because they did not understand, crucified him, and now he is resting here."

The tall, slender lily said nothing, but she watched the people as they walked through the garden. Women came with spices in their hands. They walked carefully so that no sound would be made on the path. They did not want the soldiers who were watching the garden to hear or see them. They were weeping, and were saying softly to themselves: "He is dead. We shall never see our Friend again. He is dead."

And then the lilies stopped swaying and held themselves absolutely still. They looked and looked. It certainly was a marvelous sight. The great stone before the tomb on the hillside rolled away. The soldiers were so frightened they ran back to the city. But the people on the hillside did not run. Their Friend, the Friend whom they loved so dearly, was with them again.

"Do not weep," he said. "There is no death."

And then this Friend, whose name was——

FELIPE (*Interrupting*): Jesus!

TEACHER: Why, yes, Felipe. How did you know that?

FELIPE: Because there was a story about him in my book just like the story you are telling.

TEACHER (*Continuing*): And then Jesus said something to his friends which made them very happy (*picking up her Bible, she reads from that*): "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

FELIPE (*Jumping up from his chair.*): That's my book. That's my book. That story you are reading was in it. How did you get my book? Please give it back to me. (*He goes quickly to the teacher and stands before her with pleading, outstretched arms.*) My father gave that book to me because I could read. Then a Mexican teacher took it from me. I have looked everywhere for it, but I could never find it again. It is my book, teacher! Please give it back to me.

TEACHER: Felipe, how do you know that it is your book?

FELIPE: I can tell you the stories in it. I know some of them by heart. After Jesus left the garden he came to his friends one morning by the side of a lake. They were sitting around a fire and were eating. And twice he said to Simon Peter, "Lovest thou me?" And Peter said, "Yea, Lord; thou knowest that I love thee." He said to him the third time, "Lovest thou me?" And he said to him, "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee." Jesus said to him, "Feed my sheep."

TEACHER: The book *is* yours, Felipe. Take it, and keep it carefully. But remember this, it is a Book which belongs to everyone. It is a Book given to us by the heavenly Father.

FELIPE (*Unheeding what has been said, and fingering the pages of his book carefully and eagerly*): I have my book—my book of beautiful stories. (*He turns to the first page and reads.*) "To Alice Brown on her twelfth birthday with love from her old granddaddy." Why—I thought—isn't— (*Looks at teacher questioningly.*)

TEACHER: There are many copies of your Book, Felipe. My grandfather gave that one to me when I was a little girl, but you may have it. There are not many copies of that Book here, but some day we hope to have them. Perhaps some one will hear an echo of that last request on the lakeside, "Feed my sheep," and remember us.

FELIPE (*Holding the Bible closely to him*): I think I understand. It was Jesus, too; maybe he meant to give us this. (*Holds out Bible to teacher.*)

TEACHER (*Looking at him silently for a moment*): Felipe, I think you have it very nearly right. And I hope the friends of Jesus to-day will understand his message in that way, too, and remember these, his sheep, so far away.

FELIPE (*Going back to his chair and speaking softly*): My book, my book, I have my book!

(*Throughout the following prayer, the organ or piano may play softly, "Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us," "Junior Church School Hymnal."*)

TEACHER (*With bowed head, as the children sit very quietly*): Heavenly Father, may the message of thy Son become known and alive in the hearts of those who bear thy name. May they remember those who need bread. We ask it in the name of the Good Shepherd. Amen.

CURTAIN

(Courteous permission to reprint this sketch was granted the Missionary Education Movement by the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.)

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITY: Work on the pictures to be mounted.

PROGRAM VIII

Worship Service Theme: Helping One Another Gladly

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Signal for the children to be seated.)

GREETING WORDS FROM THE TEACHER. Lead into a short conversation about the good things we enjoy which we like to share with others.

DOXOLOGY. (All standing.)

TWO PRAISE SONGS. Chosen by the children.

PRAYER (By teacher): Heavenly Father, there are so many things which thou hast given us for which we want to say thank you. Teach us how to use thy gifts and how to share them with other boys and girls. Help us to live as thy children to-day, and may we be kind and thoughtful to all whom we meet. For Jesus' sake. Amen.

FRIENDSHIP VERSES: Have individuals recite the Golden Rule and the verse about the treatment of neighbors.

SONG: "I Want to Send a Whisper Song," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship," or some similar song which the children know.

SALUTE TO THE CHRISTIAN FLAG AND TO THE AMERICAN FLAG.

SONG: "My country, 'Tis of Thee." (Children seated.)

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: II Chron. 9:1-12.

A Queen Goes a-Visiting

The queen was very proud when she looked from her palace windows out at the beautiful land over which she ruled.

There were hills and valleys and rolling meadows. The fields were dotted with lovely flowers. Little sparkling streams danced through the meadows.

There were precious stones and gold to be found in the mountains. There were rare gum trees and myrrh and other plants from which her perfumers made lovely and costly perfume. *Love*

The houses of the noblemen were lordly places in which to dwell.

The walls of the queen's own palace were made beautiful with trimmings of gold and ivory and precious stones. Her dishes were of gold and silver.

The robes of the queen made her very beautiful and gorgeous to behold. No doubt she waved a fan of bright peacock feathers, for Sheba was a warm country of the south.

Many travelers passed through the fair land of Sheba, travelers who came in caravans from far-away countries.

They brought rare things to sell to the rich queen of Sheba; and they also bought things to take back to their own distant homes.

These merchants had stories to tell of the places that they had seen, and the lands through which they had traveled.

But the most wonderful of all of the stories that reached the palace was about King Solomon and the land of Israel over which he ruled.

"They say that he is the wisest ruler in the world, O queen," said one.

"They say that his palace of cedar wood is marvelous to behold, O queen," said another.

"They say that his servants are wonderfully trained," said still another.

"And the robes of the king and his people are rich beyond words!"

"And the food at his table is most tasty to the palate!"

"And he has built a most glorious Temple for the God of his people, O queen! It is high above the city of Jerusalem on a mountain. It is dazzling to behold!"

Now all these stories of the glories of the kingdom of her neighbor made the queen very curious.

"Can any land be more marvelous than my own land of Sheba?" she wondered.

And the more she thought about it, the more she longed to find out.

"I will go to visit my neighbor and his country. I will find out the truth for myself," she said.

When the queen of Sheba went traveling she rode on a camel, the finest in the land—probably a white camel which was very valuable.

"I will take my neighbor a gift," she said to herself. "It would be most unseemly to visit such a country and such a king and to bear no gift."

So she called her servants and told her wishes. She named a great many who were to bear her company.

"I will take to my neighbor one hundred and twenty talents of gold," she said.

"Bring from my treasure boxes some precious stones. He shall also have an abundance of the sweet spices and gums that grow in our land."

The servants loaded the gifts upon camels. The camel drivers and the servants formed into a caravan.

The queen's own camel, all decked with silver bells and costly harness, knelt for the lady.

The camel drivers gave the signal to their beasts, and the queen and her caravan began their journey toward the north.

After a while the caravan reached Jerusalem.

Eagerly the queen looked about her. She saw the great wall of the city; she saw the streets and the houses.

When she reached the palace, King Solomon welcomed her graciously.

The queen was filled with wonder at the beauties before her. She asked the king many, many questions, and he answered them all.

The king made a feast for his neighbor. She saw the table laden with gold and silver dishes. She watched his well-trained servants. She noticed the beautiful robes. She tasted the dainty food.

After the feast the king told her about the God of his people, the one true God. He showed her the beautiful Temple which he had built, the greatest glory of all his land.

"The stories were true that I heard about thee," she said. "The story of thy wisdom is true! I did not believe these reports. I came to see for myself. I did not believe till I saw with mine own eyes. Truly, the half of thy wisdom and thy greatness was not told me! How happy must be thy people! How contented must be thy servants! Blessed be the Lord thy God which delighted in thee to set thee to be king upon the throne!"

Then the queen gave her neighbor king the gifts that she had brought: the gold and the sweet spices and the precious stones.

King Solomon was greatly pleased with the visit of the queen and with the precious gifts that she brought him from her far country in the South.

"Choose whatever pleases thee as a gift from my kingdom," he said. "Take whatever is thy heart's desire."

Then the queen bade good-by to her neighbor, and with her servants returned to her own country bearing the gifts which her neighbor had so generously shared with her.

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "Bear ye one another's burdens."—Gal. 6:2.

Explain the meaning of "bearing burdens" by referring to the porters in Mexico who carried such heavy loads. Say that another way of reading the verse is, "Help one another."

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Work on the dramatization used in Program VII. The teachers are urged to carry out the plan for the dramatization if possible. Help the children to see that they are performing a real service by making their parents and friends acquainted with their Latin-American friends and neighbors. If the teacher has definitely decided not to try to give the dramatization "His Book," perhaps she will recognize the splendid opportunities for impromptu dramatic expression in the story of the Queen of Sheba's visit to Solomon. It would be easily possible for the pupils to represent the story in several scenes as follows:

- I. Stories of the glory of the neighbor king and his country brought to the queen.
- II. The queen of Sheba and her servants and courtiers making ready for their journey.
- III. The caravan.
- IV. The visit and the exchange of the gifts.

If the teacher prefers this type of dramatization to the more formal type, the children may work out this dramatic play with a view to giving it on Parents' Day.

RECREATION: Game, "I went for a walk in Mexico." The players sit in a row, the leader standing before them. The leader begins by saying, "I went for a walk in Mexico"; then, pouncing upon one of the players, he adds, "How many people did I see?" Then the leader begins to count ten rapidly and clearly while the selected player has to name three different characters with whom they have become familiar in the story hours. Or the leader may call for names of flowers or products, or something seen on the trip thus far. If the selected player is successful he takes the leader's place.

MUSIC PERIOD: Learn Spanish words of first stanza used in dramatization. If dramatization is not to be used, begin work on "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty." The first stanza of this hymn is within the reach of your children, and in learning it there will be a distinct gain for their storehouse of memory.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

Show the picture map. Ask about the different Americas. Point to North America where we live, and where the Mexican boys and girls live. Point to the Panama Canal, and ask for volunteer information. It will be sufficient to know that the United States owns the land around the Canal, that it spent a great deal of money to make a passageway for ships so that it would no longer be necessary for them to go around the tip of South America. Point to South America. Ask what the people who live there are called. They are Americans, too, even though they belong to many separate countries.

Ask how we should get to South America. Show that the point nearest to the United States is the northern coast. Recall the fact that South Americans think even more of Columbus than we do. One country is named for him. Ask what it might be called. The country which is nearest to the United States is called Colombia.

We are going to visit Colombia next to find out something about our American friends who live there. We shall go by boat, just as Columbus did. We leave the city of Vera Cruz in Mexico and sail straight across the Caribbean Sea (point to map). On the way we

cross the equator. Who can tell what the weather is going to be like? It is so hot that we put on our coolest clothes, but we are still hot when we land at the city of Barranquilla.

From our boat we can see the white houses and the tall green palm trees. The houses look much like the Mexican houses, and the people, we shall find, are like the Mexicans in many ways. They even speak the same language. Now we are near enough to see the wharf. Can you see those boys who are jumping into the water? They are waiting for us to throw down coins so that they can dive and get the money. If the boat were still, we could look into the clear water and see the bright-colored fish. Some of them have purple tails, and their scales shine with all the colors of the rainbow.

The first thing we are going to do is to leave our baggage in the hotel, and then we shall have an adventure. We are going for a short trip in the jungle. It must be a very short trip, because it might not be safe for us to go far.

(Ask what a jungle is.) Wild animals; thick, impenetrable growth of trees and vines; and wet, marshy land, are the principal points to emphasize.

(Point to the coast line of Colombia.) If this were the United States, we should look for smooth, hard beaches where bathing is good fun, or rocks with little pools of water among them where fishing is good. But in Colombia there are miles and miles of swampy jungle called *ciénagas*. The trees grow so close together that anyone who leaves the path may get lost. The air is hot and sticky, as it is in our country in the summer just before a thunderstorm. Bright-colored birds fly among the trees. We can hear parrots jabbering and see the flash of their bright wings. Back in the thickest part of the jungle are wild animals—leopards, jaguars, and monkeys. There are poisonous snakes, and wherever there is water we shall see alligators sleeping on sunny mud banks or wallowing lazily through the water. You can see why we must stay close together and why we must not go far into the jungle. There is one more danger. The mosquitoes fly about in swarms, and they bite just as badly as our own mosquitoes do. Their bite often makes people sick with a strange disease called malaria.

We are going to stay in the jungle long enough to see an Indian village. It doesn't look like much of a village, for there are only a few huts close to the edge of the river. The people who live here are the poorest of all the people in South America, and they need

our help so much. Before we reach the village we hear the barking of the dogs, for there is always a pack of angry, snarling, hungry dogs around each village. Some of the children are playing in the shade. Not one of them wears any clothes. A mother is rocking a baby. Her dress is a loose sack of coarse cloth. A father is pulling his canoe up out of the water. He has just come back from a fishing trip, and the three small fish he has brought will be all that his family will have to eat that day. There is no church in the village, and no school. None of the people there have ever heard of God, or if they have heard of him they do not know who he is. They are dreadfully poor, and they do not know how to help themselves to live better. They need all the help that we can give them so that they can learn better ways to live.

But all the people in Colombia are not like those Indians. When we go back to the city, we are going to see the happiest little boy in the whole country, who is just as different from them as he can be.

Felipe Finds His Friend

Felipe was just as proud as he could be that one of his great-great-many-times-great-grandfathers had been a fine Spanish gentleman who had come to the New World in Columbus' own ship. Felipe was a fisher boy. Early every morning he paddled his canoe out on the bay and cast his net. Every afternoon he had a basket of fish. Some he gave to his *madre* to cook for supper, and some he took to town to sell. Then he would play in the sandy streets with the other boys. Once in a while he went to school, but the teacher was so lazy that the boys did no work. They sat around gambling, or else they fought, and that was worse than no school at all. One day Felipe was carrying a huge basket on his head. It was full of crisp white clothes that his mother had washed and ironed for the *señorita* who lived in the big, white house. Felipe was in a hurry, but when he saw a crowd in the street he stopped to see what the excitement was. Some one was talking—a tall, well-dressed *señor* who had a book in his hand. Felipe could not get through the crowd with the basket on his head and so he could not hear all that was said. The *señor* was telling of a Friend who loves everyone in the world and who loves boys and girls especially well. Felipe wanted to hear more, but he had to hurry on, for the *señorita* was waiting. When he came back, the crowd had gone, and the *señor* had disappeared.

Every day after that Felipe hunted for the Friend he had heard about. When he put on his clean suit on Sunday and a pair of straw sandals and went to church, he hunted for him. But the priest did not say anything about the Friend. That afternoon when he went with a crowd of boys to see some trained cocks fighting, he looked for him, but he never found him.

One day Felipe was going to sell his fish when he heard a strange, rumbling sound, and the ground beneath him began to shake. He wasn't frightened. It was only an earthquake, and there were often earthquakes in Felipe's country,

but they seldom did much harm. But this time when the ground shook a shutter from the window just above Felipe came tumbling down. It struck him on the head and he fell in a little heap with his basket of fish upset beside him.

Long, long afterwards he opened his eyes. He was in the strangest place! He was lying in a high bed with sheets as white and clean as when his *madre* washed them. How his head did ache! He reached up and felt a big, soft bandage. Then he looked around his room. He had never seen such a pretty room. There were flowers at the windows, and a row of white beds, just like his. He wondered if a hurt little boy was in each one. Then he saw that there were pictures on the wall. He looked at one that was near by. There was a Man with the friendliest face he had ever seen, with children all about him. They were standing beside him and behind him. They were sitting at his feet, and he was holding the smallest one on his lap. Could that be the Friend he had heard about?

When a nurse in a uniform that was as white as the sheets came to find out if he was all right, he asked her about that picture. What do you suppose the nurse told him?

Felipe was so surprised. "Why, I didn't know Jesus is our Friend. I didn't know that we can talk to him or that he will help us," he explained. Then he could hardly wait to get well enough to go home and tell his *madre* all about it.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Have the children look over the pictures of Colombia, especially pictures that show people doing things. Pictures may be obtained from travel catalogues, from public libraries, and from magazines such as *The National Geographic*. Write to the Pan-American Union in Washington for interesting material on Mexico, Colombia, Venezuela, Brazil, and Chile, which are the countries studied in this text. The children will enjoy drawing and coloring jungle animals and birds. Stencils for these may be purchased from toy stores, or they may be easily made by the teacher by tracings from animal and bird books. Add a picture of a Colombian child to the poster on "Jesus Loves Me" started in Program III.



PROGRAM IX

Worship Service Theme: Helping One Another Gladly

By this time the children will begin to understand the general plan which has been used in the arrangement of the service of worship: First, the praise of God by his children whose hearts are filled with love and gratitude; second, the use of songs and Bible verses suggestive of friendship with those in this world round about them, God's other children. Let them help with the planning of the service to-day, using some of the new hymns they have learned, as well as some of the old favorites. Base the work upon that of yesterday.

Perhaps one pupil may like to sing a praise song as a solo. Some children are very glad to help in this way, and it adds interest to the service. Let one or some of the children recite all the verses remembered about "good neighbors." An "Honor List" for memory work should be begun by placing the names upon the blackboard with gold stars.

BRIEF TALK (By the teacher): "Helping One Another Gladly." The following verses may be used.

PRAYER (By teacher): Heavenly Father, we thank thee for this new day. Help us to spend every minute of it in a way that is pleasing to thee. May we use every opportunity that comes to do kind things to those about us. Amen.

SONGS: Chosen by the children.

The Best that I Can

"I cannot do much," said a little star,

"To make the dark world bright!

My silvery beams cannot struggle far

Through the folding gloom of night!

But I'm only part of God's great plan,

And I'll cheerfully do the best that I can!"

A child went merrily forth to play,
But a thought like a silver thread,
Kept winding in and out all day,
Through the happy golden head.
Mother said, "Darling, do all you can,
For you are a part of God's great plan!"

So he helped a younger child along
When the road was rough to the feet,
And he sang from his heart a little song
That we all thought passing sweet;
And his father, a weary, toil-worn man,
Said, "I, too, will do the best that I can."

—*Anonymous.*

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Neh., chs. 2 to 4.

How the People Helped

It was night, and a little company of men were going up the rocky, half-ruined road to Jerusalem. They made no noise as they went, for no one was to know what they were doing. The moonlight made everything glisten. It shone on the beautiful clothing of the leader. It made black shadows of the rocks and stones and pieces of broken wall. The leader, Nehemiah, looked sadly at the heaps of stones, for where they lay had once stood beautiful Jerusalem. But there had been battles, and the enemy had burned and destroyed the city. The people had been taken away prisoners. Nehemiah rode on until he came to the Pool of Siloam. There he got off his horse, for the road was so full of fallen stones that there was no room for the horse.

Nehemiah had been away in a foreign land serving the king of the country which had destroyed Jerusalem. He had served the king well, and he had been told that he might come back to rebuild Jerusalem.

But there were enemies near Jerusalem who hated the Jews and did not want to see their strong, beautiful city rebuilt. That was why the men had come at night to find out what must be done.

Not long afterwards the birds that had built their nests in the ruined walls and the rabbits that had scampered over the heaps of fallen stones saw strange things. Crowds of men came, and they brought with them stones for building and tools with which to work. First Nehemiah asked God to help them. Then he told them what to do, and they worked so well that soon the walls began to look strong. Higher and higher they went, and then Nehemiah learned that the people who lived near were angry.

"Captain Sanballat is bringing his soldiers to fight us," a frightened messenger said. "He will tear down the walls again, and we shall have to go away."

So Nehemiah gave orders that half the men should be soldiers and guard the walls, while the other half should work at rebuilding. Then he said that every builder must work with a weapon in one hand and his tool in the other, so that

if Sanballat did come they would be ready to fight. How the people worked! All day in the hot sun and late into the night they toiled to build their beloved city again.

Sanballat saw that they were ready for him, and so he tried to make trouble by coming to make fun of the workers. But they would not listen, for they were too busy carrying out the orders of their leader, Nehemiah.

At last the work was finished. The walls were strong. The gates were repaired. The Jews could live again in their old city, safe from their enemies.

Then the people had a thanksgiving that lasted for days. They thanked God for all that he had done for them, and they prayed that he would help them to live better lives and to be more faithful to him.

WORK PERIOD.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him."—Ps. 145:18.

RECREATION: A variation of "magic music."

Announce to the child or children who leave the room that those who remain are going to choose something that the builders did. Choose something simple, such as piling stones to build up the wall.

MUSIC PERIOD: Perfect work on "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty," or continue work on Spanish song to be used in the dramatization. Songs chosen by the children.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

Yesterday we came to a new country. What is it called? (Ask a few questions to call to mind the position of Colombia in South America.) To-day we are going to leave the city behind and go on a long journey. For miles and miles we shall travel on the river through jungle country like that which we saw yesterday. The journey takes so long, and there is so much ahead of us, that we'll travel this way. Shut your eyes. Now you are on the river. Open them again. The river trip is over, and you are in a country that is very different from the land you saw before. Here you are in the mountains where the air is cool and pleasant. There are not many railroads in this part of the country, and we shall have to travel part of the way on donkeys. We are going to the beautiful capital city of Colombia. But before we get there, we are going to see some mountain villages and we are going to learn about the Land of the Golden Man.

The Land of the Golden Man

Years and years ago, before Columbus sailed across the ocean to discover the Americas, there lived in these mountains a tribe of Indians that worshiped a goddess who was supposed to live in a lake. They did not love her very much and they were always afraid that she might let the evil spirits hurt them. So they had splendid parades in her honor and gave her beautiful gifts. Of course they never saw her at all, for there really was no such person. But the people thought there was, so they dropped their gifts into the lake, and they were quite sure that she received them.

When a new chief was chosen the first thing he did was to go to worship the goddess. His body was covered with sticky, sweet-smelling gums, and then gold dust was sprinkled over him. This stuck to the gum, and when he was covered with it he looked like a golden man.

All the people of the tribe put on their best feathers and bright-colored jewels. Then they made ready the gift for the goddess. There was gold, of course, and emeralds—for Columbia has the world's greatest supply of emeralds—and other jewels. Then the procession formed. The chief and all his people marched to the edge of the lake. Then he and his nobles got into a canoe and paddled out to the middle of the lake. There the chief jumped into the water and washed off all the gold dust as his gift to the goddess, and all the people threw in their gold and their jewels. After that they all went back to the village for a feast.

Strange stories were told of the golden man, and when the Spanish sailors came to that part of the New World they heard that away up in the mountains was a man made of pure gold. He was called *El Dorado*, the Golden One, and so his land, too, became known as *El Dorado*. The Spaniards of course wanted to find the gold so that they could have some for themselves. They never found the golden man, for by the time they reached the lake of the goddess the Indians no longer worshiped in the old way. But the old name is still used for that mountain country. We are on our way now to the land of *El Dorado*.

Let's stop awhile and watch the people who go by. Here comes a farmer with his two-wheeled oxcart. Oxen and little mountain burros do much of the hard work here. The oxen are used to plow the steep hillside fields and to drag the heavy carts. The burros are better for the steep mountain paths, for they are better able to keep their footing. Here come six little burros carrying heavy loads. The man at the head of them is the driver, and he goes on foot. Men and women as well as animals carry heavy burdens. See that man coming up the hill with his basket filled with firewood? It is so heavy that he is bent over nearly double. And here comes a woman with a load of little sticks and dry branches that she has picked up to use for firewood. Now we hear the jingle of bells and the clatter of horses' hoofs. Three fine Spanish gentlemen come riding by, and the little bells on their bridle chains tinkle as they go past.

We have not much farther to go now before we stop for lunch. Down the road stands a house made of bamboo and mud. Outside a group of girls are busy working. We are going to stop with them, for they have heard that travelers from the United States are coming, and, like all these South American neighbors of ours, they are always glad to have visitors.

Marguerita and Angela (Ahn-hay-lah) are braiding straw into strips for hats. Their mother is inside at a sewing machine—yes, a real sewing-machine like the machines your mothers use—sewing strips of the straw into hats. Juanita and Mercedes are spinning fiber to make heavy threads that will be used for sacks and for coarse carpets. And Maria is spinning wool from her own sheep.

They all jump up when they see us, and we all bow and say, "May you be well." They tell us that dinner will be ready in a few minutes, and we are glad to hear that, for we are all hungry.

"Perhaps the little girls from the United States would like to pick some lemons while we are waiting," says Angela with a friendly smile. But picking lemons is not easy. The best fruit grows high, and the lower branches are full of thorns; so the little girls from the United States say very politely that they would prefer to see some one else do it.

Dinner is ready, and we find that the table is set, picnic fashion, on the ground. The tablecloths are banana leaves. In the center are soup and rice in bowls, and meat and *bollos de yucca* are in banana leaves. The yucca is the root of the yucca plant, crushed fine, shaped like an ear of corn, and baked in corn husks.

Each of us has a spoon whittled from gourds, and for every two of us there is a dipper made of half a gourd. That is for the soup. Each of us makes a pile of rice on a banana leaf and the meal begins.

The bright-faced girls ask all kinds of questions. They want to know if we have all been to school, and if we can go as much as we want to. "How wonderful!" they say, when we tell them that we can.

"I went to school once with my brother Juan," says Juanita proudly. "I learned to read a little, but Juan can read anything he wants to in the Bible the *señorita* gave us. See. I will show it to you." And she runs to the house next door and brings back the Bible. She holds it so carefully. "My father does not know that I have it," she tells us. "I am afraid he might give it to the priest, and the priest would not give it back. He told Father it is wicked

for us to read the Bible. But the *señorita* at the school said that God wants us to read his Book."

"Tell us about your school," begs Mercedes. So we talk all afternoon until the sun is beginning to go down, and we must hurry on to reach our *pasada*, or little country inn, before it is night. But before we go we promise to write to our new friends and tell them more about our schools, and we tell them that we are going to send them pictures of Jesus, so that even if they can't read the Bible they can find out about him.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Work on the pictures. Have the children make copies of the Colombian flag.



PROGRAM X

Worship Service Theme: Helping One Another Gladly

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Signal for the children to be seated.)

PRAISE SONG: "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty."

GREETING BY THE TEACHER. Lead from your greeting to a conversation about the gifts which made possible the building of your church. Refer to the actual material of which it is made—the stone, the glass, the paint, and so forth. If any of the decorations come from other countries be sure to speak of that fact. Help the children to realize that whenever we try to make anything or to do anything we need the help of other people.

SONG: "I Want to Send a Whisper Song."

PRAYER (By teacher): Heavenly Father, we are glad that we have our church and we are happy that it is so beautiful. We thank thee for it and for the people who worked together to make it. May we help to keep it clean and beautiful that others may love it, too.

FAVORITE HYMNS: Chosen by the children.

SALUTE TO THE FLAGS. Give the salute to the Colombian flag which was used for the Mexican flag.

BIBLE STORY PERIOD (Children seated): I Kings 5:1-12, II Chron. 2:3-16.

A Story of Two Neighbor Kings

What a beautiful land it was over which King Hiram ruled! Tyre was a seashore city. Part of the town was made up of islands and the king had had bridges built between them so that people could go from one island to another. Tyre was a very safe place in which to live, for there were great mountains round about the inland side. Besides this, the king had had his workmen build a strong wall about his city.

Inside the walls were beautiful houses and fair gardens; and the king's palace was splendid to see. The king's robes were rich and gorgeous in color. No

other king could wear more beautiful robes than he, for he had the secret of making the royal purple dye.

Young King Solomon, who had just been crowned at Jerusalem, was glad when King Hiram sent his servants with a happy message for him.

"I was ever a lover of your father, David," he had said. "Now I wish to be a friend to you."

Then young King Solomon sent back a message to his neighbor king.

"You know how my father, King David, wanted to build a house for God. But my father had to be a warrior and defend the land. Now the wars are over, and there is peace throughout my land. I want to build a house for God, as God promised my father David that I should do.

"Will you, then, give me cedar trees and fir trees out of your great forests up on the mountains? My servants can work with your servants, and cut down the trees out of the forests of Lebanon. I will give you whatever you desire in exchange.

"And will you send me one of your best workmen who knows how to make beautiful ornaments out of silver and gold?"

When Hiram received young King Solomon's message, he was very glad.

"Blessed be the Lord who has given my friend David such a wise son to be king over his country," he said.

Then he sent back this message to Solomon: "I will do all that you wish about the timber of cedar and the timber of fir. My servants shall bring them down from my mountains to the sea. I will send them by floats to the place where you wish them. Your servants may come and get them."

By and by great floats of splendid cedar and fir timber were riding the sea down toward young King Solomon's kingdom.

And Solomon gave King Hiram twenty thousand measures of wheat for food for his household and twenty measures of pure oil to pay for the wood.

So King Hiram and King Solomon exchanged their good things, each kindly neighbor giving the other what he needed, and the servants of both kings worked peaceably together. When at last the Temple was finished it was more beautiful than any other building in the country, for it was made of the best that two countries could give.

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "Every man shall give as he is able."—Deut. 16:17.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITY: Dramatization of building of Temple. A spontaneous dramatization of the story may be used where the teacher is not planning to use the dramatization planned in Program VII:

The two kings exchanging greetings through their servants; servants working together cutting trees; measuring the wheat and oil for the exchange; building the Temple. King Solomon inspecting the building; completion at last. Arrival of King Hiram for the dedication; King Solomon kneeling in prayer, with arms up-

stretched, giving the church to God. The giving of the completed church to God should be the well-marked ending, while the harmonious working together of both kings and their servants is the strong point to bring out preceding the dedication of the Temple.

RECREATION: "Magic music," varied by making the questions deal with Hiram's gift for the Temple. Any of the Mexican games the children choose.

MUSIC PERIOD: Work on Spanish song for the dramatization, or some other song such as "There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship." Songs chosen by the children.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

(Ask questions about the groups of girls visited yesterday, to bring out their longing to go to school.)

To-day we are going on to Bogotá, the city in the mountains. It is the finest city in all Colombia. It is cool, and there is so much rain that the gardens are beautiful. The parks are full of roses and lilies and orchids. Cedars and pines grow in the gardens, as well as a tree with a long name—the eucalyptus. The houses are right on the streets, just as the Mexican houses were and the windows have heavy iron bars. In the centers of the houses are the *patios* where flowers grow and birds build their nests.

First of all we are going to see the school where Marguerita went. It is a long, low building with whitewashed walls. Inside there is one long room with a blackboard painted on the wall. It is hard to get books, so the older children draw maps on the blackboards for the geography lessons. The floor is of rough boards. The strangest thing about the room is the desks. No two are alike, for each pupil brings his own. Some are big, and some are little. Some are painted red or black or orange, and some are not painted at all.

School has not begun yet, and the children are out playing in the yard. The boys are playing some of the games you know. Over in the corner six of them are playing marbles. Another group is playing "prisoner's base." Here are some who are spinning tops. It is fun to watch them, for they do it so well. They like to toss a top in the air, then catch it on the string as it comes down; and it hardly ever misses. None of them are playing baseball—that is a game which the South American boys have not yet learned.

There are not many little girls playing outside, for in South American countries little girls are not supposed to play outside their own homes. You will find them with their dolls in their sunny *patios* playing house just as you would play it.

When schooltime comes, the lessons are much like your own. There is reading and writing and arithmetic. There is history that tells of Columbus and the Spanish explorers and even of a revolutionary war when Colombia became free. There is a man whom those boys and girls love just as we love George Washington. He has such an interesting story that we are going to save a whole day just for that. The girls spend an hour every day embroidering or crocheting or knitting, and the boys learn how to do carpenter work. We are most interested in the geography lessons, and since the teacher knows that her guests from North America will be interested she has the class tell of the things which Colombia gets from the United States and what the United States gets from Colombia.

We find that the Colombians use a great deal of wheat from our country. They get automobiles and machinery, butter, cotton cloth, and medicine. But what a lot of things we get from them! Most of our bananas come from Colombia, and so do nuts and coffee. We get the hides of cattle from which shoes and all kinds of leather goods are made. We get Panama hats, some rubber, and a material called vegetable ivory, from which buttons are made. We get mahogany, and Colombia sends us very fine emeralds as well as gold and platinum—the very gifts which the Indians used to give to the goddess of the lake.

We are going to take a magic-carpet journey ahead so that we can watch the Christmas celebration at school. Of course there is no snow, and at Christmas time the weather is warm. So no one ever heard of Santa Claus and his reindeer sleigh. The schoolroom is decorated with palms and ferns and flowers until it looks much like our Sunday-school room on Children's Day.

The children come early, for they have looked forward so long to the big day. They are all dressed in their best clothes. The girls wear white blouses with pink skirts and they all have black shawls over their heads. Little Colombian girls never wear hats. The boys have on bright-colored shirts—pink or blue or lavender—and because it is a very special occasion they are wearing shoes.

If you should shut your eyes, you might think you were back at

home listening to the Christmas exercises, except that the voices of the boys and girls are so low and soft and some of the songs are in Spanish. They recite the Christmas story and sing carols, and then there are poems and stories about Christmas. There is no tree, but there is a pile of gifts, and each boy and girl goes home with a bag of candy and cakes. As they go out the door many are humming "Silent Night, Holy Night."

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES:

Make a store which shall be stocked with South American products. Small packets may be labeled with the names of the products already mentioned and others added as Brazil, Venezuela, and Chile are studied. Paste appropriate pictures from magazine advertisements to make the labels more attractive. The products should be classified as foods, jewels, and so forth. Let one child serve as storekeeper for two or more days. He is to be responsible for seeing that the stock is kept in order, and that nothing is there which does not belong.



PROGRAM XI

Worship Service Theme: Helping One Another Gladly

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Signal for the children to be seated.)

PRAISE SONG: "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty."

GREETING BY THE TEACHER.

NATURE SONG: "All Things Bright and Beautiful." If the children know it well enough let them sing "There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose." Do not try to use the song, however, if it is not perfectly familiar. Save it for the Music Period. Song chosen by a child. (Let the children make their choices before the session opens whenever possible.)

PRAYER (By teacher): Heavenly Father, we thank thee for this new day that thou hast given us. May we use it in ways to make thee glad. Help us to be on the watch to find something to do which will show our love to our neighbors in this world about us. Amen.

FAVORITE HYMNS: (Chosen by the children. If they choose to sing the Spanish hymn their Latin-American friends use, the teacher may well regard their choice as a definite response to the big thing she is trying to do.)

Children seated.

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: II Kings 5:1-5, 9-14.

A Little Girl Who Helped

The tallest and the strongest captain in the king's army was Naaman. The king liked Naaman so well that he put him in charge whenever there was to be a battle. So Captain Naaman led the soldiers when they crossed into the country of the Hebrews to take some of the people captive, and to steal the cattle and burn the houses. One of the captives was a little Hebrew girl. The tall captain liked her when first he saw her. He took her home to be his wife's little maid.

So the little girl lived in the captain's home. At first she was very lonely. Often she must have cried because she could not go back. But Naaman's wife

was a kind mistress, and the little girl was well treated. Little by little she grew happier and more contented. She loved the beautiful dark-haired woman whom she served, and she liked to hold the basin of water for her to wash her hands or to bring the comb and the oil for her hair and the little pots of yellow dye for her finger nails.

One day the little maid's mistress looked so unhappy and she sighed many times. "What is the matter, dear lady?" asked the little girl. Then Naaman's wife told her that Naaman was sick with a terrible disease called leprosy. He could never be well again. Naaman would get worse and worse until at last he must die.

The little maid ran and knelt down by her mistress. "Oh, I know how he can be cured!" she said. "Do you suppose he would go back to my country and see the Prophet Elisha? I know he can make sick people well, for God helps Elisha."

The mistress went at once to tell Naaman the glad news. Then Naaman asked his king if he might go. The king gladly gave him permission, for he, too, was unhappy because Naaman, his old friend, was sick.

So Naaman called for his best chariot and his two favorite servants. He called for camels, and he loaded them with gifts for the prophet. Then he set out. Soon Naaman's chariot and his horses and his camels were standing before the door of the prophet's little house. Gehazi, Elisha's servant, came to see what was wanted.

"My master, Elisha, says that if you go and bathe seven times in the river Jordan, you will be well again," Gehazi told Naaman. The proud captain was furious. Here he had come such a long distance, and the prophet would not even come to the door to see him.

"There are much better rivers in my own land. Why should I bathe in that dirty Jordan?" he muttered as he ordered his servant to drive away.

"Oh, but, master, if the prophet had told you to do some hard thing, you would have done it," one of his servants said to him. "It's such a little thing to do, and he said it would make you well."

By this time Naaman was not quite so angry. So he turned around and went back to the river. He climbed down the bank. He put one foot into the muddy water. Then he jumped in. Seven times he washed himself, just as the prophet had told him to do. When he came out of the water he was well again. His skin was healed. The terrible disease had gone.

Naaman stopped only long enough to thank the prophet and to say that he was sorry for his rudeness. Then he turned his horses' heads toward his own land and drove home as fast as they would go.

His wife and the little maid were waiting for them.

"I knew it! I knew it!" shouted the little girl as she saw her master get out of the chariot. "I knew God's prophet could make you well. Oh, I am so glad!"

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "Freely ye received, freely give."—Matt. 10:8.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES:

Work on the dramatization of "His Book." If possible take the

children out of doors to create a change. Collect flowers to be sent to a hospital.

RECREATION: Game, "Angela and Pedro." This is a variation of "Ruth and Jacob." All the players but two join hands to form a circle. The two odd players stand in the center, one of them, Pedro, being blindfolded. Pedro is to catch Angela by listening to the sound of her voice. He commences by asking, "Angela, where art thou?" She must always answer, and she says, "Here I am, Pedro," and tiptoes to some other part of the ring to avoid the groping hand of Pedro. She may stoop to avoid being caught, but she must not leave the ring. The question may be repeated as often as Pedro wishes. When Angela is caught Pedro returns to the ring; Angela is blindfolded, and another player becomes Pedro.

MUSIC PERIOD: Work on either of the two songs mentioned in the last program for this period. Let the children choose a favorite song to sing.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Carmelita

"Carmelita! My little Carmelita!" Mother spoke softly and lovingly, but her little daughter lay weak and still in her arms. She did not even open her eyes.

All day she had held her. To be sure there was not much housework to do at any time, for the thatched-roof home was very tiny. There was but one room in it. There was no furniture worth mentioning, and there were only hammocks for beds.

Father was a *cargador*, a workingman of Mexico, who carried big burdens on his back for long distances to earn the very little money that he had. Only that morning he had gone away because he must. But the big burden that bent his shoulders seemed to him not so great as the heavy burden on his heart when he thought of his little Carmelita lying so ill in her mother's arms.

"Is she any better?" some one asked mother in the soft, Spanish language.

Mother was startled for an instant, for she could think of nothing but Carmelita. But she soon saw that it was her neighbor who lived in the next thatched hut.

"No, I can see that she is not! Why do you not take her to the hospital?" said the woman.

Mother's eyes grew wide with fright.

"No, oh, no! I'm afraid! They would hurt my Carmelita!" she exclaimed.

"Hurt her!" replied the neighbor. "They are good! They will try to make her well."

"How do you know?" asked mother as if she did not believe a word.

"I know a woman who walked all night to get there," said the neighbor. "And a man brought his own hammock with him yesterday, because he heard all the beds were full. Sometimes you cannot get in even if you want to."

"Did they take the man with the hammock?" asked mother.

"Yes," replied her neighbor.

"Did he get well?" questioned mother.

"Yes, indeed, he got well! He can now carry almost as big a load of bananas as that donkey over there has on his back," said the neighbor.

Mother looked down at Carmelita who seemed to be growing worse all the time.

"It's a good place," said the neighbor as she, too, glanced tenderly at poor little Carmelita. "I saw inside the door once when I went to see Juanita, the woman who walked all night to get there.

"The beds are all white, so white and clean and soft! Everybody is kind, so kind! Some people up in the United States gave the money for the hospital—good people. They gave the beds and the tables and the chairs. And there is medicine, so much medicine! You'd better take your Carmelita," urged the neighbor as she went away.

Mother thought the long hours of that night would never be over; sometimes she thought little Carmelita was dying.

"When morning comes, I surely must take her to the hospital," she said to herself. "Oh, how I wish morning were here!"

At last the night passed, and the first light began to dawn. Carmelita was still alive but so weak and still.

Mother left her little house and started. When she reached her neighbor's door she rapped softly and called her.

"Will you go along and show me the way?" she begged.

Of course the woman was willing, for she was a kind-hearted neighbor, and soon the two were on their way.

It was a long walk, but they made it as soon as they could, and knocked at the door.

What a sweet-faced young woman opened the door for them!

"Oh, poor little child!" she exclaimed with such a sweet voice that mother forgot all her fears.

"No need of asking why you came," said the nurse. "Come in and I will take you to the doctor. We are very crowded just now; but we will see what he says."

Mother's heart sank. What if there were no little bed for Carmelita! That now was her only fear.

The doctor took the little girl in his arms. How tenderly he lifted her!

"Yes, she is very, very ill," he said.

"Is there a bed?" asked mother in her Spanish language, and her eyes told the doctor how hungry she was for help.

"Yes, just one left. It is that new bed which the boys and girls in the vacation school in the United States worked all summer to earn. It has just been bought, nurse."

Carmelita's mother did not understand anything about the boys and girls or the vacation church school at that time. But she afterwards learned. She did understand, however, that there was a bed, one bed left.

"My Carmelita have it?" she asked.

"Yes," said the doctor, "Carmelita shall have it. We will try to make her well."

In a short time the little sick girl, wearing a pretty white nightgown which

also was a gift of the children of the vacation school, was lying in the soft bed.

Her big brown eyes were closed most of the time, and she could not even smile as she touched the soft, white pillows.

Then the doctor and the nurses began to do the fine and wonderful things that doctors and nurses know how to do for poor little children who are sick and underfed. There was medicine, that after all was not so very hard to take, and such nice food to eat—only a little at first, then more each day as Carmelita began to grow a bit stronger.

By and by the big brown eyes were opened as wide as wide could be, and she looked about the room where a number of other little children also lay in soft, white beds like her own.

"But mine is the prettiest and the newest," said Carmelita in her Spanish language.

Day by day her cheeks grew rounder, and one morning, when the nurse brought her egg and her drink of milk in dishes with pictures of fluffy chickens all about them, she smiled.

"Who gave the soft bed and the pillows and the dishes?" she asked.

"Oh, the children of a vacation church school up in the United States sent the money for the new bed. They worked a long time and earned the money," said nurse.

Carmelita looked puzzled.

"But why? They do not know me, Carmelita."

"No," answered nurse, "but they know and love Jesus. He asked them to do something for him, to help him. He said that doing for you, Carmelita, and all these other little children, is just the same as doing for him."

After a while Carmelita was well enough to be up and about. Then what a good time she had playing with the kiddie-kar that some one else had sent to the hospital for the children to play with when they were able! And how she liked to sit in the little red chair beside the little red table that some one else had sent because Jesus said that doing for these children is the same as doing for him!

Then mother came to visit. She hardly knew her little Carmelita. And wasn't she happy and grateful!

"To-day you may take Carmelita home," said the nurse to mother in her own Spanish language.

A shadow passed over mother's face.

"*Hoy no, mañana!*" she exclaimed, which is the same as saying, "Not to-day, to-morrow!"

She thought of the dreadful night that Carmelita lay in her arms, sick and miserable, as she sat alone in the little thatched-roofed house.

Next day when she came the nurse said, "To-day you may take Carmelita home."

"*Hoy no, mañana!*" said mother.

The third day the nurse again said, "To-day you may take Carmelita home."

"*Hoy no, mañana!*" again begged mother.

You see there was another very sick little baby who needed to come to the hospital. Only one bed could be spared, and Carmelita was well.

It was hard for mother to understand, but when she did know that it must be "*hoy*" (to-day), she cuddled Carmelita up in her arms and took her away.

That night another little baby lay in the soft, white bed that the children had given.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Add quinine to the "store."

Continue the work on pictures.

Make Colombian paper dolls. (See Supplement.)

NOTE: Talk with the group about "Outing Day" to-morrow. See suggestions in the next program.



PROGRAM XII

Outing Day

This will be a day to which the children have looked forward for a long time with a great deal of joyful anticipation. Every boy and girl likes a picnic or a party.

Have this outing in the real country if your school is located where such outdoor spaces are within reach. If you are in the city the children will enjoy a trip to a park and perhaps to the zoo to see the animals. If your school is located in the heart of a crowded district where an outing day is impossible plan for the little people as happy a frolic as possible indoors, providing refreshments to make it a real party.

"Tickets" add importance to such an occasion. These may be typewritten, or one or two of the older children will find pleasure in preparing them. For instance:

**THIS TICKET ADMITS
YOU
TO THE OUTING OF
OUR SCHOOL**

There may be a short but appropriate service of worship.

SONG BY THE CHILDREN: "All Things Bright and Beautiful."
(The thought expressed in this song will be felt by the children as they sing it in some beautiful outdoor spot. Draw attention to the song and the place.)

BIBLE VERSES OF PRAISE TO GOD. (Have each child recite a verse.)

SONG: "All Thanks to Our Father."

BIBLE VERSES ABOUT RIGHT WAYS OF TREATING OUR NEIGHBORS.
(Each child reciting a verse.)

THE LORD'S PRAYER (in unison).

BIBLE STORY PERIOD. (Take a vote as to the favorite Bible story and retell one which is most desired.)

THE FROLIC:

Begin your program with a rhythm story play. The pamphlets "Mexican Play Hour," and "South American Play Hour," which may be obtained from the Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, provide games some of which have already been learned. Tell the children of the flocks of butterflies that Pablo and Rosita might see in the Colombian jungle. Ask them to imitate a flock of beautiful butterflies.

Let all hum some familiar music with waltz or six-eight time. The children should run lightly, keeping time to the music, arms moving in rhythm to imitate the wings. "Fly" round and round, here and there, amongst the "flowers" and bushes. At a signal from the teacher gather in a circle, join hands, and sing "Did You Ever See a Lassie," "Music Manual." Repeat using the word "laddie."

The teacher should have the games she wishes played and all plans so well in mind that this part of the hour moves swiftly and without break.

"MAGIC MUSIC."

"Magic music" would be a good game to follow the rhythm story.

Choose one of the children to close eyes and leave the group while the others hide one of the small flags of the countries about which they are studying.

The child then returns, and the others sing gay little well-known songs, perhaps "The Blue Bells of Scotland." ("Oh! where, and oh! where is my Highland laddie gone?") The hunter is guided to the hidden object by the music, softly sung when he is far away, louder and louder when he nears it.

Try to vary the games which you use just enough to suggest and connect with the work which you are doing. This is a simple device and easily managed, and will prove well-pleasing to the children.

RHYTHM GAMES:

Form into a procession and imitate the following things. Choose a child with grace and initiative for the first leader, and change

frequently to others who fall readily into the game. Select gay music with well-marked time for the children to hum.

1. On Columbus' boat. (Let them play raising and lowering the sails, pulling on the ropes, watching for the first sight of land, and other appropriate acts.)

2. Wind in cedar trees. (Hands out to represent branches swaying gently, then more and more and more violently as wind increases—waltz time.)

3. Climbing the mountains. (March as though going up a difficult rocky pass, using arms to catch hold of rocks.)

"PINATA":

The surprise feature is a Mexican game played with a paper bag. It should be explained to the children as a favorite game of the Mexican children. The bag should be large enough to hold a tiny gift for each child. These should be typical of the products of Latin America. Probably nothing would be more satisfactory than a small cake of milk chocolate wrapped in gay-colored paper. The bag is hung from a tree or from the ceiling, low enough for the children to reach. Blindfold one child and spin him around several times. With a heavy stick given him he must try to break the bag, thereby scattering its contents. As soon as he hears the crack he tears off the bandage and joins with the others in the wild scramble. Each player may be allowed several trials until one is successful. The Mexican version of the game is played with a clay jug called an olla.

REFRESHMENTS:

Announce the parade. Choose partners. March to table decorated gayly with American flag surrounded by small flags of South American republics.

The refreshments are to be simple: Sandwiches, cocoa, ice cream, milk chocolates, and oranges to take home are suggested but of course this treat may be simplified. Remind the children that some of these come from neighbor countries and let them name the things from these countries.

PROGRAM XIII

Worship Service Theme: Helping One Another Gladly

ENTRANCE MARCH.

PRAISE SONG: Doxology or other selection from song material learned. (Signal for the children to be seated.)

GREETING BY THE TEACHER. Lead from your greeting to reference to the everyday blessings, such as the food we eat and the clothes we wear, so often taken too much as a matter of course by those in comfortable circumstances. After a short conversation circling round this thought get the children to help you in choosing appropriate thanksgiving and praise songs.

SONG: "There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose."

BIBLE READING (By one of the older children):

"O praise the Lord, all ye nations;

Laud him, all ye peoples.

For his lovingkindness is great toward us."—Ps. 117:1, 2a.

"Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good;

For his lovingkindness endureth for ever."—Ps. 118:1.

PRAYER (By teacher): Heavenly Father, we thank thee for thy goodness to us every day of our lives. Help us to be quick to find ways of sharing these good things that thou hast given us as thou hast asked us to do. Amen.

FAVORITE HYMNS. (Chosen by the children.)

SALUTE TO THE FLAGS.

SONG: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." (Signal for children to be seated.)

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Acts 3:1-10.

How Two Men Helped a Lame Man

THE LINK WITH THE PRECEDING LESSON. Refer to the outing yesterday, asking each child to name one thing which he enjoyed.

Offer brief prayer of thanks for healthy, strong bodies that can have good times in the outdoor world.

THE STORY. The man who sat at the gate of the Temple had never walked in all the forty years of his life. He could not work to earn his living, and so he sat at the gate and asked money of the people who came to worship. A poor woman came by, and she dropped a few small coins into the man's hand. A little boy passed and left another coin. The lame man looked at the money. What would he do? There was not enough to buy his supper. If only some one would help him! Then a richly dressed man came by followed by two servants. Surely he would stop.

The lame man reached out a hand.

"Please, oh, please help me," he begged. But the rich man did not seem to see and the servants did not stop. Then came two men. They were poorly dressed but their faces were kind. Perhaps they would give him something, thought the lame man. Again he reached out his hand.

The two men stopped. One was Peter and the other was John. They were friends of Jesus and he had told them to carry on his work after he had gone to the heavenly home.

"Look at us," said Peter kindly, and the poor crippled man raised his eyes. They must be going to give him a lot of money.

Then Peter said: "I have no money, but I will give you what I have. In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." Then he took the crippled man by the hand. At the touch of Peter's hand the man felt like standing on his feet. He jumped up. He stood as straight and tall as any man. He took a step, the first step he had ever taken. Peter's gift had made him well. Then the crippled man went into the Temple with Peter and John to thank God for what he had done for him.

NOTE: If the teacher has planned with her group to present the dramatization "His Book" as a part of the Parents' Day program, she will have to make use of the Work Period occasionally for rehearsal purposes. Much can be done outside of the regular sessions, however.

Full suggestions for conducting the Work Period will be offered hereafter without reference to the dramatization. It is understood that the teacher will use her own judgment in making the necessary adaptations, using the Work Period and the Music Period in preparation for Parents' Day where necessary. The ideal arrangement, however, is to do as much work outside as possible, leaving the children free to enjoy the other activities suggested at this point of the program.

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father."—James 1:17.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITY: Teach the following verses to be used with the flag salute in the worship service:

"We thank our Father for the flag
That floats o'er land and sea,
Showing to all the world around
The emblem of the free."

RECREATION: "Walk, Pablo, walk." Pablo is selected from among the players and blindfolded. The other players having each been provided with a bean bag, Pablo stands in the center of the room with his feet wide apart, so that the bean bags can be thrown between them. When this is done, the instruction, "Walk, Pablo, walk," is given, and the blindfolded player is not released until he manages to step on one of the bean bags, all of which have been sent some distance and in different directions. The player whose bag has been stepped on becomes Pablo.

MUSIC PERIOD:

"God Is Great and God Is Good," "Music Manual."

NOTE: The children have been learning a number of new songs during these first twelve lessons. Perhaps some of the songs have not that comfortable familiarity which makes it a joy to use them. Use the period to-day and the two remaining periods of the week to finish learning these. Do not depend entirely on drill, however. Try hiding the written names or first lines of the songs for the children to find. The finder is a winner if he can repeat a stanza of the song, or even a line. If he cannot, let some other child try. Let the children sing the song. Or you may conduct a guessing game: "I am thinking of a song that tells of roses and lilies that God has made beautiful for us. Can you guess my song? Can you sing my song?" If the words are not perfectly familiar, sing the song to them, or let a group of those who know it sing it for the others, before all try together.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

What country in South America have we been visiting? (Have Colombia pointed out on the map.) Now we are going to take another journey to Colombia's next-door neighbor country. Look at the map and see if you can guess where it is. Over there where Jack is pointing is Venezuela. (Write name on board and have one of the children spell it aloud; then erase and have another write it.) Venezuela's queer name came about this way. When the Spanish sailors came to this country the first part of South America that they saw was right here (point to coast of Venezuela). The Indians there lived in queer-looking huts that were built on stilts

out over the water. The towns made the Spaniards think of Venice, the Italian city that is built on the water and has canals instead of streets. So they named the country "Little Venice," or Venezuela.

Venezuela is a land of walking stores. How would you like to do the marketing by sitting at the front window and having the shops all come to you? That is just what happens in the big capital city of Caracas or in any of the smaller towns. Do you remember the *cargadores*, the men who carried such heavy burdens in Mexico? And in Colombia we found men and women both carrying bundles and bags of all kinds.

While we are watching at the window, the water seller comes by. We can't reach out through the iron bars of the window; so we go to the door to meet him and buy enough drinking water to last all day. Before we go in, along comes the milkman. Instead of carrying his milk in bottles, he brings his cow along, and right in front of the house he milks the cow and gives us as much as we ask for.

There is a clatter on the cobblestones of the street, and the baker comes along with his two little donkeys loaded with rolls and bread and cakes. There are blankets on their backs with rows and rows of pockets, and the bread is kept in the pockets. It doesn't seem to be the cleanest way of carrying bread, for the dust of the street, and flies, can settle on it. Even the furniture store comes to the door, for a man with an oxcart brings the beds we ordered yesterday.

Venezuela is something like Colombia, because it has hot jungle land near the sea while farther back in the mountains the climate is cool. At certain times of the year the heavy rains wash down the hills and fill the valleys with pools. Then everyone turns out to take a bath. And many of the poorer people wait until the next spell for the next bath.

Down at the Dock

Juan was giving the last polish to the sleek and shining coat of Simon.

"There! You look as fine as the horse upon which our brave Bolivar sits in the statue out in the park, even if you are but a mule! Shoo! How those flies do bother you!" and he moved a palm leaf which he had cut for a fan.

"Yes, *madre*, we're coming!"

Madre could make the most marvelous things out of dough. Her loaves of bread were famous, and so were the sweet cakes that she could fashion into all sorts of curious shapes. There were boys, wearing big sombreros, and birds and chickens and dogs—and even mules.

Sometimes, when he sold them, Juan had to explain which was a dog and which was a mule. But that was easily done.

Madre had worked until she was tired, for the *fiesta*, as the holiday was called, was at hand, and the people down at the docks where Juan was going would not work to-morrow. They would buy a big supply of goodies—perhaps all would be sold!

That would be so much more to add to the money that *madre* and *padre* were saving to buy that little farm where the coffee and bananas grew, and *padre* could give up his hard work out in the lake where the asphalt was gathered to be sent away to make pavements.

Father and a great many other men worked there gathering basketful after basketful, then loading it on to the cars which were brought down to the docks where Juan sold mother's goodies to the workmen, to the passengers, to anybody who would buy.

"*Madre's* tired to-day," said Juan gently, for he loved his mother with all his heart. "I'll pack the goodies in the barrels."

Then he took the tray from his mother's head. Near Simon were two odd-looking barrels with covers. Simon made a mulish grunt as Juan fastened one on each side of his back.

Then he packed the goodies carefully inside: the loaves of bread, the sweet cakes shaped like toys and birds and children and dogs and mules.

When all were safely inside he carefully put a cover over each barrel. Then he jumped up in front of the barrels and sat astride Simon's back.

"*Adiós!*" He waved his funny little round hat to *madre* and started on his journey down to the docks.

"Glory to the brave people!" he sang the words of the patriotic song as he traveled slowly along the roads of Venezuela.

He passed many of these people, too, on his way to the docks, for the holiday was near at hand and ever so many were going to the busy town where the ships came in.

"Glory to the brave people," hummed Juan as he saw a man gayly dressed in satin on his way to the field where the games were held.

"Wish I could go to the show," thought Juan to himself. "There are two men with gamecocks! And there are some men with guitars! Wish I had a guitar!" And Juan thought how finely he could sing, "Glory to the Brave People," if he, too, had a guitar. "Oh! The cute little monkey on the man's shoulder!"

The cakes and bread had never sold so quickly before. A large crowd gathered round Simon and the barrels. Indeed, he could have sold many more cakes if he had had them.

"Don't forget me, neighbor," called a young man. "Are you sold out yet?"

"One left," called Juan. "A mule! I saved it for you. The biggest of all!"

"All right, here's the money!" laughed his friend. "Do you want me to change your money into 'bolivars'? You will not be so likely to lose them."

In Juan's country one of the pieces of money is called a "bolivar," because of the great hero named Bolivar. You will hear of him again.

"N-n-o! Perhaps—not!" said Juan.

"Well, good-by! Come again after the holiday."

Juan hopped up on Simon's back and rode away.

"Oh, a balloon man! Simon! Turn!" Juan and his mule faced about in the direction of the place where the games were held.

He caught up to the man and bought a fine red balloon and tied it to one of his barrels.

He rode on. It seemed as if everybody were out on parade. What music! The band played "Glory to the Brave People!" There were fine ladies and gentlemen in automobiles.

"Simon, some day I shan't be riding a mule! Yet I like you, Simon," and he patted Simon on his back. Presently Juan reached the place where the games were held. He paid the price from the cake money and went inside.

Strange how the music and the parade seemed to make Juan forget that the money should go to the bag where *madre* kept all the *bolivars* which were to buy the new home where the oranges and the bananas grew! How exciting it all was! He forgot everything else as he watched. A gay man dressed in bright satin started the game!

At last toward the end of the day, when the games were over, Juan thought of home and *madre* and the money.

He felt for the bag. The moneybag! Where was it?

Juan felt as if he had turned to stone. All the money from the *fiesta* cakes had gone.

"How can I go home to *madre* without a single bolivar? Oh-h-h," and Juan came nearer crying than he had since he was old enough to ride Simon to the docks with the bread barrels.

He climbed on Simon's back and turned toward the docks again.

What an unhappy boy! Why had he gone? Why hadn't he returned directly home with his mother's money? Not a bolivar to take to *madre*!

When he reached the dock the red balloon flopped in his face, and he broke the string and pushed it away.

The man who had bought his last mule was just coming away, for his day's work was done.

"Hello! What's this? Some one has lost his balloon!" and he caught the string.

"Why, little neighbor, is this yours? Have you been to the games?"

"I—don't—want it!" exclaimed Juan.

"Don't want your balloon? Why, what is the trouble?"

"I've—lost—all—mother's bolivars! At the games! Her *fiesta* bolivars!" The words seemed to get all mixed up as poor Juan told the story, and when it was finished, he forgot that he was a big boy who rode every day on Simon's back with the bread barrels. Two brown fists rubbed the tears that rolled down his cheeks.

"Well, that's too bad, little neighbor! And I know, too, for I've lost money myself. What can we do, I wonder? We must make it up to *madre*, in some way, of course. Even though we're sorry, it was wrong to take her money—wasn't it?"

"Yes, oh, yes! I wish I hadn't gone to the games! I wish I hadn't heard the music or bought the balloon—or anything!" and Juan's fists went to his eyes again.

"I have an idea!" exclaimed Juan's friend. "I have been thinking that I would like some one to help me to clean up my office. After you finish selling

your mother's bread and sweets, you might stay awhile and do the work for me. I will pay you. You can save the money, and when you have enough, give to *madre* what you owe her. Would you like that?"

Would he like it! Juan gave such a whoop that Simon started to run away and Juan had to run after him.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Let the children choose pictures from an assortment of magazine pictures of American child life, illustrating mutual helpfulness, which you have collected and roughly cut from magazines. They may cut these out and mount them on good-sized sheets of mounting paper under the heading, "Helping One Another." These may be kept to send to the other little neighbors about whom we are learning.

Work on the picture map might also be continued. Perhaps a division of work would prove helpful, in order that the two ideas may be carried out simultaneously, because of their close connection.



PROGRAM XIV

Worship Service Theme: Helping One Another Gladly

ENTRANCE MARCH.

PRAISE SONGS: Doxology; "Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty." (Signal for the children to be seated.)

GREETING BY THE TEACHER. After interchange of greetings interest the pupils in arranging a patriotic opening exercise. The children will be able to contribute to such a service, making use of their training in the secular schools. Let them make a list of the patriotic songs they know, and write the titles on the blackboard. Begin with "America."

PRAYER (By teacher): Heavenly Father, we thank thee for this fair country which is ours. We thank thee that we live in a free, happy land. Help us to be good Americans. May we do our share in keeping our land the home of the good, the true, the brave, and the free. Amen.

SONGS. (Chosen by the children.)

SALUTE TO THE FLAGS.

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Ex. 2:11 to 3:12.

A Prince Makes a Wonderful Choice

Moses sat watching his flock of sheep. He was all alone, and he was thinking. After he had found a grassy spot for his sheep and they were comfortably nibbling grass, Moses always had plenty of time to think in that lonely, quiet place.

He had not always been a shepherd. Once he had been a prince. The daughter of the pharaoh, the great king of Egypt, had found him in a basket when he was a little baby. She had liked the baby boy and she had taken him as her son.

But her father, the pharaoh, was the king who was cruel to the slave people, the Israelites. The baby's own father and mother were slaves, too.

When Moses grew up, he watched the slave people as they worked. They were his people. He was sorry for them. Why should he be a prince and live in a palace while they were unhappy slaves?

This thought made him so unhappy that at last he felt that he could not stand it. Then one day he left the palace and ran away. He went to live with a shepherd and helped him to take care of his sheep.

But every day as Moses watched the sheep, he thought about the things that he had seen out in the pharaoh's brickyards: his countrymen working hour after hour in the hot sun, digging and mixing clay, gathering straw to put in the mortar, forming bricks, placing the bricks in the sun to be baked, carrying heavy loads of bricks, and making the pharaoh's big, new buildings. When they did not work fast enough, the pharaoh's overseers scolded them or beat them. Their backs were bent and their faces were sad and hopeless.

These were the things that Moses thought about.

One day while he was thinking he looked up and saw a strange sight. It was so strange that he watched for a few minutes.

A bush was on fire, and although the fire kept burning, the bush did not burn up!

"That is a curious thing," thought Moses to himself. "I will go over and see why the bush does not burn up!"

As Moses came near the burning bush, a Voice spoke to him out of the midst of it.

It was God who spoke.

"Moses, Moses!" said the Voice.

Moses answered, "Here am I."

"Do not come nearer," God's voice said. "Put off thy shoes from thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

Moses hid his face, for he was afraid to look.

Then God said: "I have seen the trouble of my people in Egypt. I have heard their crying. I know their sorrows.

"I have come to set them free, and to bring them to a new and happy home filled with comforts."

Then God said, "I have chosen thee, Moses, to lead my people from slavery, and to bring them out of pharaoh's land."

This was a great thing to do, and the way was filled with dangers. Moses wondered how he was going to be able to do so great a deed.

But God said, "I will surely be with thee."

And Moses chose to give up everything else and help God in this great work of setting his people free.

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "Lo, I am with you always."—Matt. 28:20.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITY: Work on the pictures to be sent away to our friends in Latin America.

RECREATION: Games chosen by the children.

MUSIC PERIOD: Continue work on the new songs as suggested in the last program for the Music Period. Practice especially on the Spanish songs if you are planning to use them on Parents' Day.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

If you should go for a walk in Washington you would probably walk on a pavement that came straight from the country we have just been studying. What is its name? Venezuela has a lake that has asphalt in it instead of water. If you should stand on a hill and look down at the lake you would think it an ordinary pond in the woods, with green trees reflected in the water. But when you went closer you would find that the dark-green color belongs to a hard stuff that is firm enough to walk on near the edge. But out in the middle of the lake it is soft, and here and there are tiny pitch volcanoes that shoot up like waterspouts. The workmen dig out the pitch with pickaxes and load it on mule carts. Then it is dragged to shore. There it is cut into blocks, melted down, and taken on board the ships that are waiting to carry it north. Some of the pitch is used to protect subway tunnels from moisture. Some is spread on roofs to keep out the rain. Some is used in making shoe polish.

Venezuela has a great many other things for our store. Some of the best coffee and cocoa in the world come from there. Perhaps some of you are wearing shoes made of hides that came from that country.

Let us take a trip to market and see some of the things we might see if we were in Venezuela. Sunday is market day. The people come from miles around the city to bring their goods to sell and to see their friends. They all meet in the square. During the night they arrange their piles of goods. The women build little charcoal fires to cook their meals, for they will stay all day. Early in the morning all the streets leading to the square are crowded with people and their donkeys, all hurrying to see what they can buy and sell. Ducks, pigs, and chickens are making all the noise they can, and now and then a frightened sheep begins to bleat. There are queer-looking cakes and candies for sale, and all kinds of fruit and vegetables. You can buy almost anything else that you want, from books and beautiful flowers to old clothes and bottles. Perhaps you like the birds and you watch them a long time. There are mocking birds, parrots, thrushes, and bright-colored humming birds.

But the market is so noisy that the day does not seem like Sunday, and so we go for a walk in the country. We pass a man who is

building a house, and we stop to watch him. It is a strange house for he is building it without using a nail. Instead, he uses the long ropelike vines that he finds in the forest. He uses these to tie together the bark and palm leaves to make his house. His wife is weaving a hammock for the baby from the leaves of the palm tree, and his little girl is grinding grain between two stones to make flour. These people are very poor and they know very little. They need schools badly, and some one to tell them how to build clean, strong houses. But most of all they need to be told of God's love for them.

Pablo and the Teacher

Once a man went from our own land to help these people. He was a doctor, and he hoped to cure their diseases. He was a teacher, too, and he wanted to teach them how to read and write. But more than anything else he was going to tell them about Jesus. The people in the village to which he went were friendly, and they listened to him, but they went on living just as they had always done, in the same dirty little huts.

Pablo did his best to make trouble; he had not liked the white teacher from the very beginning. He used to climb trees when the teacher was talking and throw stones and mud at him. He would chatter like a monkey and make the people laugh so hard that the teacher had to stop because no one would listen to him.

One day Pablo decided to try a new trick. He would climb a tree just over the teacher's head and when the white man began to speak he would jump down on him. Perhaps the white teacher would be frightened and try to run away. Perhaps he would cry out. Whatever happened, Pablo felt it would be a good joke.

So he climbed the tree and waited. The white teacher came and waited beneath the tree. One by one the people gathered to listen to him. Pablo waited until a big crowd had come. Then he swung back and forth on his branch and let go. His aim was perfect, and he landed right on the white teacher's shoulders. Down they went together.

He heard the people laugh. It had been a great joke. But, oh, what a pain there was in his leg. He rolled over on the ground and tried to get up. But he could not stand. His leg had been broken. Then Pablo was afraid.

He could not run away. What would the white teacher do to him? Probably he would beat him. But no; the white man brushed the dust from his shoulders and his side, and then bent over Pablo. He called to another white man, and the two picked Pablo up very, very gently and carried him into the house. For days Pablo stayed there. For the first time in his life he was clean and had enough to eat. For the first time in his life he slept in a clean, comfortable bed.

Never once did the white teacher say anything about the tricks Pablo had played. Pablo was heartily ashamed of himself by that time. "White teacher," he said one day, "I want to help you."

Just as soon as the broken leg was well enough for Pablo to hobble around on

crutches he went out with the white teacher; and when the white man had finished speaking, Pablo began. He told of the wonderful care he had had. He said that what the white man said must be true. Then at last the people decided to follow the white man's ways and to worship his God. And there was no prouder boy than Pablo in all Venezuela.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Add new products to the store. Make copies of the Venezuelan flag. Make the Venezuelan paper dolls.



PROGRAM XV

Worship Service Theme: Helping One Another Gladly

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Signal for the children to be seated.)

PRAISE SONG: "The Lord Is Ever Near."

GREETING BY THE TEACHER. After the exchange of morning greetings let the children help in the arrangement of the service by reproducing the Memory Verses and the extra memory work learned, circling round the thought that we are doing what Jesus asked us to do when we help these neighbors out in "God's world." The extra Memory Verse learned yesterday will give them the cue.

"The Great Commission," Mark 16:15, may follow this. "The Great Commandment," Matt. 22:39, and the Golden Rule, Matt. 7:12, will also come to their minds.

The ability to make this application will test the children's real understanding of this cycle of lessons, as well as the "reach" of your own teaching.

SONG: "I Want to Send a Whisper Song."

PRAYER (By teacher): Heavenly Father, may we always be ready to work for thee as Jesus asked us to do when he lived upon earth. Amen.

FAVORITE HYMNS. (Chosen by the children.)

SALUTE TO THE FLAGS: Including the Venezuelan flag just completed.

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: John 21:1-17.

An Early Morning Camp Fire

INTRODUCTION. Have you ever been away for a long ride or journey and reached the new place late at night very hungry and tired, too?

How good the food tasted and how comfortable the bed felt! Per-

haps you thanked the heavenly Father before you went to sleep for friends who knew how you felt and who gave you all that you needed.

To-day we have a story of some fishermen who were tired, cold and hungry after fishing all night and a friend who knew just what they needed.

THE STORY. A group of fishermen had been talking together one afternoon when suddenly one of them, Peter, said, "I'm going fishing."

"Then we will go with you," the others said at once.

These men were friends of Jesus and perhaps they had been talking about him. If they went fishing together they could keep on talking and fish, too.

Some of them went for the big net, while others went to get the boat ready.

Finally they pushed out from the shore and rowed out where it was very deep. Then they let down the great net and waited for the fish. It grew late and the stars came out. The air grew chilly and damp. After a long time the stars began to grow dim and fade away. Morning was coming and the tired fishermen stretched themselves. How tired and hungry they were, and cold, too. They took up the oars and began to pull the boat slowly toward the shore. Perhaps they were thinking about breakfast after the long, quiet night of fishing.

Suddenly they saw a light on the shore close by the water. As they came nearer they could see that it was a camp fire.

Some one was moving about near the fire and the smell of food cooking reached them. How eager those men must have been to reach land!

Then the voice of Jesus came to them, "Come and break your fast." That was the way of saying, "Come to breakfast."

The men pulled the boat ashore and the net of fishes, too.

Sitting about the camp fire where Jesus was cooking for them, they warmed themselves and watched this wonderful friend of theirs who was doing so much to make them comfortable and happy.

Then the fish was cooked. Each was silent for a moment while Jesus thanked the heavenly Father for the food. Possibly he was thankful that he could get breakfast for his friends, too.

Then they began to eat.

What a wonderful camp-fire breakfast that must have been there by the sea-shore in the early morning before it was hardly light!

When breakfast was over the fishermen must have thanked Jesus. Perhaps Peter was trying even harder than the others to tell Jesus how thankful they were for the fine breakfast and warm fire, for Jesus turned to Peter and said, "Lovest thou me?" Peter looked up quickly and answered, "Yes, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee."

Then Jesus gave Peter and the fishermen something to do for him. "Care for my people," he said to them.—*Viola Vinton Morris.*

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you."—John 15:14.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITY: Have each child make a short list of his

personal friends, putting opposite each name some one thing which he can do to make the friend happier. Give him encouragement to do that one thing for his friend.

MUSIC PERIOD: If the children do not need to practice further on the new songs, teach them the simple little four-line song about our church and our neighbors, "Our Dear Church Was Buildd," "A First Book in Hymns and Worship." Tell the children how we share our church with neighbors both near and far.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

The Man with a Locket

INTRODUCTION. Who was the greatest man who ever lived in our country? Don't we love Washington more than any other of our heroes? Why? (Bring out the facts that Washington was brave and true, faithful to his country, and made his country free.)

Many of these South American countries have holidays like our Fourth of July when they celebrate the freedom of their countries as we do. Do you remember how the Spaniards went into the mountains hunting for the golden man? They never found him, but many of them stayed in the new country. They made the Indians their slaves, and the king of Spain claimed all that country as his. But there was a brave man who helped the countries to become free. He was born in Venezuela, but he helped both Venezuela and Colombia; so both countries claim him as their hero.

THE STORY. The hero of the South American people is Simon Bolivar (Se-mon' Bo-lee'-var). You would see how much they love him if you were to count the statues of him in the streets and the parks, the streets and avenues that are named for him, and the pieces of money that bear his picture. In the city where he was born, Caracas, in Venezuela, there is a splendid statue of him. And down the street there is a statue of George Washington, facing north toward his own country, placed there by the people of Venezuela to show their respect for his love of liberty. The people of the United States were so pleased that they in turn erected a statue of Bolivar. You may see it for yourselves in Central Park in New York City.

If you should look carefully at the pictures and the statues of Bolivar, you would see that he has a locket hung about his neck. This locket was one of the greatest treasures that Bolivar owned. He valued it more than if it had been a beautiful diamond.

I know what you are wondering: Where did he get the locket? What was inside it? Why did he love it so dearly?

The locket came from our own country, and it was a gift to Bolivar. On one side of it was a picture of George Washington. In the other side was a lock of

Washington's hair. It was a gift of Washington's adopted son to this hero of South America.

Bolivar visited our country, and he saw what a splendid land a free land is! He saw what a wonderful thing Washington had done in making our country free.

"I will do for my country what Washington has done for his country," he vowed to himself. "My country, too, shall be free!"

So he went home and began his work. He talked about freedom. He gathered an army. He spent his own money. He begged for help. He drilled his soldiers. He gave up all that he had to help his country.

"I will set my people free!" he said over and over again. "I will do for my country what Washington did for his country. We, too, shall be free!"

It was hard work, but there were brave men in Bolivar's land. They risked their lives; many of them gave their lives.

But after a while Bolivar won! His people, too, were free!

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Complete the picture map for Venezuela.

Make folders about 4 x 6 when completed, with a picture of Washington and the American flag on one inside page and a picture of Bolivar and the Venezuelan flag on the other. On the cover write:

HELP US TO GUARD OUR FLAG WITH CARE AND
TO LOVE OUR COUNTRY WELL



PROGRAM XVI

Worship Service Theme: Friendly Neighbors

ENTRANCE MARCH: "O Columbia! the Gem of the Ocean."

Have several of the children represent boys and girls from Latin-American countries. A black handkerchief or shawl draped over the head will be sufficient for the girls. Have the boys carry flags of the countries they represent. These may be the flags made by the children themselves. A sheet of paper $8\frac{1}{2}$ x 11 inches pasted to a stick makes a flag that is readily seen. (See Supplement.)

MEXICAN BOY: I am your neighbor from Mexico, and I come to bring you a greeting from my country. We are glad to share with you the good things which we have, and we ask you to share with us. We want to learn to read so that we may read the Bible for ourselves, and we want to learn all that you can teach us about God and about Jesus.

COLOMBIAN GIRL: I come from the land that is named for the great Christopher Columbus, and I bring friendly greetings to you other Americans. We have shared with you our good things—golden bananas and fragrant coffee, leather for shoes, and lacy Panama hats. Now we ask your help, for we want schools in our country.

VENEZUELAN BOY: My country is a neighbor of yours (*to Colombian girl*). We both send our gifts of food and precious jewels and gold to the United States which has shared with us.

GIRL OF UNITED STATES: Greetings to you all, friends! My country thanks you for your gifts. We are glad to share with you the best that we have.

ALL: Americans all, we are proud of the great country that is made up of so many smaller countries. We are proud of the liberty that is ours. We will try each one of us to do our part to make our countries fine, so that all the Americas may be one country of friendly neighbors.

SALUTE TO THE CHRISTIAN FLAG.

THE LORD'S PRAYER. (In unison.)

SONGS: Chosen by the children. (Children seated.)

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: I Sam., chs. 18 to 20.

David and His Friend the Prince

The king's son had one friend whom he loved more than anyone else, and the friend, who was David, loved the king's son. David had been a shepherd boy, and had cared for his father's sheep while his older brothers went off to fight for the king. He was a good shepherd, and watched carefully to see that the sheep were not hurt by wild beasts and did not stray away and become lost. The sheep knew his voice, and they always came when he called, for they knew that he would treat them well.

When David had led his sheep to a green pasture where there was plenty of good food for them to eat, he would sit down under a tree. He often played on his harp, and made music that was so beautiful that it sounded like the spring rain, or the south wind, or the songs of the birds.

Because he could play so well, David was asked to go to the palace and play for the king. King Saul had not been well for a long time, and he seemed to be growing worse. He had a very strange illness that the doctors could not cure, and it made him gloomy and cross. Sometimes he was cross even to his own son, Prince Jonathan, whom he loved dearly. When he was ill he did strange, wild things and was not like himself at all.

Some one said that beautiful music might take the king's mind off his troubles and make him happier. So David was sent for. He played so well that for a while the cross, troubled look left the king's face and he did feel happier.

Prince Jonathan loved the bright-faced, happy shepherd boy as soon as he saw him. David loved the splendid young prince who wore such beautiful robes and carried a sword.

"I will be your friend as long as I live," exclaimed Prince Jonathan.

"And I will be your friend as long as I live," promised David.

To show his friendship, Prince Jonathan gave David one of his own royal robes; he gave him a sword and a beautiful girdle.

King Saul, too, was kind to David for a little while. He called him to come to live in the palace. But after a while his illness became worse again and he grew crosser and more strange than ever. He became very jealous of David, because everybody loved the young boy who once had been a shepherd.

One day the king threw his javelin at David's head. David dodged just in time to save his life. Prince Jonathan begged his father to be kind to David, but the king would not listen.

David knew that he was no longer safe in the palace. He must go away.

Prince Jonathan was very sad because his beloved friend was in such danger.

"Come, let us go out in the field together," he said. "I will learn from my father whether he intends to hurt you. If he does, I will tell you and send you away that you may go in safety and peace," said Jonathan.

The two friends talked together, and said many loving things to each other.

David promised Jonathan that he would love him and be true to him as long as he lived.

Prince Jonathan asked him to be true to him again and again, for "he loved him as his own soul."

When David did have to run away from the king, he remembered with gladness how Jonathan had loved him. And Jonathan never forgot his friend.

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "Then said Jonathan unto David, Whatsoever thy soul desireth, I will even do it for thee."—I Sam. 20:4.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITY: Have ready pictures of Brazil to be examined by the children. Ask them to point out things they see that are found in other countries. Begin the construction of a series of posters on "Latin American Children," "People of Latin America at Work," and so forth, using pictures from all the countries studied.

RECREATION: "*Palomitas*" ("little doves"). The game is played in pairs. Each child is given five marbles. The partners stand opposite each other and play in turn. The first player stands with his heels together and toes pointing slightly outward. Between his feet his partner places one of his own marbles. Standing straight, the player then tries to hit this marble with one of his own. If he succeeds, he keeps the marble. If he fails, he forfeits one of his own.

MUSIC PERIOD: Begin teaching "Beautiful Pictures that We See." "A First Book in Hymns and Worship."

Note: When this interesting period has been followed by the teacher's singing of the first stanza of the new song the children will be quick to see how other peoples and nations have been sharing with us their very dearest treasures. The children will recall without much further guidance the lovely and useful gifts that Latin America shares with us constantly.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

The next stop of the South American tour is to be Brazil. Use the picture map again to show the position of the country. Speak of its great size—Brazil is nearly half as big as all South America. It has the greatest river in the world. Point to the Amazon, and have one of the children trace its course with the pointer. As an introduction to the story explain that in Brazil alone of all the

South American countries Portuguese is spoken instead of Spanish. Explain that most of Brazil lies below the equator. The older children will be able to tell what that means. If they do not remember, say that the seasons are just the reverse of ours. Summer comes in our winter months, and the cold weather comes when we are having summer. Speak of the Southern Cross, the constellation that is not seen in northern countries, and which is so beautiful that the Brazilians put it on their flag. Show a picture of the flag or have it drawn in colors on the blackboard. Each star represents a state of Brazil, just as the stripes on our flag represent our states.

Miguel Goes to School

Miguel (Mi-gayl') opened his eyes and jumped up from his cot when the first sunbeam danced on the whitewashed wall of the big room where all his family slept. This was the day for which he had waited so long. It was the day when his journey through the forest was to begin. For father had at last promised that Miguel might go to school, and the school was five days' journey away.

Mother was already grinding the farina for breakfast between two heavy stones. Miguel ran down the path to the spring and brought back water. He had brought water from the spring only last night, but it had taken so much for washing. Everyone went barefoot or wore loose, open sandals. Of course the feet were always dusty, but everyone, from Miguel's tall father down to baby Maria, was careful to bathe them before going to bed.

When Miguel panted back up the hill with the heavy jugs of water he saw sister Dolores throw open the shutters so that the morning breeze could blow through the little house. Miguel was proud of that house, for he had helped his father to dig holes for the big posts at the four corners. He had brought boughs of trees and vines to be plastered together with mud for the walls, and he had helped to make the thatched roof. Now brother Carlos would have to learn to help about the house, for Miguel would be far away.

Breakfast was soon ready, and Miguel and the others sat down to eat dark beans sprinkled with the flour the mother had ground, and cheese and milk. At last it was time to go. Miguel's mother reached out her hand with the palm toward the ground. Miguel bent low over it and kissed it. Then he and his father left the house.

Miguel was excited for several reasons. On the way to school he was going through the real forest. All his life he had wanted to do that, and his father had always told him that it was not safe unless an older person was with him.

Soon the path was so covered with vines that it was hard to follow. The trees grew close together. Bright-colored birds flashed through the trees, and parrots screamed. Once Miguel saw a humming bird poised above a beautiful big orchid; then it darted away.

All day they walked, and at night they camped by the side of a river. Miguel watched for alligators along the bank, but not one did he see. The next day they were up early. For breakfast they had the last of the farina bread they had brought from home. Then they started out once more. The trees grew even more closely together.

That night they built a fire and cooked real forest food. There were boiled turtle eggs, and fried monkey meat, fish which Miguel himself had caught, and there were bananas and nuts. While the two were sitting by the fire they heard a shriek that made Miguel shiver.

"What was it?" he asked his father.

"Indians. They have found us, and that is their warning that we must give them presents before we go on." Miguel slapped at a mosquito and listened while his father told him what they must do. The next morning they took Miguel's bright-red handkerchief and the beads he always wore around his neck and his father's best knife and went out and tied them to a low bush. Then they went back to their camp. They waited all that day. Miguel chased butterflies and climbed trees while his father fished. That night they heard the terrible cry again.

"Wait!" warned Miguel's father. "Don't do anything to-night." In the morning when they went to look at the bush, the presents had gone, and an arrow was sticking into the ground.

"That means that the Indians are our friends, and that we may go on," said the father. "If they had not taken the presents, we should have had to go back home again, for they would not let us go through their land."

That day Miguel found the cow tree. He had been thirsty, and his father had told him to wait.

"But, father, there isn't any water near," Miguel had objected. Then the father pointed to a tree. He made a deep cut in the bark with his knife, and out flowed a rich juice that looked like milk. Miguel caught some in a big leaf and drank it. It was delicious, and Miguel had to have a second drink at once.

For three days they went on through the forest. Then at last they came to a clearing. Beyond, there were fewer trees, and in the distance Miguel could see a little group of houses. He wondered which was the school.

"The school is over the hill, but we go through that little village on the way," explained Miguel's father. He was sure that he was right, but he stopped at the first house to ask a few questions. The woman who met them greeted them kindly and invited them in to rest awhile and have something to eat. That was just what Miguel would have expected, for the people of Brazil—all except the Indians—are always kind to strangers.

A bell was pealing merrily in a church steeple. Miguel knew what that meant. A little baby had died, and the bell was ringing happily because a new little angel had entered heaven.

They went on their way after thanking the woman, and they passed rows of little houses with women sitting on the doorsteps. Children were playing in the dusty street. They were all dressed in bright colors—red and blue and purple and pink. Miguel liked to watch them just as he liked to watch the bright-colored birds in the forest.

At last they came to the school. A teacher took Miguel to the long house with its big bedroom where all the boys of the school slept. He was shown where his bed was. Then he and his father and the teacher went to the schoolhouse. Miguel drew himself up very straight and he said good-by.

"I shall work hard, my father," he promised.

Then his father went back toward the forest.

Every minute from that time on Miguel had something to do. In the morn-

ings a bell rang at six o'clock, and Miguel and all the other boys jumped out of bed. They went to the big building on the hill, where they found the girls already busy at work, and they settled down to study. At eight the bell rang for breakfast, and after that came morning worship.

All morning Miguel was in school. After lunch came the part he liked best. Some of the boys helped in the garden. Some helped to build houses and others dug wells. Miguel chose the gardening, and he watered and hoed his rows with the greatest care. When the work was finished there was time for a swim in the river before dinner.

When holiday time came—and there was one holiday each month—Miguel went with the other boys for long horseback rides, played football, or went on picnics.

Miguel worked hard, and he learned quickly. Once he went back through the forest to see his mother and father and the children. He had an exciting secret to tell them. The head teacher had told him that if he worked hard and stayed at the school for years, he might be sent to the great city of Rio de Janeiro to study some more. Dolores' eyes opened wide and his mother smiled happily. Miguel could see that his father was very proud of him.

"I said that I would work," Miguel told them. "Some day I shall go to the city, and I shall be a great man."

Miguel did go to the city. To-morrow you will hear what he found there.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Brazilian flags may be made now while the meaning of the stars is fresh in the children's minds. The story of the trip through the forest may be dramatized.



PROGRAM XVII

Worship Service Theme: Friendly Neighbors

ENTRANCE MARCH.

DOXOLOGY. (Signal for children to be seated.)

GREETING BY THE TEACHER. Let the talk be about friendly acts which the teacher has observed. Ask each child to tell of some kindness which he has seen.

PRAISE SONG.

PRAYER: "Lord, who lovest little children,
Hear us as we pray to thee.
Thou didst live thy life for others,
Make us helpful, Lord, like thee."

REPETITION OF MEMORY VERSES: Go around the class asking each child to recite one Memory Verse learned during the course.

SONG: Chosen by the children.

SALUTE TO THE FLAGS.

SONG: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee." (Children seated.)

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Matt. 18:12-14; Luke 15:3-6.

The Story of the Lost Sheep

Once there was a shepherd who loved his sheep and took such good care of them that whenever he called their names they came running to him. Every morning he opened the door of the sheepfold where they had slept all night safe from wild beasts and led them out where they could find fresh, green grass and cool water. All day they would wander about the pasture, running up and down the hills, and the shepherd stayed close by to see that no harm came to them.

But Blackie would not stay in the pasture. He made a lot of trouble for the shepherd because he ran away whenever he thought no one was looking. Blackie was the baby of the flock, and the shepherd loved him, even if he was mischievous.

Night came, and the tired sheep were glad to follow the shepherd back to the sheepfold. He stood at the door and counted them as they went in. "Blue Nose, Spotty, Gray Boy," the shepherd counted, for he had names for them all. One by one they passed him. The shepherd looked around him. Where was Blackie? All the others were safe, but the little black sheep was not there.

The shepherd sighed, for he was tired, but now he must go out and hunt for the naughty little sheep. He fastened the door of the sheepfold. Then he threw his heavy cloak around his shoulders and set out. It was dark now, and he took his lantern to light the stony path over the hills. The wind was blowing. Soon there would be a storm, but the shepherd would not turn back.

"Blackie, Blackie," he would call every few minutes. Then he would wave his lantern high above his head. But he heard no answering "Baa" from the little runaway.

The shepherd was a long way from home when the first drops of rain fell, but he would not go back. The little lost lamb would be cold and lonely and hungry. Perhaps it was hurt. So he kept on. Now the rain came harder, and it dashed into his face and made the path like a brook. Once he slipped in the mud and almost fell. But still he kept on, and still he called. Up one hill and down the next he went, until he was so tired that he could hardly drag one foot after another. At last he thought he heard a faint little bleat. He called again. Yes, there it was, a little louder this time.

"Blackie, Blackie," he called. "I'm coming, little sheep." As he climbed over rocks and stones the call became louder than ever. Finally he found the little lost sheep caught fast under a rock, one little foot held under a stone that must have fallen on him. His soft fleece was dirty and bedraggled, and he was so tired and frightened that he trembled all over, but Blackie's eyes told the shepherd how glad he was to be found.

Gently the shepherd picked up the disobedient little lamb and held him inside his cloak so that the rain would no longer beat upon him. Then back went the shepherd and the little lost lamb over the stony path. But the way did not seem so long or hard now, for the shepherd was glad that he had found little Blackie. On, on, they went, and the wind tore at the shepherd's cloak, and the rain beat into his face. Then at last they were at the door of the sheepfold. The shepherd opened the door and set the little lamb down inside. He built a fire to warm Blackie. The shepherd warmed milk for the lamb to drink. Then he brought soothing medicines for the bruises. At last a tired little lamb lay down to sleep. And a tired shepherd went to his bed, but he was very happy that night, for the little lost sheep had been found.

How many of you have heard of Some One called the Good Shepherd? That is one of the names which we like to give to Jesus. Who are his sheep? We all are. Jesus told about the little lost sheep, and he called himself the Good Shepherd, for he wanted us all to know that he loves us just as the shepherd loved his sheep. And he will care for us just as lovingly as the shepherd cared for the little lost sheep.

WORK PERIOD:

Memory Verse: "Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost."—Luke 15:6.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Construct a sheepfold on the sand table and have the children make a flock of sheep. (For the patterns of sheep, tree, and fold, see Supplement.)

Mount pictures of Christ the Good Shepherd as a part of the gift to the children of Latin America.

RECREATION: "The captain had a spying glass."

The children form a circle around the leader who sings to the tune of "The Bear Came Over the Mountain":

"The captain had a spying glass,
The captain had a spying glass,
The captain had a spying glass,
And he looked across the sea.

"I don't know what he looked for,
I don't know what he looked for,
I don't know what he looked for,
But I've discovered thee."

Then he points to one of the players in the circle. Before the leader can count ten the player must mention something seen in South America. If he fails he becomes the leader.

MUSIC PERIOD: Review first stanza of "Beautiful Pictures that We See."

SONGS: Chosen by the Children.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Miguel Goes to Work

(Review yesterday's introductory material on Brazil by asking about Miguel's journey to school. Bring out the fact that, like all other boys of Brazil, Miguel was eager to study.)

All the time that Miguel was in school he wanted to do one thing more than anything else. He wanted to go to the big city of Rio de Janeiro. He wanted to go to school there and learn even more than he could learn at the school where he was. When he went home to visit, he told his father what he wanted to do. His father shook his head gravely.

"There is not the money, my son," he told the boy. "It took all I had to send you to the school where you are now."

"But if I work and earn the money, may I go?" begged Miguel, and his father gave his permission.

Just as soon as school was over Miguel went to work. He went to see the

master of a rubber forest, the man called the *aviado*, and asked for work. At first the *aviado* told him he was too young.

"But I am tall and strong," said Miguel. "Let me try."

So Miguel learned how to get rubber. The forest of rubber trees stretched as far as he could see, and he would have to walk many, many times through the part of the forest for which he was to care. First of all he had to buy his tools from the owner of the trees and promise to bring in all the rubber that he got. Then one of the men showed him how to build a hut on the bank of the river. He had a little food with him, and he could catch fish or trap animals for food. He would not have to go away from the forest until he had his rubber.

"The rubber tree is called the lazy man's tree," laughed Miguel's older friend who showed him how to work. "But you must not be lazy if you want to earn money. You have one hundred trees, and you must watch them carefully."

Then he showed Miguel how to make a slanting cut in the trunk of the tree. This was to be done early in the morning. Then a little cup was fastened at the bottom of the cut. All day the milky sap of the tree would ooze out into the cup, and late in the afternoon Miguel would collect it and take it back to his hut. There he would build a fire. He would take a paddle and dip it into the milky sap, then hold it over the fire until it smoked. Then he would do the same thing again and again and again, until he had a large ball. After that he would begin all over again and make another ball.

Miguel had to be careful in the forest, for there were dangerous things in the air and under his feet—everywhere in the hot, steamy jungle. There were insects whose bites would make him sick. There were great hairy spiders as big as his hand called tarantulas. There were alligators along the river bank, and in the swampy ground there were huge water snakes called anacondas that looked like monster serpents out of a fairy book.

But Miguel was not too lonely, for he had pets. One little monkey came to his hut every day to be fed, and several of the bright-colored parrots would perch in a tree near the hut and jabber to him. The queerest pet of all was a snake, a harmless little fellow that lived in the hut and ate all the rats and the mice that would have eaten Miguel's food.

Miguel worked hard. Sometimes he was lonely—when he thought about his friends far away—but he was busy, and he kept thinking about the happy time when he could go to the city. When at last he had a great heap of balls ready he went back to the *aviado*. Proudly he asked for his *soles*, and the *aviado* gave him some money—not a great deal, but enough to get him to the city. After that he knew that he could go to work again.

Let us pretend that we are going to the city with Miguel. Some people think that Rio de Janeiro is the most beautiful city in all the world. They tell a story about the time when God created the world. This is what they say: The city was so beautiful with its high mountains and its beach and the deep waters of the bay that God put a marker on the place, and the marker is a steep, high mountain that rises right out of the water. There are wide beautiful streets, and fine buildings. Many of the larger buildings are white, but the smaller houses are pink and orange and blue. With the blue sky and the blue water of the bay and the green hills, they make a lovely picture.

Miguel liked the city of course. How hard he had to work! And it was

lonely so far away from his old school friends and the little village where his family lived! But he studied and worked, and at last he knew that he could do what he had always wanted to do ever since he went through the forest with his father when he was a little boy. He could go back to that school and teach other boys how to read and write and how to count. And he would teach them all that he had learned about God and the way he wants his children to live.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Make a study of rubber, discussing the familiar objects made of rubber—tires, erasers, bathing caps, rubber bands, overshoes, raincoats and so forth. Show pictures from textbooks and magazines of the process of making rubber. Let the children realize that rubber is one of the chief contributions of South America to life in the United States.



PROGRAM XVIII

Worship Service Theme: Friendly Neighbors

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Signal for the children to be seated.)

GREETING BY THE TEACHER. After your own morning greeting, direct your conversation to the thought of the great privilege that is given us in being permitted to work with Jesus and to help him by being friendly and neighborly.

What are the words of Jesus' invitation to us to come and help? (Probably the pupils can quickly give the now familiar words in this slightly new association of thought: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation.")

What did Jesus say about the way of going about his business of being neighborly and friendly? How can we learn the way? How can we help?

Let us repeat together Jesus' Golden Rule for living as good neighbors.

SONGS: First verse of "Beautiful Pictures that We See." Let the children choose a song favorite.

A LESSON READ FROM GOD'S WORD (Appoint children to read from the Bible):

"And Jesus went about all the cities and the villages, teaching in their synagogues, and preaching the gospel of the kingdom, and healing all manner of disease and all manner of sickness. But when he saw the multitudes, he was moved with compassion for them." Matthew 9:35, 36.

(Jesus said),

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward." Matthew 10:42.

A PRAISE SONG CHOSEN BY THE CHILDREN.

PRAYER (By teacher): Heavenly Father, we thank thee for letting us help in the work that is to be done in thy world. May we be true and useful helpers, following the example of Jesus. Amen.

PRAYER RESPONSE.

FLAG SALUTE. (Children seated.)

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Matt. 25:14-30.

The Man Who Would Not Work

INTRODUCTION. What do you think of a person who is invited to a party to join in some pleasant work, and who pays no attention to the invitation?

Jesus has given us an invitation to help him in his work. What should we do about it?

Once Jesus told a story about a man who was not willing to do the work he had been asked to do. The story helps us to understand how Jesus feels when any one of us refuses to join in with the work which God wants done in his world.

THE STORY. There was once a man who was about to take a long journey into a far country. He had a great deal of property which had to be taken care of while he was away, so he called his servants together and asked for their help.

He was a good master, and had a right to expect that his servants would be glad to help him. Now since this man was wise as well as kind and good, he determined not to ask any of his servants to do more than they were able to do. So he called one of his servants and said:

"Here are five talents, or pieces of money. I trust thee to take care of them. Keep them to the best of thy ability until I return."

He called another servant and said: "Two of my talents I leave in thy keeping. Take care of them as best thou canst until my return."

To another servant he gave one talent as he said, "Take care of this talent until I come back."

Then he went on his journey.

The first servant was proud of the trust that his master had shown him.

"My master shall never be sorry that he asked for my help," he said to himself. "He hath trusted me with his money, and his treasure; he hath asked for my help! He shall have the best that is in me!"

Then that good servant went to work. He traded with the money, and earned more and more. How proud he was when he had six talents instead of five! Then he made seven and eight and nine—and ten!

The servant who had been trusted with two talents also was proud to have been asked to help his master; and he, too, began to trade with the money that had been given him.

But the third servant's face grew grim and ugly as he looked at the talent of which his master had asked him to take care.

"That master of mine is a hard man!" he exclaimed to himself. "He would have me work for him while he enjoyeth himself on a journey to a far country! I will take care of his money, but I will not work. I will dig a hole in the earth and hide it. When he cometh back he may have what is his!"

The good master was gone a long time, but after a while he came home.

He called his servants to him, and asked them what they had done.

The first servant came proudly. His face beamed as he welcomed his master. "Thou didst ask me to take care of five of thy talents. Behold, I have gained besides them five talents more!" he said.

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant," exclaimed his master, "thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy lord."

Then the servant who had been asked to take care of two talents came forward joyfully.

"Lord, behold, thou didst ask me to take care of two talents, and I have gained two other talents besides them for thee!"

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant," exclaimed his master, and he rewarded him, too.

The servant who had been given one talent came slinking forward. His face was harder than ever. His head was bent. His eyes could not meet the eyes of his master.

"Lord, I was afraid of thee; so I went and hid the talent thou didst ask me to keep. I hid it in the ground. There it is, and thou hast what is thine."

Then the master exclaimed: "Lazy man! Thou hast done nothing with what I gave thee." Then he turned to the other servants and said, "Take the talent away from him, and give to him that hath ten talents."

WORK PERIOD:

Memory Verse: "He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much."—Luke 16:10.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITY: Dramatize the story of the talents.

RECREATION: Choose sides as for charades. The words, or rather deeds, to be acted out are ways in which we can show our friendship for our South American friends. Be ready with suggestions such as sending medicine and doctors, sending Bibles and pictures of Jesus, but first try to get the children to make their own suggestions.

MUSIC PERIOD: Teach the second stanza of the song, "Beautiful Pictures that We See." Do not forget to keep up practice on the Spanish hymns which are to be used on Parents' Day.

SONGS: Chosen by the Children.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

(Ask about the new product to be added to the store. Have the children tell how rubber is made. They will all be interested in adding erasers, rubber bands, bathing caps and other rubber goods to the storeman's stock.)

Brazil is a wonderful country, for it sends so many good things to the rest of the world. How many of you know Brazil nuts? Where do you suppose they grow? How many of you like chocolate or cocoa? Much of our cocoa comes from Brazil, although some of it comes from other countries in South America, and some comes from Mexico. It is made from the seeds of the cacao tree which grow in a pod something like the cucumber. The seeds look like nuts, and when they are crushed, they have a rich chocolate flavor.

If you visit in Brazil, no matter whether you are in a poor house or a rich house, or visiting the Indians or the Portuguese, you will be served a drink that may be had anywhere in our country, too. That drink is coffee. Probably some of the coffee your mother drinks came from this very country in South America. To-day we are going to see how coffee grows, and then we shall bring some back for our store.

The man who has the coffee plantation owns all the land for miles around, and it is called his *fazenda*. His plantation is like a small town for he has his own mill to grind flour and his own bakery and butcher shop. He even has a school and a church. He needs all these things because there are so many people working for him, and there are no towns for miles and miles.

The coffee bean that is ground to make our coffee is the seed of the coffee tree, and it grows in a red coat. When the tree is covered with the fruit it looks as if it were growing cranberries. The white blossoms come early in the year, and by May the red berries are growing fast. When they are ripe they must be picked carefully and dropped either in big baskets or on white cloth spread on the ground. Then the coffee berries are washed, and the red coat is taken off. Still the berries are not ready to use. They must be dried and roasted. Then they are packed into bags and carried to the dock where a great steamer is waiting to carry them north to the United States for your mothers to use.

Refer to other products—sugar, corn, rice, wheat, cotton, gold and diamonds, and leather and beef. In connection with the leather

and beef tell of the prairie lands where the cattle roam and cowboys round them up just as they do in our country.

The Friendly Brothers of the Horse

"Stop that!" shouted Pedro, rising in his stirrups.

"I won't stop for you," replied Marco angrily. "This is my horse, and I will beat him if I wish to."

It was almost noon on the pampas in South America as the two boys in Gaucho, or cowboy, costume sat glaring at each other. Carlos and Juan, Pedro's younger brothers, edged closer to him.

"He's got to do what I say," snarled Marco, and he struck his frantic horse blow after blow over the head, at the same time cutting him cruelly with the large silver spurs which he wore.

"I tell you that is cruel," Pedro continued, "and I'll give you just one minute to stop or I'll make you."

"If you dare to touch me—" and Marco paused for a moment to rest his hand on the knife at his belt.

"One—two—three," counted Carlos, and then simultaneously his own and Pedro's lasso ropes shot out from their arms and settled about Marco's shoulders. The whip dropped from his hand, and he was jerked from his saddle to the ground.

"I'll get even with you, Pedro Gomez," choked Marco.

"Carlos, you keep your rope tight while I talk to him," commanded Pedro.

"Now look here, Marco," continued Pedro. "You were cruel to Alazan."

"I've seen you do the same thing to your Cruzado. Anyway, you couldn't have unhorsed me if Carlos had not helped you."

"Maybe I couldn't," admitted Pedro, "for you are almost as old as I am. I have been cruel to Cruzado, but I know better now. Ever since the book *señor* helped us to start The Friendly Brothers of the Horse—"

"The Friendly Brothers of the Horse?" questioned Marco in astonishment.

"Yes, that's our society. I'm chief officer because I'm oldest—and anyway, I thought of it first. And Carlos is lieutenant and Juan is just a member so far, because I've not thought of a name for him yet. See our badge?" And Pedro showed a bright-colored button on his poncho. "Lieutenant Carlos, let the rope loose," he ordered.

"What is it?" asked Marco curiously.

"It is a button," replied Pedro. "This word in gold up at the top is 'Light.' That thing below is a burning eastern lamp, and that open book in red is the Bible."

"Say, have you another badge?" asked Marco enviously.

Pedro nodded. "You can have one if you want to join."

"It is dinner time now," urged Carlos, looking up at the sun. "Let's camp here and eat. We can get out to the herd and back home by dark."

"Yes, let's," coaxed nine-year-old Juan.

Marco soon had a fire going of thorn brush and dried grass, while all the boys produced hunks of raw beef wrapped in the skin. These they roasted over the fire and were soon merrily eating with the help of their belt knives. For drink Pedro passed round a gourd of maté, or South American tea.

"Now tell me about your society," asked Marco, "and what has the picture of that book to do with the horse?"

"Well, of course, we would rather have a horse's head for the badge of the Brothers, but we didn't have any other button, and the Bible does pretty well, I guess. You see there is a man who rides all over the pampas selling and giving away books called Bibles. He is the servant of some men in the United States of North America."

"The book *señor* called it a Bible Society," interrupted Juan.

"This Bible *señor* raced with me the other day when he visited us, and although he wore no spurs and carried no whip, his horse beat mine badly. He said it was because his horse was his friend," continued Pedro, "and that, if you wish to get any really good speed out of your horse, you must be friends with him."

"And—and—his horse shook hands with us!" burst out Carlos.

"And he saved the life of the book *señor* once!" added Juan.

"I never heard of such a horse," sneered Marco, "and as for not wearing spurs, no man can be a true Gaucho if he does not wear silver spurs."

"Look at ours," cried Juan.

"Why, you are all wearing them in front of your ankles, over your feet," exclaimed Marco.

"That's the sign of a Brother," answered Pedro triumphantly. "That's the way you can tell us anywhere. And look here! To be a member in good standing you have got to have your horse shake hands with you."

"Humph! I'd like to see you do it!" jeered Marco.

"Watch!" exclaimed Pedro, and he stood before Cruzado. "Shake, my friend!" he commanded. Slowly and hesitatingly Cruzado raised his left foot and held it out.

"There! Didn't I tell you?" exclaimed Pedro.

"He's left-handed," objected Marco.

"Well, so are some people," answered Pedro scornfully.

"But how did you get your buttons?" puzzled Marco.

"Oh, just as the book *señor* was going he gave them to me. I think they are for those who read the book, but they will do as well for our society. There are many stories about Gauchos in the Bible, anyway. The book *señor* told us one about a very wealthy Gaucho named Job, who lived thousands of years ago and had larger herds than even our fathers. And there are stories about shepherds and about the Christ-child in it."

"I should like to hear some of them," said Marco wistfully.

"My father will read you some," answered Pedro. "He is the only person who can read anywhere around here."

"Are you going to give me a button?" asked Marco.

"As soon as your horse's flanks are healed," answered Pedro firmly. "Those are the rules of the society, aren't they, Carlos? But you can begin being a member now by turning your spurs."

"All right," agreed Marco, "here goes! And I think I ought to be an officer soon because I'm next oldest to you."

"It's getting late," remarked Carlos. "We've got to hurry if we circle the herd, as father told us to do, and get back before dark."

Merrily the boys raced to the rim of the basin five miles away, where they

must ride far enough around the thousand wild cattle grazing there to report to their fathers, who were partners, whether all was well.

The horses pulled up panting at the ridge. "Why, what's the matter over there?" pointed Marco.

Pedro shielded his eyes from the sun. "A stampede!" he exclaimed.

"Look! there are men riding among them," added Carlos with excitement.

"It is Alonzo and his band," whispered Pedro. "They're stealing part of the herd. We must let the men know at once—in time to head them off."

"How can we?" asked Marco in dismay. "Our horses are winded now."

"I don't know," answered Pedro, "but we've got to. If we lose those cattle, we'll have nothing to live on."

Juan began to sob, and for an instant none of the boys spoke, as they gazed down into the basin at the panic-stricken herd. A thick cloud of dust arose from the stamping hoofs of the cattle and almost hid them from the eyes of the boys on the ridge.

Then Pedro threw back his head and called out in a loud, sharp voice: "Attention, Friendly Brothers of the Horse!"

The sudden command was so startling that Juan forgot to cry. The three Friendly Brothers looked expectantly toward their leader.

"Brother Marco," continued Pedro, "you will ride immediately and notify your father, and it is too bad you've not been a better friend to your horse. Lieutenant Carlos, you and Brother Juan will ride at top speed to notify the hired Gaucho, Roderigo. I, as Friendly Brother in Chief, will ride to my father, who is farthest off."

"Can we ever get there in time?" wondered Marco. "Our horses—"

"We must," Pedro interrupted. "Brothers! Depending upon the friendship of your horses do you pledge yourselves to beat these robbers? Stand in your stirrups and raise your right hands when you answer."

"We do!" exclaimed the three boys with one voice.

"Then ride for the glory of the Brothers!" commanded Pedro.

"I—I thought it was the herd," stammered Juan.

"Ride!" frowned Pedro. And the four horses shot down the hill.

Soon the boys lost sight of one another. Pedro leaned far over Cruzado's neck. "Good boy," he urged. "Go, go. We must get there before dark! We must!"

Cruzado answered by straining every muscle under his wet coat. Suddenly he jerked forward to his knees and almost collapsed. It was only because Pedro had ridden horseback since he was four years old that he escaped a bad fall. He and Cruzado recovered themselves together. But poor Cruzado held up his right foot as if wishing to shake hands, and could stumble only a step or two forward.

"Oh, Cruzado, my friend, what is it?" besought Pedro. He took in his hand the trembling leg at which Cruzado was nipping with his teeth, and examined it by the waning light. "I can find nothing the matter. It is not broken," said Pedro. "There is no stone in it. I can never reach father in time on foot! Cruzado, we *must* go on! Just try."

Cruzado limped a step and stopped. "Dear Cruzado, please—for me—your friend—you will do it?" coaxed Pedro in distress. He slipped his arm around

Cruzado's neck. "The cattle are all we have, Cruzado, and—I do want to go to school some day. Please!"

Gently Pedro slid into the saddle. Cruzado began with a halting walk, and then broke into a queer, rocking gallop. Faster and faster he went, though his sides heaved painfully. At last, just at dusk, he stumbled into the home path. Pedro leaped from his back.

"Father, father!" he called. "Alonzo and his band are driving off the cattle."

Waiting for nothing more, *Señor Gomez* sprang upon the nearest horse. "*Señor Fernando* and *Roderigo*—"

"They know," cried Pedro, "The Friendly Brothers have told them by this time."

It was in the gray dawn of the next day that, worn, but with his cattle again in his possession, *Señor Gomez* leaped from his horse and stood at the door of his home.

"Do we not feel like the *Señor Job* to have our herd back?" laughed Pedro. "But see, father, here is the thorn mother and I drew from Cruzado's foot last night. It is the length of your finger!"

Señor Gomez shook his head. "I don't see how he ever carried you."

"He is my friend," answered Pedro proudly, "that is why."

"He certainly saved the cattle, for I reached the herd first. *Señor Fernando* and *Roderigo* were close behind," said *Señor Gomez*.

"Yes," answered Pedro, "The Friendly Brothers of the Horse warned all."

"What do you mean?" asked Pedro's father.

Then Pedro explained. "I think I shall have to apply for honorary membership," smiled *Señor Gomez*, "for we certainly owe much to the society."

"Oh, splendid!" exclaimed Pedro. "Would it not be fine if every Gaucho in the country joined us! I know the book *señor* will be glad," he added thoughtfully.—*Anita B. Ferris, in "Stories from South of the Equator." Published by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.*

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Complete the store.

Have the children draw pictures of life in Brazil.

Finish the work on Brazil on the picture map.

Work on mounting of pictures to be sent to missionary friends of other lands and especially to our friends of Latin America.



PROGRAM XIX

Worship Service Theme: Friendly Neighbors

ENTRANCE MARCH: Have the children carry flags they have made of the South American countries and Mexico; the child leading carries the Stars and Stripes. Use a military march. Children stand at attention, give salute to Christian flag, American flag, and to flags of friendly nations as suggested in an earlier lesson. Leader collects flags. Children seated.

HYMN: "All Things Bright and Beautiful."

PRAYER (By the teacher), closing with The Lord's Prayer.

CONVERSATION about the gifts which we may share with others. Plan an imaginary gift to be sent to a little boy in South America who is too poor to buy clothes and books and who wants very much to go to school. Discuss the ways by which the gift would travel.

SONGS OF PRAISE.

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: II Kings 4: 8-37.

How Elisha Made a Mother Happy

Once there was a woman who had everything she could want to make her happy.

She had a beautiful home, and she had plenty of money. But she was not happy, for more than anything else she wanted a little child of her own. She liked to help people and she was always looking for kind, helpful things to do. One of the kind things she did was to keep a guest room ready for a man who traveled often through her part of the country. He traveled on foot, and when he passed her house he was tired and hot and hungry. The first time she had seen him she invited him in to rest. The next time she made the guest room ready for him. And the next time she told him that the room was his whenever he wanted to use it.

The man was the Prophet Elisha who traveled through the country teaching about God and helping the people. He was so pleased at the kind woman's gift that he called his servant to him and said: "This woman has been very good to us. Ask her if there is anything that we can do for her."

But the woman shook her head when the servant spoke to her. "There is

nothing that I need," she said. The servant told Elisha about that and then he said: "The woman has no son. I am sure that she would like to have a little boy."

"Ask her to come to me," said Elisha. Then the woman came and stood in the doorway.

"This time next year you shall have a son," he told her.

The woman was so happy that she could hardly believe what she heard. How had the prophet guessed the one thing she wanted more than anything else?

The prophet's words came true, and a year later the woman held her own little son in her arms. She loved him so much, and she took the best of care of him. How proud she was when he began to creep about the house and when he could say a few words! Then he was old enough to walk. Sometimes he would follow his mother while she went up to the prophet's room and made it ready for him. Sometimes he went out to the fields with his father to watch the men cutting the golden grain.

One very hot day he was playing in the field. Suddenly he felt sick, and called his father. His father ordered one of the servants to carry the little boy home to his mother.

The mother took her little boy in her arms. He felt hot and his face was flushed. She gave him a drink of cool water and bathed his hot little face. But he lay very still with his eyes closed. While she was watching him he died.

At once the mother thought of the prophet who had told her that God would give her a little boy. She carried her little boy upstairs and laid him on the bed in the prophet's room. Then she called for a donkey, and rode swiftly to Elisha to ask him to help her once more.

Elisha saw her coming and sent his servant to meet her. When he heard what had happened he left his work and went home with the woman.

He climbed the stairs to the guest room, and saw the little boy lying on the bed. He prayed that God would help him, and then he took the cold little hands in his own and rubbed them. He lay down beside the child and warmed his body with his own.

Suddenly the little boy sneezed several times, and then he opened his eyes. Elisha called the mother, who came running to the room. The mother took her little boy in her arms. Then she fell on her knees before Elisha to thank him.

"God has been good to me," she said. "He gave me my little son, and now he has given him back to me again."

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed is the man that trusteth the Lord and whose trust the Lord is."—Jer. 17:7.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITY: Dramatize the Bible story.

RECREATION: "Brotherhood." (See Program II.)

MUSIC PERIOD: Let the children select from the songs they know those which are to be used on Parents' Day. Begin to think ahead to that day and to perfect the songs.

SECOND STORY PERIOD :

The Last American King

The little king was only five years old, and he was so little that when the soldiers marched by he had to climb on a chair by the window to watch them, but even then he decided that he would be the very best king his country had ever had. Little Pedro was king of the great country of Brazil. He did rule his country well, for many, many years, and we like to think that the last king of an American country was such a fine man.

Pedro did not really become king until he was fifteen, for when he was a little boy older men ruled the country for him. But all that time he was getting ready to be king. He studied hard, and he learned as much as he could about the other people in the world. He learned how they live, and what languages they speak, and how to speak to them in their own languages. He learned about the people in his own great country, too, and knew that there were Portuguese and Spaniards and Indians and Negroes all living together and working together in Brazil. He studied the ways people made their living. He went to see the rubber forests and the coffee plantations. He watched the people and he knew how hard they had to work, and was always looking for ways to help them.

A great many Negroes had been brought to Brazil from Africa to be slaves. Pedro knew that this was wrong, and all his life he worked to have the slaves freed. He tried to help the poor people who were almost slaves because they had to work so hard for such a small amount of money. He was a very friendly king, and when the people saw him coming to visit them they ran to welcome him, for they loved and trusted him.

King Pedro, or Don Pedro, as his people called him, hated war. He would not let his soldiers fight if he could help it. But once he had to go to war with a smaller country. It was the other country's fault, and Don Pedro's soldiers won the war. The smaller country was so weakened after the war that Don Pedro knew that some of the selfish nations might try to capture it. So he promised that little country that he would help it against the attack of any enemy. He promised that it should be free and that no one should harm the country until once more it was strong and able to defend itself.

Don Pedro was always watching other nations to see if they had ways of living and of doing things that were better than the ways of doing things in Brazil. He wanted his beloved country to have the best that it could have. He visited the United States, and he learned about the telephone and the telegraph. Then he went back to Brazil and started telephones and telegraphs in his own country. He started hospitals for the sick people and tried to get good doctors for them.

One of the best things Don Pedro did was for the boys and girls. There had never been many schools in Brazil, and the few that there had been were only for the sons of the wealthy men. But Don Pedro was wise enough to know that no nation could become great until all the boys went to school to study and become wise men who could help their country. So the king went to other countries and studied the schools. He hunted for the wisest teachers. Then he opened schools for the boys and girls of Brazil. There were schools in the cities for the wealthy boys just as there had always been and there were schools in the

country and in the small towns for the poorer boys as well as for the wealthy boys.

Brazil became a great, strong country while Don Pedro was its king. It became friendly with other countries, and the world knew that there was a country that was trying to do right.

But the people of Brazil thought that they had had enough of kings. They wanted a president, like other countries of America. So when Don Pedro was an old man, they told him to go away and not come back. The old man sorrowfully packed his books and sailed away to the Old World. He never went back, but the people of Brazil have never forgotten the man who did so much for their country.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Make the Brazilian paper dolls. Continue the mounting of pictures for the gift.

NOTE FOR TEACHER: But one more week remains in which to prepare for the last day of school, which is Parents' Day. No doubt you have been helping your pupils to look ahead to that great event and reminding them that in doing each day's work they are preparing for it. To-day we begin our study of the last of the five selected countries of Latin America, Chile, but the teacher will need to look ahead to the plans suggested in Programs XXIV and XXV, in order that she may begin at once to round things out, and formulate her finished plan for the final day of school. So before going any farther into the preparation of to-day's plan, the teacher should carefully study the greater climax, found in the last two programs, that has to do with the whole plan of the course. Naturally this will be in most incomplete form, with only suggestions given, in order that the teacher may select, substitute, build, and carry out her own plan, so that at least a part of the finished plan will be her own, growing out of five weeks' intimate experience with her group. It might be well to read again with great care the Introduction and Supplement of this book, so that the teacher will find herself ready to meet emergencies and to answer possible questions raised by either parents or children at or before the close of the school.



PROGRAM XX

Worship Service Theme: "On Earth Peace Among Men"

ENTRANCE MARCH.

OBJECT OF SERVICE: Choice and value of Memory Verses.

DOXOLOGY. (Signal for children to be seated.)

GREETING BY THE TEACHER: In a few more days our school will be over for the summer.

Perhaps you remember that we are to invite our parents for our last day together. Of course, we shall want all our work and play to be of the finest sort that day, from our worship, which comes first, to our closing.

When we want things to be very nice we plan before the time comes just what we think our friends would most enjoy.

This morning, perhaps, we had better begin to plan what our friends would most enjoy when they worship with us. (Lead the children to see that we say, "Thank you," through Scripture, hymns, and prayer, and even in our salutes to the flags as we pledge our loyalty we are saying one kind of "Thank you." So the salutes are added to the list of ways through which we say, "Thank you.")

To-day we will choose the verses we think best to use, but before we really begin to choose and plan let us ask our heavenly Father to help us.

PRAYER (By teacher): Dear Father, to-day we begin to plan for our Parents' Day. Help us to choose the very nicest ways to make our fathers and mothers happy and show them how we have learned to love thee and to love our new friends in Latin America. Amen.

VERSES FOR PARENTS' DAY (To carry out the suggested program help the children to select the following verses or verses like them):

"Praise ye the Lord;

For it is good to sing praises unto our God."—Ps. 147:1.

"O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good;

For his lovingkindness endureth for ever."—Ps. 136:1.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father."—James 1:17.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And light unto my path."—Ps. 119:105.

"Give us this day our daily bread."—Matt. 6:11.

"Freely ye received, freely give."—Matt. 10:8.

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise."—Luke 6:31.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation."—Mark 16:15.

(By looking forward to the suggested program for Parents' Day the teacher will see why these verses have been chosen.)

SONG: Children's selection.

FLAG SALUTE. (Children seated.)

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Gen., ch. 41.

How Joseph Fed a Hungry Nation

INTRODUCTION. Once there were two kings who ruled over rich and powerful countries. Both had a great many servants to help them and both lived in splendid palaces. One king was busy all day long giving orders to his servants. He hardly ever went outside the palace except to ride through the park around his palace in a coach drawn by beautiful horses. The other king was busy all day long and he was hardly ever in the palace. He wanted to be sure that no one was sick or unhappy in all his kingdom, and so every day he visited his people. He shared with them all that he had. The mothers liked to see him come into their houses for he always had a kind word for the children and a gift if anyone was sick or needed help. One king was beloved by his people and the other king was hated. Which was the king whom everyone loved? Why?

Long, long ago there was a man who was almost as powerful as a king, and he, too, was beloved, because he shared with the people all that he could. This is his story.

THE STORY. Egypt was a happy land in which to live. No one, from the great pharaoh on the throne to the poorest slave's baby, ever went hungry for there was always food enough for all. Some of the slaves worked in the fields and

raised the grain from which the bread was made. At harvest time they took a part of the grain to the palace and the rest they had for themselves.

But in the palace there was trouble. The pharaoh was worried because he had had a strange dream. He thought that it meant something, and he worried and worried about it until everyone else in the palace was worrying, too.

One day a servant came to him and bowed low before him.

"O master, I know a young man who can explain thy dream," he said. "He told me once what a dream of mine meant, and everything that he said came true."

"Send for him at once," said the pharaoh.

Now the young man whom the servant meant was a young Hebrew named Joseph. Joseph had been sold by his wicked brothers as a slave and he had been taken to work in Egypt. But Joseph had done his best and had served his master well and faithfully.

So Joseph stood before the pharaoh, and the great man told him his dream. Joseph listened, and then he said:

"This, O king, is the meaning of thy dream. There are to be seven years of great plenty in this land. We shall have enough to eat and a great deal to spare. Then will come seven years of famine. There will be no rain and the ground will dry up. The crops will be burned up with the heat and there will be no food at harvest time."

The pharaoh liked the young man who stood beside him. He decided that Joseph could help him. So he told him to help the country to get ready for the time of famine.

"This is what I should do," said Joseph. "I should have built a great many new storehouses. Then during these seven years when there will be plenty of food, I should store up enough to last us later when the famine comes."

The pharaoh thought that was a splendid plan, and he gave Joseph power to do whatever he thought best. He made him a prince. Everyone was to obey him as if he were the pharaoh.

So Joseph set to work to have the storehouses built. He worked harder than he had ever worked before. All day in the hot sun the slaves dragged heavy stones to build the high walls of the new storehouses. Others worked in the field. Never had the grain grown so well. Never had there been so much fruit on the trees. All that Joseph had said was coming true. Every year for seven years the slaves filled the storehouses with food, and all that time Joseph was working to help the people.

Then came the first year of famine. Many of the people had enough food in their own houses to last for a while. That year there was no rain. Every day the hot sun beat down and the ground became dry and parched and hard. Not even a blade of grass would grow. Then Joseph sent out word that everyone who needed food was to come to the palace. No one was to have food to waste but there was enough for everyone.

Day after day the people came to the storehouses. They brought bags and baskets in which to carry their grain home. Some of them brought donkeys or oxen to carry the bags to their homes. No one went hungry in all the land of Egypt.

There was famine in other lands, too. But no one in those other lands had thought to build storehouses or to save the extra food in the good years. Soon

there was no food at all. The babies cried because they were so hungry, and the mothers cried because they had nothing to give them.

Then one day a traveler came from Egypt, who had wonderful news to tell. "There is plenty of food in Egypt," he said. "Go down to Egypt, and they will give you some."

The men were so weak from hunger that they could hardly pack their things, but one by one the families made the long journey to Egypt. Not one was turned away. Joseph saved the people of Egypt from starving to death, and he saved the people of other lands as well.

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "As we have opportunity, let us work that which is good toward all men."—Gal. 6:10.

Read over Programs XXIV and XXV and decide which of the suggestions listed there appeal to you and need most to be followed at this point of the course. Concentrate your own and the children's attention on "finishing things" rather than beginning new projects and activities.

Suggest that the children bring some iodine in a little bottle (sealed tightly) and some quinine such as daddy and mother may use when they have colds or are feverish.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: After the story of the life of Joseph, some such suggestion as the one found in Program XXIV under "The Store" would be most appropriate. The children might plan a gift of food, coming from or at least enjoyed by our Latin-American friends, which can first be used in the museum and afterward be taken to some one who would appreciate the loving thought of the Primary group. The children will need help in selecting what should go into the "museum" that would be suitable to offer in such a plan afterward. They will need to be reminded that they must begin to bring the things the very next school day, and must therefore bring things that will keep. Later they can bring more perishable gifts of fruit and cooked things, if there are to be such. If too many of the same things are brought the first day or two, suggest that the children tell what they are going to bring the next day so that each can find something different to put into the gift basket. It might all be planned before leaving the Work Period if that seems wise, or the teacher can send a little memorandum home with the child. These should be prepared beforehand and brought into class, which means that they can be only general in character, so that the actual details of planning items can be done by the children themselves under the teacher's guidance.

If too much is brought to go into the museum, a basket might be packed with the surplus and labeled "Our Gift of Love," to be presented after the school is over.

Other activities for this hour might be the rehearsing of the finished drama "His Book," if that has been chosen for presentation, or one of the dramatic plays based on some story of the course should be chosen and played once or twice as the children plan to play it for their visitors. (See page 179 in Program XXV.)

RECREATION: The children will need to think over all the games of Latin America which they have been playing in order to select those which they will play for or with their guests next week. At least one game which can be shared by all should be chosen. The period should be opened with a discussion of which games are best for exhibition purposes, as well as which games the children themselves most enjoy. Then there should be practice in explaining the games to visitors they may pretend are present, so that they will be ready to explain to them in reality next week. The last part of the period should be given over to playing the games chosen by the children. The recreation period will be used in much the same way throughout the remainder of the course. The plan as suggested here may be divided up, if the teacher prefers, and different parts of it assigned to succeeding days. In that case, perhaps to-day the children will merely talk over the games to be played for and with their guests on Parents' Day, and the rest of the hour may be given over to games chosen without thought of their preparation for any further use. On the next school day the work of explaining games may be begun, and the games themselves be played with a view to their final playing on the last school day. Several practices will be needed for the children to learn to explain readily the games played by the boys and girls of Latin America, but all should have an opportunity to try to do this.

MUSIC PERIOD: The children should begin to look back over all the songs which they have been learning with a view to making selections for use in worship and in the last Music Period when parents and friends will be with them to enjoy them, too. They should be left to decide not which songs they like best but which of their songs they think their friends will most enjoy. If they have learned the quaint Spanish translations of familiar hymns, as suggested in Program VI, these will undoubtedly be among the songs finally selected.

After the selection comes song practice. It would be fine if a single child might be induced to sing a favorite song, as part of the work planned for the last Music Period. There might be, also, a song sung by a selected group of two or three voices, but the majority of the singing should be done by the group as a whole. Do not devote the entire Music Period to the singing of songs for practice. Let the children, when practice has been well done, select other favorites to sing and enjoy. If they have not perfected the simple four-line song, "Our Dear Church Was Builded," suggested in Program XV (Hymn 76 in "A First Book in Hymns and Worship") that should be done to-day for the sake of completion. It is bad to leave loose ends—bad for the program and bad for the children.

The suggestions found under this section are planned with regard to the remainder of the course. Reference will be made hereafter to this part of to-day's program as well as to the suggestions offered under Recreation, and possibly the Work Period.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

We have been gone on a long, long trip since we started out on a play visit to our friends in Latin America. Do you remember the good time we had at our first stop in Mexico? What were some of the good things that we found came from that country? (Review the products of Mexico, or refer to the stories of the Mexican children, the facts learned of Mexican cities and country life, and have the children point out the country on the picture map. Draw attention again to the fact that Mexico, like the United States, is in North America. All the facts for the review can be found in Programs I-VII, should the teacher need to refresh her own mind on them.)

To-day we go to the last country we shall visit in South America. See, here it is, so long and narrow a country that the world calls it the "shoe-lace country." On one side are the high, rugged mountains of the Andes. Look at the map, and tell me what lies on the other side of this long narrow country. Yes, the blue ocean lies there. It is the very same ocean that lies at the edge of our own dear land. See, here it is washing the shores of our own sunny California, and these other states of ours to the north.

This "shoe-lace" country has a strange name. It is called Chile (Chee'le). Can you say it? Chile has many wonderful things to

give us and to show us. We are going to hear about some of them to-day, and more of them to-morrow and on the other days. Do you remember the nuts you cracked last Christmas, and how good they tasted? Well, you know already that some of them—the Brazil nuts, for instance—came from Brazil. The walnuts and the almonds came from this far-away Southland of Chile. I hope some one will find some walnuts or almonds in the pantry at home to bring for our store (or museum) to help us to remember that Chile helped us to have a merry Christmas last year and is busy as can be this very minute raising more nuts for our Christmas this year.

Chile is so long that some of it is always hot and some of it is nearly always cold and some of it is apt to be quite comfortable all the year round. Which part of our country is the hottest? Yes, the warm Southland. But things are all turned around in this land of Chile. Chile's Southland is cold and rainy and disagreeable—so much so that few people live there. Some Indians live there and a few brave Chileans who raise sheep and cut the tall trees that grow so well down there, just as they grow up in the northern and colder part of our country. So, we ought to draw some tree pictures to put in the far, far Southland of Chile, and perhaps a sheep to remind us of the two chief gifts, wood and wool, that come from this part of the country.

Away up here in the far north of Chile is a strange desert land, where there is not a blade of grass and scarcely a drop of water. No trees grow there, nor any flowers, so that you might think no one lived there at all, and that this part of Chile really had no gifts to make for the world and for us. But here is a surprise. In this northern district Chile's people work day and night digging out of the rock surface of the desert a precious substance called "nitrate" which all the world needs. Our farmers in the South watch and wait for the boats to come that bring the nitrate, so that they can use it as fertilizer to make their cotton plants grow, so that you and I can have our pretty summer dresses and other cotton gifts. The farmers in the North and West wait for it, too, so that they may spread it over the fields where wheat and potatoes and young trees are to be planted to make food for you and for me.

There is only time to tell you of one more thing that comes from the far Northland of Chile before we listen to the story I have to tell you. Did you ever cut or scratch your finger and have your mother say, "Bring me the iodine bottle from the shelf or medicine

box and the sore finger will soon be well"? The iodine which we use as medicine comes all the way from the nitrate fields of north Chile to heal the cuts and scratches and wounds and sores of all who want it. Just ask your doctor or the school nurse what they think of iodine! I am sure they will tell you that they could not get along without it. So here are two good gifts for us to remember that our friends in Chile are busy gathering and making for us. Can you name them again? Yes, nitrate and iodine.

We have heard of another medicine that South American friends send us. Do you remember about the quinine that comes from there? I never heard of any coming from Chile, but because some medicines do come from Chile I am going to tell you a story of quinine which is found not far away from that country.

The Princess and the Mosquito Bite

Once upon a time in one of the countries of South America there lived an Indian princess who was very beautiful.

What a gay little princess she was! She could dance, she could sing, she could skip. Her father called her his little "Humming Bird."

One day when the little princess was out in the forest gathering a bunch of the lovely flowers that grew there, a mosquito lighted upon her arm and bit her.

How it stung! The princess dropped her flowers.

"Oh! There I caught you!" she exclaimed, and presently she forgot all about the hurt as she picked more flowers.

Not so many days afterwards the poor little princess became very ill. She did not know it, but the mosquito was one of the kind that causes the disease called malaria.

Instead of skipping about and playing she lay on a couch all day long. Her head ached; her eyes hurt. Sometimes she was so hot that she was sure she was burning up. Then she would grow so cold that even the thick blanket that the friendly chief of another town had given her father could not make her warm. How she would shiver!

The little princess grew very thin, for nothing tasted good. She would turn away even from the big, sweet oranges that her mother brought to her.

Her father visited the medicine man.

"My little Humming Bird is very sick," he said. "She cannot play; she cannot eat. Sometimes she burns with fever; sometimes she shivers with cold. Come!"

The medicine man came. He mumbled queer words over the little princess. He did very strange, wild things.

But the fever did not leave her. Day by day she grew worse. She became so weak and thin and sick that it seemed as if she surely would die.

One day some strangers passed through the village. They were Indians from another tribe. They had come a long distance.

They saw Princess Humming Bird's father sitting with bowed head among some of his people.

"His little Humming Bird is very ill," they told the strangers. "She will die. The fever is burning her up!"

"I can cure her!" exclaimed one of the strangers.

"She need not die!" said another.

"What!" exclaimed the father, as he raised his head.

"In our country is a tree that cures the fever. She need not die!"

"Bring it quickly!" and he promised many jewels to the strangers if they would restore his Humming Bird.

"There is a tree in our country," explained the strangers, "whose bark is very bitter," and the man made a funny face.

"Very bitter," said the other and he, too, puckered up his face.

"But it will cure the fever," they explained.

"Get it!" begged the princess' father. "Get it now!"

So the strangers brought branches of the cinchona tree which grew in their country. They made a tea, and gave the little princess to drink.

The wonderful medicine did what the stranger promised. Little by little, day by day, the princess grew better. And when the great holiday for floating on the silver lake had come, Princess Humming Bird sailed beside her father.

Happy stories spread, and so the story of the princess spread. Some doctors learned about it. They were glad, for many little people and big in other lands beside South America had suffered from the disease that makes one burn with fever, then shake with cold. Sometimes the disease was called "malaria," sometimes "chills and fever."

"The story is worth looking into," thought the doctors, and they gathered some of the branches of the tree.

They tried it.

Wonderful! It acted like magic! They studied and experimented.

At last they learned how to make from that tree, the cinchona tree of South America, a valuable medicine called quinine, which is used in North America and South America and all over the world.

With the help of this medicine doctors have been able to save thousands and thousands of lives.



PROGRAM XXI

NOTE: If the teacher plans to use the flag salutes on Parents' Day as planned in Programs XXIV and XXV, the worship services for the rest of the time should offer opportunity for flag salutes and flag appreciation. Do not use the worship service as a drill. Neither is it necessary to remind the children that they are "practicing" for Parents' Day. The flags themselves offer an element of enrichment to any reverent, well-conducted worship service. We use them here to deepen our feeling of friendliness with other American peoples, who, like us, love and honor their own national emblems. The children should, however, be reminded of the one flag that all Christian nations honor and call their own, as they salute the Christian flag.

Worship Service Theme: "On Earth Peace Among Men"

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Children stand by chairs at attention. Flag comes forward.)

SALUTE TO FLAG.

SONG: "My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

GREETING BY THE TEACHER. Lead to the thought of gratitude for our country and that other people love their country as much as we do ours.

Help the children to feel and understand love and loyalty expressed through the flags. Lead to appreciation and understanding of Christian flag.

(Christian flag comes forward.)

SALUTE TO CHRISTIAN FLAG.

SONG: "I Want to Send a Whisper Song." (Sung softly.)

SALUTE TO FLAGS OF OUR FRIENDS IN LATIN AMERICA. (Signal to be seated.) Lead the children to appreciate the American flag, the Christian flag, and the flags they have made of Latin America. Give salutes to each on Parents' Day.

PRAYER (By teacher): Dear Father, we are glad that we have such a beautiful flag. We are glad for the flags of other coun-

tries. But we are gladdest of all that every boy and girl in every land can call thee, "Father," too. Amen.

SONG CHOSEN BY THE CHILDREN.

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: Acts 21:15-40; ch. 22; and other chapters to complete story.

A Man in a Mob

INTRODUCTION. The other day I watched the big hook-and-ladder fire truck rush down the street. As I caught a glimpse of the firemen's faces I could not see that one of them was afraid. Possibly there were children and a home to save. Yet none of those firemen knew but that he might have to give up his life that day to save some one else.

Long ago there were other men even more anxious to help people. They were friends of Jesus. There was one man who faced greater dangers than fire; he faced cruel enemies and all that cruel enemies could do to him. Still he was unafraid. These enemies did not want the people to know about Jesus, but this man had promised to tell about Jesus everywhere he went.

THE STORY. The name of this man was Paul.

Now in those days telling about Jesus was a hard thing to do. Jesus had gone back to heaven about twenty-seven years before. Little boys and girls who had been cuddled in his arms were now men and women.

There were many people still living who remembered Jesus well, and who loved him with all their hearts.

But the scribes and Pharisees hated him as bitterly as ever. They were enemies to anyone who loved him or even spoke his name. They were ready to kill the friends of Jesus.

Paul, however, was a brave man. He was a good neighbor, too, for he wanted to share this greatest of all good things with those who still did not have it.

"Whatever happens," he said to himself, "I will go as far as I can with this message."

One day he was in Jerusalem—he had come to attend a holiday.

The city was full of his enemies, and his friends had besought him not to go. "Don't go!" they had begged. "You will be taken prisoner if you go!"

"Why do you weep and break my heart?" answered Paul. "I must go! I want to go! I am ready not only to be bound with chains but I am ready to die for the sake of Jesus. I am ready to suffer all things, but I must take his message to those who need it." And he went.

His friends gave him a great welcome when he reached Jerusalem.

But, of course, the scribes and Pharisees soon found that he was in the city. They began to tell all sorts of false, untrue stories about him. Here was the

man who was teaching and forever talking about Jesus who had been crucified! Here was the man who was turning their laws upside down!

Cross looks were cast upon him as he walked along the street. He was watched.

One day Paul was walking with a good friend. They went toward the great, beautiful Temple.

Now there was one part of the Temple where anyone could enter, either Jew or Gentile. But beyond this only the Jews could go.

Presently there was a cry for help ringing through the Temple.

"Help! Help! Men of Israel, help!"

Some one supposed that Paul had brought this foreign friend along with him beyond the gate where it was against the law for him to come. But he had not done this.

"Help! Help! Men of Israel, help!"

It is easy to start a crowd, and people ran from every direction.

They dragged Paul out of the Temple. Everybody talked at once.

"Kill him! Kill him!" yelled some one as they dragged him along.

People were shouting everywhere, though those on the outside did not know what it was all about. Some cried one thing, some another.

The crowd had turned into an angry mob, and they were dragging Paul away to be killed.

Some one ran and told the captain of the soldiers who guarded the city.

He took his men and they hurried to the place.

The mob stopped beating Paul as soon as they saw the soldiers.

"Bind him with chains," the captain commanded his soldiers.

Everyone began talking at once. The captain could not get the story.

"Carry him into the castle," he ordered.

So the soldiers dragged him up the castle stairs to get him out of the angry mob.

"Away with him! Away with him!" screamed the crowd.

As Paul was being led into the castle he said politely to the captain, "May I speak to you?"

"Can you speak my language?" asked the captain in great surprise. His prisoner's voice was that of a man of learning!

"Are you not that bandit who led four thousand bad men out into the desert? I thought that you were he!" exclaimed the captain.

"No," answered Paul, "I am a peaceable man. I beg you to let me speak to these people!"

The captain gave him the right to speak.

Paul beckoned with his hand to the crowd and they became quiet.

What a wonderful speech he made as he stood there on the castle steps!

He told them how he loved Jesus; how the love of Jesus was for everybody; how he had been sent by Jesus to take it as far as he could. He was going to take it! He would give it not only to the Jews but to the Gentiles!

As Paul said this, the crowd became furious.

"Away with this fellow from the earth!"

"It is not fit for him to live!" they cried.

They tore off their clothing! They threw dust in the air.

The captain hurried him into the prison castle.

But all these things did not keep Paul from doing what Jesus wanted him to

do. He did not have to remain long in prison, for God helped him to get away and when he was released he went right on with his work.

WORK PERIOD:

On page 165, Program XXIV, is a suggested worship program such as the children might help in building. Use the period in discussion and selection of the verses and songs which will go into the final program. Let the children practice them, calling on each other for verses, or choosing verses to be repeated together. Plan to use these in the following worship services.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: See that the friends in mission lands are familiar and ready for Parents' Day inspection. If another project has been chosen, work on that instead at this time. The teacher is urged to plan ahead with great care during these last days using work, music, recreational, and expressional periods for the purpose of perfecting work and study already under way.

While the children will need to be urged to do their best and to work hard the motive for all their endeavor must never be allowed to slip into the background. They are working "for others"—for our friends—that they, too, may become better acquainted with their interesting neighbors of other lands. They are working, too, because their mothers and fathers and friends will so much enjoy their dramatization, hearing their songs and verses, and seeing their handwork.

RECREATION: Go on with practice for games as suggested in Program XX.

MUSIC PERIOD: See suggestions given for this period in Program XX.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

Yesterday, we thought back over our long trip in Latin America. We spoke of some of the wonderful things we saw in Mexico, our very first stop. Who can find Mexico on our picture map? Why did we put this picture (naming its content) in Mexico? Yes, because—grows there. We pretended that we had some to eat. (Perhaps it is a picture of some statue or building, in which case adapt your comment accordingly.) To-day we shall think back to our visit to two other countries which are very close together at the top of our map of South America. See, here they are, Venezuela

and Colombia. (Review stories of travel experiences in these two countries as was done in regard to Mexico for last lesson, see page 139.)

Now let us make believe that Colonel Lindbergh has brought us in his airship all the way from Colombia to Chile, the last country in South America which we shall visit. See how Chile stretches out on the map like a long ribbon. What did we call it yesterday? Yes, the "shoe-lace" country. Who can remember what this part of Chile is like? (Point to northern part.) Do you remember what a dry desert-like place all this land is up here? If we did not know better, we might think that Chile had no gift to give the world out of this place where even the grapes and the trees cannot grow. But we know better. Who can tell one fine thing that Chile sends us from this strange land? (Recall the fertilizer, or nitrate that makes fertilizer, and the iodine that heals our hurts.)

Now if only Colonel Lindbergh were here we should ask him to tuck us all into his airship again and take us right down to the far south of Chile. Oh, how cold it is! And how rainy! It was so dry and hot in the far north of Chile that perhaps we forgot to bring our umbrellas, so we shall have to find a sheltering tree. That will not be at all hard to find, will it? Do you remember what I told you yesterday that we should find here in this far South? Yes, ever so many great forest trees and green pastures where hundreds and hundreds of sheep are nibbling the grass. There are few houses, and no rich, fine houses such as we found in some of our travels. Most of the people who live down here are Indians. We shall not find many schools where children go every day, nor shall we hear them singing and playing near the mission churches, for there are few churches, either. That is because so few people like to live in this land.

Because we have been visiting the Indians in the Southland of Chile, I am going to tell you a story about some Indians in South America. It will be about the Indians of the days before we learned to be friends with them or they with us. This story tells of a man who went to these Indians and taught them how to be friends by being a friend to them himself.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

An Indian Story

There is a little country in South America called Paraguay where fierce Indians still live.

In some parts the forests are thick and dark and gloomy. Even now a white man seldom dares to enter this place.

At one time going there meant certain death. Some had tried to go, but they had never come back again!

Then, one day, the news spread that another man intended to enter the dark and gloomy land of these Indians! His name was Barbrooke Grubb.

At first Mr. Grubb's friends laughed at him, for they thought that he could not really mean to do such a dangerous thing.

"Don't you know," they said, "that big bands of white men, armed with guns, have tried to go into those forests, and that the Indians have killed every one of them?"

"But I am not going to them with guns," answered Mr. Grubb. "I am going to them with kindness."

"Ha! Ha!" The people laughed all the more, for they thought he could not be in earnest.

"They will kill you before you have had a chance to let them know what you have come for. You cannot speak their language. The best thing is to let them alone," they coaxed.

"But they need to know about Jesus," answered Mr. Grubb, "and some one must tell them. Why shouldn't I do it? I am not afraid."

Then his friends grew almost angry.

But Mr. Grubb had made up his mind to help these Indians, and he started out.

People were shocked when they learned that he had taken no gun or pistol with him. They expected every day to hear that he had been killed.

One day he went with five Indian guides to a wild place. His guides would not stay with him because they were afraid they would be killed along with the "foreigner," as they called him. He did not ask them to go any farther, but let them off at once.

Then he began to put up his camp for the night in the strange place. With many signs he told one of the village Indians to care for his horse. He beckoned to an Indian woman and signed to her to make a fire for him under a tree.

He then walked around the village alone, beating off the dogs when they tried to attack him. When he came back he cooked and ate his supper, made his bed on top of his baggage, and went to sleep.

The Indians were so surprised at the way their visitor acted that they forgot to kill him. They thought that perhaps he might be a great white chief who knew more than their own wizards and witch doctors. They decided to find out if this were so.

In the middle of the night two Indians crept towards the strange white man's camp and began to take bits of his baggage from the pile on which he was sleeping. Everything was still.

Suddenly Mr. Grubb jumped to his feet and gave a loud, fierce war whoop! The Indians were frightened half to death, and ran as fast as they could. Then Mr. Grubb lay down again and slept for the rest of the night.

He found that these Indians had never seen anything like a house. The houses that they made were four poles stuck in the ground with some brush piled on top of them. They did not have even tents such as our Indians have. They wandered about from place to place, sleeping on the ground, eating fruits

and berries, shooting game with their bows and arrows. They knew nothing of the world outside their forests.

But if you think that Mr. Grubb was frightened or discouraged when he found out these things, or that he wanted to give up his plan for telling the story of Jesus, you are mistaken!

He knew that he must make friends with these wild people. He must learn their language if he wanted to tell his story. He must be a good and friendly neighbor to them.

Think what it meant to live with a wild and savage band of Indians! It meant to sleep out on the ground, sometimes with a heavy rain falling. It meant to travel, sometimes through thick clouds of mosquitoes; to eat half-raw meat, boiled rattlesnake, ostrich eggs, strange-tasting berries and roots. Sometimes it meant to go thirsty for days!

After a while the Indians began to like and to trust Mr. Grubb. After a while he had learned their language. Then he began telling them about God—what a kind, loving Father he is.

The people listened, and they were interested, too; but they could not understand everything at first.

Slowly, slowly, they began to understand. For eleven long years Mr. Grubb lived with the Indians, teaching them little by little about Jesus.

First one—just one—Indian said that he wanted to be a Christian. Slowly other Indians began to want to be Christians. Little by little they began to give up their bad ways.

After these long years other missionaries came to help Mr. Grubb. They taught the Indians how to farm and to raise cattle and to do many useful things. They taught the women to cook and to bake and to sew.

To-day in that far-away forest there is a palm-log church where many Indians go to hear about Jesus and to learn how to be friends with him, and with each other and with us.

SECOND WORK PERIOD:

Continue the work of getting ready for Parents' Day. Work on the dramatization, on labeling and arranging things in museum or store, or on any other project which you plan to bring to a culmination on the last day of school.



PROGRAM XXII

Worship Service Theme: "On Earth Peace Among Men"

ENTRANCE MARCH.

CALL TO WORSHIP (By teacher):

"Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good;
For his lovingkindness endureth for ever."—Ps. 136:1.

SONG: "Can a Little Child, Like Me." Signal to be seated. Teacher leads children to consider songs. Many are like prayers. Some are happy prayers, others like the one just sung; others we almost whisper, such as "I Want to Send a Whisper Song." Read over, or say over, the familiar words of some of the songs. Note the effect when the chorus of "Can a Little Child, Like Me" is whispered. Note that some songs give or tell a message. Say over words of "There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose."

The doxology makes one want to stand very tall and sing strongly the glorious words.

"Beautiful Pictures that We See" has a number of pictures. We want to close our eyes almost as we look at the pictures.

PRAYER (By teacher): Dear Father, we have something new to thank thee for to-day—something we have never thought about before!

We thank thee for our voices, that we can talk and sing. We have never thought how hard it would be never to be able to speak a word or sing a song.

Help us to sing our songs as well as possible and do our parts for thee not only when our parents come but every day, too. Amen.

SONG SUGGESTIONS FOR PARENTS' DAY: (The teacher will find reasons enough to give the children for guidance in selecting the following hymns to be used if the suggested program for Parents' Day on page 165, Program XXIV, is to be given.)

Doxology.

"There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose."

"My Country, 'Tis of Thee."

"Can a Little Child, Like Me."

"I Want to Send a Whisper Song."

"Beautiful Pictures that We See."

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: John 13:3-17.

Good Neighbors Need Each Other

INTRODUCTION. If you wear low shoes and take a long walk over a dusty or muddy road, your feet will surely become soiled and dusty. They will burn and you will feel very uncomfortable.

THE STORY. That is what happened to Jesus and his twelve disciples one day. It was quite a long walk from Bethany to Jerusalem where they were going to eat supper together. They wore sandals, fastened to the feet by leather straps, as was the style in those days.

During part of their walk the disciples had not been feeling very kindly toward one another. They had disagreed, and the talk became almost a quarrel.

They loved Jesus and they loved to be near him. They wondered who was to be first in the Kingdom about which he had been teaching them. Each man wanted first place for himself; each wanted to be greater than his neighbor. And so they argued and almost quarreled. Jesus was sorry to hear their hot words.

By and by they reached the house where they were to eat their supper together. They went up the outside stairway and into the pleasant "upper room" where the meal was prepared.

If it had been a rich household a servant would have come forward to make them comfortable by taking off their sandals and washing their dusty feet. But Jesus lived a lowly life while he was here upon earth, and the disciples were not wealthy men. There was no servant to help them.

The disciples removed their shoes at the door, as was the custom of the country, and went inside.

There was a pitcher of water and a bowl for washing the feet. But the disciples passed by, and took their places on the couches by the table.

"I should like to be a great man in the Master's Kingdom. I should like to be first. If I kneel down and wash the feet of these, my neighbors, I shall be doing the work of a servant. I shall lose my place in the Kingdom," thought Peter, and he chose the highest place that he could at the table.

"I could not do the work of a servant," thought one and another.

So each took his place with unwashed feet. The shape of the bowl made it almost impossible to hold the big pitcher and do the work for oneself.

Then Jesus, their Master, rose from the table. He laid aside his long, flowing, outer robe, and girded a towel about him. As a servant would do, he brought forward the bowl and the pitcher of water. He kneeled down and began washing his disciples' tired and dusty feet. He wiped them with the towel.

The disciples were astonished!

When Jesus came to him Peter exclaimed: "Lord, dost thou wash my feet? Thou shalt never wash my feet."

Jesus answered, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me."

Then Peter exclaimed, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head."

After he had washed their feet and had put back his robe and had come to the table again, Jesus said, "Ye call me, Teacher, and, Lord: and ye say well; for so I am. If I then . . . have washed your feet, ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye also should do as I have done to you."

Then Jesus explained how doing anything for another, even though it be a very lowly thing like washing the feet, does not make a person small and of no account. He told how doing for another brings happiness to the one who gives as well as to the one who receives.

He taught that we need each other and he set us an example.

WORK PERIOD:

MEMORY VERSE: "For I have given you an example."—John 13:15.

Review Memory Verses to be used in the final worship service on Parents' Day.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES: Work on unfinished projects, such as mounting pictures or any of the supplemental activities previously undertaken.

RECREATION: Practice in final choice of games to be played for or with our visitors. Be sure that the children are able to explain each game, and how it is to be played, so that their guests will understand. Perhaps at this time they will appoint or elect one child to explain each game on Parents' Day. If the full time is not needed for practice, allow the children to play any other games they may choose for which there is time.

MUSIC PERIOD: Be sure that the children are ready with their final selection of songs. It is to be hoped that many teachers will be prepared to give the Spanish translations of the two familiar Primary hymns, loved and sung by children nearly the whole world over. If practice on the songs is complete, and if a dramatization is to be given, let the children spend any extra time on that.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Continued*)

NOTE: Remind the children how nearly finished is the play trip to South America. Conduct a brief review on Brazil in much the way indicated for the

first three countries studied. (See Programs XX and XXI.) Let them work with the idea clearly in mind that they must be prepared to answer the many questions which their guests will undoubtedly have to ask. Then be sure that you as teacher remember to give the children an opportunity to answer questions on the last day of school. It will be well worth while if you can say to an interested mother who is asking some question about Latin-American customs, products, or ways of living, "I think your Walter can answer that," and call the child over to give him a chance.

Day before yesterday we spent in the hot, hot Northland of Chile to see the workers there dig out of the ground a good gift for us. What was it? Who can name another gift for us? What was it? Who can name another gift that comes from there? Yes, nitrate and iodine are the two fine gifts that Chile has to offer us from her desert land. Yesterday we spent in the far, far Southland of Chile. Is it hot there? No indeed. Is it sunny and pleasant? Do many people live there? No, I thought it quite lonely there; did you, too? Does that mean that we found no good gifts in the far Southland of Chile? Who can remember one gift that comes to us from there? Another?

I promised to-day to take you all to the "flower garden of Chile," didn't I? We have been north, and we have been south. Look at the picture map. We cannot go far east or west, can we? Where then do you suppose we shall find that lovely garden spot of Chile? Who wants to come and try to find it on the map? That's it. It is right in the middle of this "long ribbon" country. Once I told you about the good fruits that grew here, and something else that we always have at Christmas time. Who remembers? Yes, the nuts. John brought some walnuts for our store (or museum) and Mary is going to bring some almonds. We shall have two good Christmas gifts from Chile even though it is summer time. Right now the people in Chile's garden spot are busy as can be, growing other nuts for us to have for next Christmas.

It is nice and warm here, but not too warm. The soft breezes blow from the blue sea. Far away we can see the snow-capped Andes Mountains. They look like a great, high fence. Just on the other side is another great country, and to-morrow there is to be the finest story of all we have heard about South America. It will come to us right over the top of these high, snowy mountains. The people who live in this part of Chile are very proud of their mountains and their garden spot. Long, long ago some enemies came who tried to take it away from them, but the Chileans would not let them.

They are a strong fearless people, quick to quarrel and quick to forgive, when they see that an enemy is sorry. Remember this tomorrow when you hear the story of the greatest victory Chile ever won, the victory over her own anger and pride.

(Inserted below is a section of an article on the life and customs of Chile, for the teacher's background, taken from "The Other Americas," a publication of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A.)

Life and Customs in Chile

Wherever we went in the cities, we noticed the narrow streets, even in the crowded business sections. Often they are paved with cobblestones or inlaid pebbles. In passing other persons on the street it is often necessary to step off the sidewalk into the street. The street cars are double-deckers. The lower class ride on the top deck at half rate. We missionaries are always shocking the nationals by riding up on top where there is plenty of air and room and one is able to get an excellent view of the city. They excuse us, however, saying, "Gringos," their word like our "Dagos," which does not sound nice at all.

Almost all the vehicles are two-wheeled. When horses are used the driver rides a horse hitched beside the horse which does all the pulling, and prods it along. The driver of the oxcart walks before his oxen directing them with a long bamboo pole. He seems to have a mysterious control of the oxen, for he guides them simply by walking ahead of them holding the long pole, the other end of which rests upon the center of the yoke. You understand why the beasts follow, however, when you see the man jab the oxen in the ribs with the pole and yell like mad. Even in this city of sixty thousand people, the oxen are used for ordinary drayage. They are always interesting to us and seem so queer; we wonder why the Chileans continue to use such slow creatures, yet they seem to be the only thing for this country.

The homes are one-story houses built around a *patio* or inner court. In the *patio* are usually found flowers and fruit trees and sometimes vegetable gardens. This arrangement allows the family to have a little open-air life to themselves even in the towns. All the houses and other buildings have iron bars on the outside windows, which make them look like prisons. The buildings are very seldom heated even in the coldest winter. The most popular stove is a brazier made out of a Standard Oil can. The Chileans light their fires outside, then bring in the hot embers and keep them going with charcoal.

It took us some time to get used to their daily program. A piece of bread with a cup of coffee is served to you in your room. They call this "*desayuno*." They call the noon meal "*almuerzo*" or breakfast. All the stores are closed for two hours at noon. At four o'clock they have tea. The employees either go out or are served tea at their place of business by the company. The evening meal, called the "*comida*," is served any time between 8:30 P.M. and 9 P.M. Evening engagements are held either before dinner at 6:30 or between 9:30 and 12:30 P.M.

As to personal traits the Chileans are quick-tempered and proud but warm-hearted and sympathetic. They reason quickly but not thoroughly. They are not very thrifty. They like to spend what they have that they may enjoy life

in the present. They are never in a hurry nor do they do to-day what they can do to-morrow. "*Mañana*" (to-morrow) is Chilean in vocabulary and in practice.

"*Leche al pié de la vaca*" (milk at the foot of the cow), is only done at home in the Mutt and Jeff cartoons, but in Chile they often take the cow or goat to your house or you take the bucket to the stable to get your milk at the foot of the cow.

The Chilean boys are fond of flying kites. They like to fight with kites, putting glass and other sharp particles on the string so as to cut the string of the other kites.

The boys have a novel way of choosing for downs. They form a circle. All of them lift their knees, then quickly throw down their hands upon them, either palms up or palms down. The odd man is "it."

SECOND WORK PERIOD:

Practice on dramatization if it is needed; if not, work on the completion of the exhibit to go in the store or museum for Parents' Day.

Dolores Finds a Gift

INTRODUCTION. To-day I have a story for you about a little girl, Dolores, who, while she did not live in Chile, did many things for her North American friends.

THE STORY. Dolores lived in far-away Ecuador, a land where there are high mountains with tiny trees, where the air is always fresh and cool, like spring, and where there are low places near the seashore where it is always very hot. All over this country come frequent earthquakes, when the ground rocks and big cracks appear in the earth and even stone houses tumble down. There is a kind of little house made of poles, however, that the earthquakes just shake up. It seldom tumbles down; only the plaster falls away from its walls when the earth rocks back and forth and sidewise all at one time.

In such a little one-room house high in the mountains lived Dolores, with her father and mother, her big brother, Refugio, her big sister, Manuella, and her baby sister, Consuelo.

All day long only Dolores and Consuelo stayed near the little shack. Father worked from sunup to sundown, gathering nuts called tagua nuts, which he said were to be sent to North America to be made into buttons for little boys' and girls' clothes. Refugio spent all day gathering bright yellow things that look something like squashes, only they grow on trees. These he would crack open and pick out from them many brown seeds. These seeds, he told Dolores, were to be sent to North America to be ground up into chocolate so that boys and girls there could have cocoa to drink and chocolate cake and candy to eat.

All day long Dolores' mother and big sister wove very fine, long grasses into hats which they said were to be sold in North America, where they were called Panama hats.

"It is North America, North America, all the time, Consuelo," Dolores confided to her baby sister. "Why should we have to be alone all day, you and I, so that boys and girls in North America may have buttons and cocoa and hats? Why should not the boys and girls of North America send us things?"

"They do," said Refugio that night, when Dolores repeated to him what she had told Consuelo, who somehow had not seemed to understand. "They send food and clothes to our cities, but we live so far away and have no money so we can't buy them."

"I wish the boys and girls of North America would send me something," sighed Dolores.

The next day Dolores sat weaving coarse straws into a hat for herself; she sat outside the door of her hut while Consuelo slept within.

"Pretty soon Consuelo will be awake," she thought, "and then I will carry her out to the road and maybe some one will come along and we can talk to her. It's so dreadfully lonesome here all day!"

She had put only one more straw around the new hat brim when she felt the earth move beneath her. The little tree she was sitting beside swayed here and there; big stones rattled to new resting places; the little hut rocked first this way and then that. There was the sound of things falling within—and then Consuelo screamed with fright. Not once did Dolores think of herself. She must get to the baby. Right into the swaying house she staggered, gathered up the baby in her strong little arms, and was out again in a minute. But by that time all was quiet again. The old earth had stopped rolling and acted as if it had never been guilty of an earthquake. All was still except Consuelo, who kept crying louder and louder.

"Hush, baby, hush!" said Dolores. "It's all over now." But Consuelo kept on screaming. Dolores put her down on the ground for a moment while she went into the house for something with which to quiet her. But instead of standing on her feet as usual, the baby just fell down and screamed louder than ever. Then Dolores was frightened. She ran down the road to the hut of an old Indian woman. "Please come quickly," she begged, "and tell me why Consuelo will not stand on her feet."

The old woman came at once, took the baby in her lap, and felt her all over. Then she looked into the house. There on the floor where the baby had been lying was a big piece of plaster, fallen out of the ceiling.

"That's what did it," she said to Dolores. "The plaster fell on her and broke her leg."

"Oh, whatever shall I do," wailed Dolores. "Will her leg drop off? Oh, dear! Oh, dear! If mother were only here!"

The old woman sat and thought for a minute. Then she said: "There is only one thing to do—unless you want the baby to be lame all her life like lame José, who broke his leg when he was little. My son has told me that there is a doctor in the town who can cure broken legs—a white man from North America. Can you carry Consuelo that far?"

Before she could say another word, Dolores had run into the house. In another minute she came flying out with her old hat, her shawl, and the baby's clothes. The old woman bound the baby's leg as best she could and tied her in Dolores' shawl and off they started down the road. Consuelo was not a light load, and as poor little Dolores trotted over the rough and stony road, she thought the great town would never come in sight.

But at length, tired and thirsty, she reached the public square. There were many people on the street, and Dolores asked one after another, "Where can I find a doctor from North America?" But each one shook his head. They

came from other villages and could not speak her language. She almost cried in despair, but she kept on walking in and out of streets, asking this person and that.

Suddenly she stopped. A broad smile spread over her face. Not ten feet away she saw a strange woman—in strange clothes—a woman who, she thought, must be from North America. As fast as she could, under her heavy burden, she ran to the white woman and poured out all her story in one breath. The white woman looked perplexed because she could not understand a word, but she smiled a kind smile and, taking Dolores by the hand, led her across the square to a big building. Here she called a tall, kind-looking man. Together they took the baby from Dolores' back and in another minute she was showing them the little broken leg. Then Dolores knew by their faces that they understood and, while the man carried Consuelo off to another room, the kind lady took off Dolores' hat and shawl, bathed her hot face and hands, and gave her something to eat and drink. Soon an Indian girl came to the door of the room. The white woman spoke to her quickly and in an instant she was kneeling beside the little girl, her warm, brown hand holding Dolores', and talking the language Dolores could understand. She told Dolores not to worry about Consuelo, that the doctor was even now making her leg all right.

"And is it true that he comes from North America?" asked Dolores.

"Yes, indeed," replied the Indian girl. "He comes from a long, long way off to help make sick people well. And his wife comes all the way from North America, too. She teaches us to read and write."

After a moment Dolores asked, "But why did they come so far away from their homes to help people they did not even know?"

"Because," replied the older girl, "they have a Friend called Jesus who is our Friend, too, and who, when he lived on earth, was always doing kind things to people. They love this Jesus so much that they want to be like him, and to help everyone they can. There are boys and girls in North America who give their money to send them here to help us. Don't you want to come to our school, Dolores?"

"I'd love to," whispered Dolores.

There was a long pause and then Dolores said slowly, "I'm glad that we send them hats and cocoa and buttons!"—*Emma Mauritz Larson, in "Latin America Picture Stories." Missionary Education Movement, New York City.*



PROGRAM XXIII

Worship Service Theme: "On Earth Peace Among Men"

ENTRANCE MARCH.

SONG: "There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose." (Signal to be seated.)

MEMORY VERSES. (Repeat verses chosen for Parents' Day.)

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

PRAYER SONG: "The Lord Is Ever Near." (Sing softly.)

GREETING BY THE TEACHER (Lead the child better to understand the value of prayer):

We like to talk with our friends. God is our best Friend, our heavenly Father, so of course we want to talk with him.

We need to thank him often, to ask him to help us not to say or to do naughty things, to ask him to care for all the boys and girls in his world.

(Help them to choose the prayer, "We Thank Thee for Our Daily Bread," and the "Good-Night Prayer," by Amelia Burr. If there is time work out on the board the arrangement of the finished program. See page 165. Before the program is over have a simple prayer.)

PRAYER (By teacher): Dear Father, we have planned all this to make thee happy and our parents, too. Help us to do the best we can. Amen.

BIBLE STORY PERIOD: John 9: 1, 6-11.

Jesus Helping a Blind Man

INTRODUCTION. This morning I am going to ask you to close your eyes. Yes, you may close them now and not peek once until I say, "Open your eyes!"

I am glad you all reached here safely this morning. No one tumbled over a stone and hurt himself. Your eyes found a good place for your feet all the way.

No one was run over when there were so many automobiles darting about. Your good eyes were like traffic officers to you.

No one seems to have his clothes on wrong either. Again friendly eyes told you how to dress.

Do you remember how mother looked as you said good-by to her? Certainly, because your eyes took a "snapshot" of her before you left home.

I have something interesting on my desk (have something new and unfamiliar to the children) but without eyes you will never know how wonderful it is.

How can you ever reach home again without eyes?

Open your eyes! Oh, I am so thankful that every one of you can see.

Now I will tell you a story about a man who couldn't open his eyes as you did just then. But the story is about another Man, too, who was always looking about for people who needed his help.

THE STORY. Once there was a blind man who lived with his parents. They were very poor. Every morning the blind man's father and mother led him to the steps of the beautiful Temple, to beg of the people who passed by. This poor man had always been blind, even when he was a little, tiny baby. He had never seen the bright sunshine or the friendly stars. He had never seen the lovely flowers that grew in the fields. He had never seen even his own dear mother's face.

Sometimes the passers-by would give him a penny, or a bit of barley or meal. Sometimes they went right by as if they had not seen him. Sometimes they spoke gruffly to him. The blind man was always unhappy and sometimes frightened at the unkind words. But, because he was blind, he could not run away.

The little children danced and sang in the market place. "If I might only see them," he sighed. "They sound so happy."

The air was filled with sweetness. "It is the lilies," thought the blind man. "My mother says that they are very lovely; I wish that I might see a lily." A bird sang a sweet song from a near-by tree. "I wonder what birds look like," he thought. "How beautifully they sing! If only I might see a bird!"

A man stopped and gave the beggar a piece of money. He spoke kindly to him and called him friend. "What a gentle voice!" thought the blind man. "How kindly he spoke! I wish that I might look upon a kind face."

So he sat there day after day, wishing and wishing that he might see what was going on all about him.

One day the blind man sat listening to the tramp, tramp, tramp of passing feet. Suddenly he heard some one stop close by him. A gentle voice spoke to

him. Kind hands helped him to his feet. In a moment those kind hands had put some clay from the roadside on the eyes that could not see.

"Who is this who tries to help me?" asked the beggar.

"It is Jesus!" answered some one in the crowd. "He does wonderful things. Do whatever he bids you do."

"Go," said the friendliest voice the beggar had ever heard, "go and wash in the Pool of Siloam."

Some one led the blind man to the pool. There he bathed as Jesus had told him to do. Suddenly the blind man was filled with wonder. The darkness was gone. The whole world was filled with light.

"What is it?" he asked, trembling with joy.

"That is the sun that you have felt all these years while you lived in darkness." The beggar laughed in his joy.

As he walked along, he heard dancing and singing in the market place.

"It is the children," they told him.

"How happy they are," he cried, "but not so happy as I am."

He passed the fields where the flowers bloomed in all their pretty colors. How lovely they were! How sweet they smelled!

"I know," whispered the beggar joyfully. "You are the flowers that my mother told me were so lovely. How glad I am that I can see you! Thank you for giving me your sweetness while I was blind and lived in the dark."

A gay little song was coming from the green tree near by. There was a flash of pretty wings.

"I know you, little bird," smiled the beggar. "You filled my darkness with song. Thank you, little bird."

The man hurried on. He was looking eagerly for Some One with a gentle voice and kind, kind hands. He was looking for Jesus. But Jesus had gone. The man was sorry. He had wanted to see Jesus and to thank him for opening his blind eyes.

Oh, how happy his father and mother were when they came to lead him home that night! The son looked and looked at his mother's face, at his father's face, for he had never seen his parents before. He had only heard them, and touched them, and loved them.

There was so much to talk of, so many things for the opened eyes to see! There was the little home where he lived. There were the twinkling stars and the great, round moon. But there was one thing the opened eyes longed to see more than anything else in the world. They were looking for One with a gentle voice and kind, kind hands.

One day the man who had been blind was sitting in a quiet place. He heard such a gentle voice saying, "Do you believe on me?"

It was Jesus who spoke to him.

"Lord, I believe!" cried the man, joyfully, "I have looked for you everywhere."

"I have been looking for you, too," answered the gentle voice. "For I am your Friend and Helper."

WORK PERIOD:

Memory verses to be used in the final worship service should be thoroughly mastered by this time, and the children should be per-

fectly at home in the use of them. They should know to-day just what they are to do and when they are to do it, in the final worship program. Time should be spent on dramatization practice if necessary. If this extra time is not needed, let the children practice telling the stories chosen for retelling to their visitors on Parents' Day. They may need a little more help on the Bible story chosen for the visitors, especially if the Good Shepherd story is to be told with the help of the sand table. Let them practice setting the picture up in the sand over and over, so that any child may be called upon to do it on the last day of school, or so that the picture may be set up several times if the group is not too large.

EXPRESSIONAL ACTIVITIES:

As to-morrow will be largely taken up with final preparation of all exhibits, activities, and program plans for Parents' Day, the teacher should plan to bring all projects connected with the Bible story to a close. This includes the mounting of the pictures which the children have planned to send to our friends in far-away lands.

RECREATION:

Practice of games to be played for and with guests on Parents' Day is probably about complete. The children may need some help, however, in learning to explain the games and how the little friends of Latin America play them. Also, they will need to know how they ought to ask their guests to join them at play. This ought to be brought out by discussion and trial rather than by the teacher's own rules or exposition. Some time may be put on the dramatization if necessary.

MUSIC PERIOD: Final practice of songs selected for use on Parents' Day. The children may all play "greeting our visitors," making it into a dramatic play that will prepare them to greet visitors pleasantly and naturally on Parents' Day.

SECOND STORY PERIOD:

Off for a Visit to Far-Away Friends (*Concluded*)

To-day is our last day to spend with our new friends of Latin America. To-morrow we shall have to hurry home to get ready to meet our parents and friends who are coming to hear of our adventures, and who will want to get acquainted with our new friends, too. Shall we tell them of Manuel, and Dolores, and Pedro,

and all the other boys and girls we have learned to know and to love? We ought to select a story or two to tell them, so that our visitors will know and love our friends, too. (Let the children talk over their favorite stories, selecting one or two for retelling.)

Do you remember the promise I made yesterday about the story for to-day? It is the finest story we have about the people of South America, many people think. I wonder if you will think so, too.

The Christ of the Andes

INTRODUCTION. Many months have passed since Christmas, when we celebrated the birthday of the Baby Jesus. But you have remembered the words of the angels' song, for we have said them many times and we have a song with the same words which we often sing. (Sing or repeat words.)

Yes, "peace on earth." That was one of the great messages Jesus tried all his life to teach men: not to quarrel, but to live peaceably with all men; to love our neighbors, and even our enemies, so much that we shall see something fine in everyone; then we shall not wish to quarrel.

Many years before Jesus came to bring peace into the world there lived a man, Isaiah, who told the people that Jesus would come some day. Isaiah said that he would be called by many names and one of them was Prince of Peace. Often at Christmas, and at other times, too, Jesus is called the Prince of Peace.

We are visiting another Latin American country, Chile, just now, you remember. Close beside her, like a twin sister holding hands and going to school together, is another country, Argentina.

There is a beautiful true story about these sister countries which I will tell you.

THE STORY. Once, and not so very long ago, these sister countries were just like some children: they quarreled all the time with each other. Just between them, partly in one country and partly in the other country, stands a long line of high mountains.

"Our land goes over to this part in the mountains," one country would say, and the other country would answer back: "No, indeed! That part of the mountains is ours!"

No one really knew just where Chile's land ended in the mountains and where Argentina's began. The more they talked about it the angrier they became. They began to make guns, cannon, and warships. They would settle their quarrel, they decided. All the people, rich and poor, were asked to give their money to pay for these things. Men were called from the fields to become a part of a big army. It seemed as if war might start any day.

When Easter week came some of the people went to the church services, but there was so much hatred in their hearts that they could not think of Jesus as the Prince of Peace. But when Easter Sunday came the people crowded into the churches.

One of the great ministers of Argentina's country, a bishop, had been waiting for this day to come. He had a message for his people.

"Stop building warships and making guns and cannons; stop drilling your armies, too. Do you not know that after you fight you will not know which is right? You will only know which country has the bigger army and which country can hurt most." Then he asked them to remember the things that Jesus taught men, to love their enemies and to live in peace with all men.

The people began to think.

Over in Chile another minister who was a great bishop, too, heard of this wonderful sermon and he told his people the same things. Then the two bishops, each in his own country, started out visiting all the cities and talking to the people.

At last the people began to see how foolish it would be to fight. Even the rulers of the countries began to talk things over.

It was finally agreed that the ruler of another country far away, the king of England, should be told all about the quarrel and be asked to decide just where Chile's land ended and where Argentina's began. The king of England told them what he thought was right and all the people agreed.

When everyone was happy once more the rulers of the two countries decided that it was far better to talk things over in a pleasant way if there were ever any more difficulties. So they took a large piece of paper and wrote a treaty, or a promise, on it. This said, "We will settle all questions in a peaceful way through all the future years."

Since these two sister countries were never to fight again, what was to be done with all the cannons and guns they had spent so much time and money to make? They were sure that they would never care to use them again.

Then a wonderful idea came to them as they thought about Jesus, the Prince of Peace. They liked statues. Statues and pictures were always reminding them of their great heroes. Why not have a statue of the Prince of Peace right on the division line between the two countries—on the tiptop of the highest mountain where it could be seen ever and ever so far? It would have to be very large and would take much material to make it.

"Our cannons and guns," the people fairly shouted.

So the cruel cannons and guns were gathered and melted, and a great statue of Jesus was made. When it was all done it was carried by trains as far up the mountain as trains can go; then mules carried it nearly to the top, but sailors and soldiers with heavy ropes pulled it to the tiptop. There, on a great rock, the big statue was placed. Half of it stands in Chile and half in Argentina.

Of course the statue had been carefully covered before the journey began so that no scratches would mar it. This covering was kept on while it was being put in place.

Finally the time came to remove the coverings. For days thousands of people had been coming many miles from both countries. Most of them had to camp out in tents at night.

Then after a prayer the covering was taken off! There stood the Prince of Peace—"The Christ of the Andes," as the people say to-day.

Many travelers go every year to see this great statue standing there in the Andes Mountains. Perhaps you will go there some day. Then you will see the Prince of Peace standing with a cross in one hand and the other hand lifted over the lands as if he were blessing the people who have written at the bottom of this statue, "Sooner shall these mountains crumble into dust, than shall the Argentines and Chileans break the peace which they have pledged at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer."

NOTE TO THE TEACHER: A copy of the picture, The Christ of the Andes, may be secured from Miss Faye Steinmetz, Board of Foreign Missions, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City. These pictures cost twenty cents per copy.



PROGRAM XXIV

NOTE: To-morrow is Parents' Day, the climax of the five weeks of work and play. The children have been counting on it for some time, and have been preparing for it, and to-day will find them full of anticipation for all that to-morrow promises. At home they have been talking the whole matter over, promising parents and friends a happy time in their department. They will come brimming over with news, telling teacher and playmates of all who are coming. Let the children taste to the full this joy of anticipation. It will give a keener zest to the necessary and perhaps monotonous tasks that the session this morning will necessitate in getting ready to greet friends. If the teacher has planned well throughout these weeks of work with her children, then to-morrow will indeed be a happy day when children and teacher, parents and friends, will merge into a single group sharing a single interest. The children will be eager to share their new knowledge of their new friends in Latin America.

The teacher's part to-morrow will be important but rather inconspicuous. The children must be kept in the foreground. It is their day. They are to be the entertainers, the "explainers," the guides. The day is to be a "Child-Parent Day," with the teacher the hyphen between that keeps the children and parents close to each other in understanding and unfailing interest.

PARENTS' DAY PROGRAM

ENTRANCE MARCH. (Guests rise when all are by their chairs.)

CALL TO WORSHIP (One clear voice):

"Praise ye the Lord;

For it is good to sing praises unto our God."—Ps. 147:1.

DOXOLOGY.

(Another child):

"Oh give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good;

For his lovingkindness endureth for ever."—Ps. 136:1.

SONG: "There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose." (Chord to be seated.)

VERSES FROM MEMORY (Individuals or several children standing to face the audience, unannounced):

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, coming down from the Father."—James 1:17.

(Child holding Bible or standing beside a large one with hand upon it):

“Thy word is a lamp unto my feet,
And light unto my path.”—Ps. 119: 105.

SONG: “Can a Little Child, Like Me.” (Sung by children standing.)

CHILD: The gift of food comes from God, also.

“Give us this day our daily bread.”—Matt. 6: 11.

CHILDREN UNITE IN PRAYER (Led by a child):

“We thank thee for our daily bread,
And all the blessings on us shed;
We pray thee fill us with thy love,
And guide us to our home above.
For Jesus’ sake. Amen.”

TEACHER: Our heavenly Father has given us so many gifts. Will you name one we have not mentioned yet?

CHILDREN: Our country. (Child comes forward and holds high America’s flag.)

TEACHER: We will all rise and thank God for the gift of our country by saluting our flag.

PLEDGE TO FLAG.

SONG: “My Country, ’Tis of Thee.”

(Chord to be seated. Child with flag remains standing.)

TEACHER: What does our heavenly Father expect of us after all these gifts?

CHILDREN: “Freely ye received, freely give.” (Matt. 10: 8.)

TEACHER: And how does he expect us to treat others?

CHILDREN: “As ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.” (Luke 6: 31.)

TEACHER: Does Jesus expect us to love only the people of our land?

CHILDREN: Jesus said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to the whole creation." (Mark 16:15.)

TEACHER: There is one flag which flies over our flag and the flags of all nations. What flag is that?

CHILDREN: The Christian flag.

(Child comes forward and stands behind child with American flag, but on an elevation so that the Christian flag may be above it.)

TEACHER: Again we shall rise as we salute a flag that stands for even more than our country's flag.

SALUTE BY ALL TO CHRISTIAN FLAG.

SONG: "I Want to Send a Whisper Song." (By children while all remain standing.)

TEACHER: All this summer we have spent in becoming acquainted with other children whom Jesus loves—the children of Latin America. We should like to see their flag beside ours.

(Child comes forward and the flag is held beside America's flag.)

TEACHER: Are there other friends from afar with flags to fly under the one Christian flag?

CHILDREN SING (Seated): "Beautiful Pictures that We See," while the flags of the nations mentioned in the song are carried to the front and grouped under the Christian flag. (America's flag should be in the center.)

SALUTE TO FLAGS.

SUGGESTION TO TEACHER: Do not hurry here—the climax of the program has come. If the little grouping can be arranged under a large picture of Copping's Hope of the World or Hofmann's Head of Christ the effect will be greater.

TEACHER: We have a prayer we should like to say together to this Father who loves all the children of all flags.

CHILDREN (Repeat slowly): "Good-Night Prayer," by Amelia Burr.

"Our Father, you have given me
So much of love and joy to-day,
That I am thinking joy and love

To other children far away.
Wherever they lie down to sleep,
Happy and tired with work and play,
Yellow and brown and black and white,
Our Father, bless us all to-night!"

("Bless us all to-day" may be used instead of "to-night," in the last line.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR USE OF PROGRAM FOR PARENTS' DAY

This service is so arranged that Scripture, prayers, songs, and flag salutes which have been memorized during the summer weeks may be used as a connected whole leading to the one thought—God's many gifts to us and our desire to share and pass on to others what we now enjoy.

That the reverent thought running all through it may not be unduly broken, it is suggested that no announcements be made.

Children taking special parts sit in the front where they simply rise by their chairs and turn to face the audience.

Those who carry the flags, however, come forward quietly from the rear of the room.

A fairly equal division of boys and girls should be made in the prominent parts.

In the last grouping of flags, only those of Latin America need be used and only the second stanza of "Beautiful Pictures that We See" need be sung.

On the other hand, flags of the nations mentioned in the song, if the school owns them or can secure them, may be grouped on one side of the American flag and those of the Latin Americas grouped on the other side of the American flag.

Dramatic effect results if the Christian flag is slowly waved over all the other flags.

The teacher must help the child to realize that this is not "showing off" but that the children can really give something. A prayer to that effect is suggested in Program XXIII.

Look over again very carefully the plan suggested for Parents' Day on page 165, if you are following the suggested procedure. Be sure that no little detail has escaped your mind. Go over each step in the procedure mentally, visualizing your group actually at work. Of course your chief concern to-day will no doubt be get-

ting your exhibit and final drills in shape, but it is the carefully thought out details that will make the program to-morrow run smoothly.

Below are listed some of the various possibilities that you may have been working on throughout the course. Naturally no teacher will have attempted to do all of them, or nearly all. They are suggested as possibilities for choice, or are planned to be an aid by way of suggestion to the teacher who plans to arrange her own projects or work-hour plans. These presented below are treated as finished and ready to be appropriated for use for exhibition purposes on Parents' Day to-morrow. For details of preparation the teacher is referred back to the past lessons dealing with these various items.

1. The Store. The storeman must have his stock in shape, and will need the help of his many assistants in labeling and arranging his stock. He and his helpers will need to be posted on the various kinds of goods, where they came from, how they were gathered, made, and shipped to us, and what we use them for. This will all need practice in the work and recreation periods.

2. The Museum, a variation of the store. This would of necessity be of the simplest sort, if the children are to do the collecting, sorting, mounting, and arranging of the exhibits themselves. The children can gather many of the items from their own homes, and suggestions both for this type of exhibit and the type used in the store have been carried throughout the entire course. It is just a matter of bringing the collection and arranging to a culmination in preparation for Parents' Day. Pictures from magazines showing the life and customs of our Latin-American friends, pictures of some of their beautiful cities, their harbors, parks, public buildings, and statuary, may be cut from back files of such magazines as the National Geographic, and from travel catalogues, mounted, and hung on screen or border. The picture map of Latin America should be complete and ready to hang in the museum. As in the store, there should be Brazil nuts from Brazil, almonds and walnuts from Chile, mounted and labeled or arranged on tables with labels for the benefit of interested visitors. Coffee beans, bits of leather, a lump of loaf sugar, samples of rubber products such as raincoats, overshoes, an old automobile tire, a piece of hose, a tennis ball or other rubber ball, rubber toys, and so forth, can all be added to the collection to show what use we make of the gifts from our friends

in the far South. Pieces of pretty wood, such as rosewood and mahogany, or small articles made of them may be brought from home as other gifts from southern neighbors and friends. Food products, such as small cocoa cans, chocolate in bars, pieces of pink-colored candy (the coloring of which undoubtedly came from South America) should be added to the collection. Then there are other food products which Latin-American children enjoy in common with North American children, such as fruits of various sorts—oranges, figs, lemons, apples, peaches, plums, apricots, cherries, berries of all sorts, especially strawberries, and melons. Such fruit samples as cannot be obtained raw may often be borrowed in canned form or made up into jellies and marmalades. These should be carefully returned to the lenders, unless the fruit donations were given outright to be used in some social-service project by the Primary group after the close of school. It would be splendid if the children could take such baskets of fruit, jellies, and the like, to the hospital, to shut-ins, and to an orphanage. Wheat, barley, and the food products shared in common by all children of the Americas might well find a place in the museum. Possible additions will occur to the resourceful teacher, such as lead pencils and like items used in everyday life by all of us which we depend on South America to send us either in crude or finished form. As in the case of the store the children will need practice in explaining where these things come from (though the teacher must depend on herself largely to give the correct information while the children will be able to place things in a general way), how they get to us, and what use we make of them in this country. When it comes to printing, let the children at least share in the printing of the labels. The museum will be possible only if it has been a part of the plan from the beginning of the course.

3. Paper Dolls. These have been suggested with certain lessons throughout the course. They should be finished and the best of them selected and prepared for exhibiting on the last day of school. The name of the child making each doll should be carefully recorded so that each may be sure to have his own work returned to him.

4. Handwork. In the Supplement as well as in the daily programs many suggestions have been offered for types of handwork, any of which may be selected by the teacher to work out with her class. If the toy theater has been undertaken, see that the work

is brought to a satisfactory conclusion (by the children, not by the teacher) and that the children know how to explain and use the finished product. If other types of handwork have been undertaken, such as the making of bookmarks, scrapbooks, and the like, the teacher will want to see that the finished work is properly labeled and ready to be arranged by the children for their parents.

5. **Flags.** If flags have been made by the children, these should be mounted, labeled, and hung conspicuously on screen or border. If the flags have been purchased from the flag makers, they may still need to be mounted on standards and arranged in a good place in the exhibit. The flag salutes should be thoroughly mastered.

6. **Picture Project.** The mounted pictures which the children have been arranging to send to their friends of other lands should be given a prominent place somewhere so that parents and friends can enjoy them, too. As this has undoubtedly been one of the chief undertakings of the course, the children as well as their visitors will be anxious to see the final result, which is to carry an expression of loving friendly interest to their unknown friends of other lands. Let the children feel that they have a real pleasure to give when they explain about these pictures and what they are to accomplish in a new land. Prepare the children in all points of the program to take a leading part on Parents' Day.

7. **Posters.** If posters have been made, these will form a part of the exhibit. One at least, as suggested in Program III and carried on in Program VIII, should have been made by the group. If the work has not already been done an effective poster might be made having a little different emphasis by using the paper dolls of the various countries of Latin America.

8. **Honor List.** This should be hung in a prominent place, so that the record of attendance, memory work learned, and other points may be brought to parents' attention. (See Program IX.)

9. **Sand Table.** In the Supplement are suggestions for a home-made sand table. A pleasing project showing the home life of some of the boys and girls in the countries studied may have been worked out and may be presented on the final day. This would be a bit of original work and planning on the part of the teacher and her class. Or a Bible story might be chosen to be thus illustrated.

10. **An Original Project.** It is quite possible that you have undertaken some project or plan not suggested in this text. In

that case study your plan carefully to see that it will be in good shape by the end of next week, without hurrying the children or yourself too greatly. Much of the value of our project work is lost by press and hurry toward the last, so that the children are wearied or bewildered by it instead of enjoying the last bit of work that goes into the final finishing. Worse still, some teachers actually rob their children of the joy and satisfaction in the completed work by shortsighted planning that forces them to do the work themselves because there is no time at the end for the children to do it. The teacher who makes her own selection of activity is to be commended, but she will need to plan the more carefully so that each day sees done all that is expected of it, in order that the project will not be hurried toward the end, and the hard-pressed children robbed of their joy in doing or bewildered and confused through hurried and incomplete direction toward the last.

If the teacher has planned for an offering to be taken up on Parents' Day, it might be possible to work up a dialogue as a part of the program to be given in connection with the museum display. The offering should follow immediately after the dialogue, and the little speakers be allowed to pass the collection plates. "The World-Christmas Tree," by Ruth G. Winant in *Everyland* for December, 1927, offers a possibility.

Six little girls might give the selection if they changed the singular pronouns of the first and last stanzas to plurals and recited these two verses in unison. Then each of the six might recite one of the stanzas in turn. The text of the "World-Christmas Tree" is reprinted below by permission of *Everyland*.

"There, now, I am through with my shopping,
I've checked every name on my list,
There's Joseph and Sue and the baby,
No nephew or niece has been missed.
There's father and mother and Molly,
The cook and the waitress and John,
And Lila and Mary and Susan,
And Peter and Robert and Don.
I've earned a wee rest from my labors,
I think I'll sit down by the tree
Till father comes home, and the children—
I wonder what they have bought me!

"Let's see, there's the radio for Joseph.
(He's wanted one over a year.)

He never will guess from the package,
It surely looks knobby and queer.

That must be Sue's doll in the corner,
The label, I noticed, said, '*France*,'

How pleased she will be to discover
The way it can both walk and dance!

And there is the ball for the baby,
Pure rubber, it came from *Peru*.

She'll love all the animals on it,
The donkeys, the sheep, and the *gnu*.

"That black walking stick is for father,
How nicely it hangs on the tree;

Black ebony from *Madagascar*,
Good gracious, how pleased he will be!

That box of green tea there is mother's,
They said it was Vantine's own best,

A blend that is put up in *China*
To suit a fastidious guest.

How Molly will squeal to discover
That silk from far off in *Japan*,

And won't dear old Lila's face brighten
At sight of that *Spanish* lace fan.

"How Mary and Susan will squabble
About the pink quilt and the blue!

It's only in *India* printing

You get that unusual hue.

And Bridget and Margaret will welcome
Their handkerchiefs—linen all through,

And pounce on the label: '*pure Irish*,'

The greenbacks I've tucked in them too.

Good John will be pleased with his money,

His wife has been ill all the year,

I fear he's had heavy expenses

That only a gold note will cheer.

"And Peter and Robert, how funny!

They both run to *L's*, so it seems,

That fine life of Lincoln for Peter,

While Robert of Livingstone dreams.
And Don, there's his carpenter's tool chest,
The tools were in *Germany* made.
(I hope he won't cut off his fingers,
He's never been slow or afraid.)"
Outside in the fast-growing darkness
A large group of carolers sang,
And clear through the crisp air of winter
The words of the carolers rang.
And "Joy to the world" was their message,
And later they sang this refrain:
"We've a story to tell to the nations,"
To tell and to tell it again.

Once more to the tree in the corner
I turned with a vision quite new.
The nations had made contribution
To make my gift dreaming come true.
And *France* and *Peru* and far *China*,
Madagascar and distant *Japan*,
And *Spain*—each had given an offering
To child or to woman or man.
And I? Now just what had I given
That "joy to the world" might be sped?
Had I paid my debt to the nations?
Had I Christmas tidings far spread?

Had I paid my debt to the nations,
Or selfishly taken instead,
Their wealth and their lore and their art craft,
Their dyes and their textiles and such,
Forgetting that I am their debtor
And that I am owing them much?
These carolers, far in the distance,
How strangely their chorus persists—
"A story to tell to the nations,"—
That "story" I nearly had missed.
Here is my pen and my check book,
The light flickers some, and is dim,
I'll send to the Great Boards of Missions,
My world's Christmas present for Him!

PROGRAM XXV

Parents' Day

To-day is the climax of the summer Primary course. The work of preparing the simple exhibit was to be completed by the children yesterday. The teacher will want to be on hand a little early this morning, however, for a last look and a final touch. She will also need to be on hand to greet the excited early comers, who may arrive with a parent or two in tow. Little children are seldom late when there is anything exciting to hurry their feet. They are much more apt to arrive anywhere from fifteen minutes to an hour early. Be sure to be on hand at least a quarter of an hour before the school sessions open in order to receive sympathetically these eager little people who will have so many things to tell you and who are anxious themselves to take "one more look before the visitors come."

The teachers and her helpers will need special strength and tact for the day's task. If the helpers can do so, before the last session begins they will find a five-minute quiet time spent in recalling comforting promises of God's abiding presence and help, and a moment or two in prayer, if it be only a silent prayer, most helpful to start the day off right. Nothing that will make the occasion brimful of joy and satisfaction to the children and their parents and friends should be omitted. Certainly the assured calm and kindly tact and patience of the workers will play no small part in making this a happy day. Be ready to answer questions, not only intelligently but in an interesting and sympathetic manner. It is often a little difficult to do this when the same question is asked over and over throughout the day, but each mother may be as anxious as all the others to know certain things about the work of the school and the work of her child in particular. There may be a precious opportunity to talk over some of the individual problems of the children with the mother, who can help the child most and who is, naturally, most anxious to help do so.

Be cautious in seeing that the children do not get overtired, and that the visitors have free access both to the display and to the

workers to whom they may want to bring their many questions. In other words, be easily approached and encouragingly interested, but keep the children to the foreground as much as possible.

The teacher may plan for either of two types of program to be given to-day. There is the formal type of program where the children are drilled and rehearsed beforehand, trained to do certain things at certain times, with the teacher helping only behind the scenes. By such a program it is unfortunately necessary for the parents to be left largely alone in the capacity of isolated spectators. It also means that the children have to be put through such a course of drill that their joy in the occasion may be lessened through fatigue and nervousness, too often communicated by the harassed teacher herself. The children may sing their songs properly and give their dramatization satisfactorily, but the performance leaves little opportunity to enjoy their guests informally and to feel that they are really sharing their own delightful experiences of the past weeks with them.

The other, and by far the happier, type of program is the informal program where the children and their guests become, for the most part, a single group, sharing together all the experiences of the day. The very fact that the program is called informal means that no set rule for conducting it can be laid down. Only a few general suggestions can be made. As has been already shown in the last four programs, the children themselves can be helped to prepare a little worship service, making use of the songs, Memory Verses, flag salutes, and other worship elements which they have used familiarly throughout the course. Such a worship service might be employed to start the day, with the children and their visitors sitting together in a single group and the children themselves conducting the service as far as they are able and willing to do so. Previous work in their class sessions will be needed to be sure that the children will enter reverently into such a plan. They can be helped in remembering that this is a quiet time, when we talk together of our Father and sing to him and speak to him.

Some previous training may be necessary in helping the children in greeting their guests. Perhaps the group is small, so that parents and children can sit together in one circle, if the plan for Parents' Day is to share school experiences with the visitors. Practice conducted partly as play at previous recreation periods will prepare the children to greet, welcome, and seat their guests, supply-

ing them with pictures to look at, or conducting them in the pre-session period on a trip through the museum or past some other part of the exhibit. The teacher should work to prepare the children to meet the situation in a natural and happy manner, so that they will know what to do when the need of being hosts and hostesses arises.

If a typical school program is to be put on for their friends, let the work of suggesting and conducting the period be left as much as possible to the children. This is also a matter of previous arrangement. The children should have selected the songs to be used, the stories to be retold, and perhaps even the subject for the morning prayer. Let the children themselves retell the stories for their parents if possible, instead of having the stories told by the teachers. The children will have selected the best beloved and the best known of the stories for retelling. If the story of the Good Shepherd is chosen, they will undoubtedly want to build the picture of the shepherd and his sheep in the sand table for their guests, as was suggested for Program XVII. A little practice in previous sessions will make it possible to do the work effectively in a short time, especially if the lambs made according to the patterns in the Supplement have been saved from the previous occasion on which they were used. (See Supplement also for patterns of tree and fold and suggestion as to shepherd.) They will need also a paper sheepfold, some tree patterns, and a picture shepherd cut out and mounted. The setting up of the sand-table picture may be regarded as the Work Period, if the teacher chooses, and the children be led directly from that to a short game hour.

The game hour may be conducted much as usual, if the children have in previous game periods chosen and practiced the Latin-American games they will play for or with their visitors. It is advisable to play the special games played by our neighbor friends south of us, as by doing so the children can give their guests an opportunity to get acquainted with these little new friends also. The children, if possible, should explain how the games are played by the boys and girls in Latin America. Let them also invite their parents and visitors into the game, if the selection of games makes such a plan feasible. If the games are too active, or seem for any reason unsuitable for adult participation, let the children play them for their visitors to enjoy.

The Music Period will likewise prove delightful if the children

have selected their songs beforehand and have practiced them in their previous lessons so that they can sing them well. Any explaining which may be necessary, such as would be given before singing the Spanish hymns, would be received with an added interest on the part of the visitors if the explanations were given by the children themselves. This would also necessitate previous practice in explaining in other Music Periods.

In the Second Story Period the children will be ready to retell some story of their new friends and how they live in their own land. One of the Manuel stories would be especially appropriate, if the children's choice may be guided the least bit. After this part of the day's program, the parents and friends will want to see all the work that is on exhibition.

If the teacher has planned to give the dramatization "His Book" it should be presented at the Second Story Period, perhaps in place of the story as suggested previously. The children should give, if not the retold story of "His Book" as it is found in Program VII, at least a résumé of the facts of the story for the benefit of the listeners, that the guests may better understand the little play. A brief retelling of the story would not take long and would really be a splendid preparation both for the children and for the listeners as the play is begun.

There is still a third possibility for the Second Story Period. The teacher may have planned to give a simpler, more informal play dramatization of some other story told during the summer. Several have been suggested with various stories throughout the course. Among them are the stories of "The Good Neighbor" in Program I, of the building of the Temple in Program X, and of a trip through the forest, in Program XVI. If the more seriously worked out dramatization of "His Book" is not to be given, then the teacher may care to plan with her group a simpler play dramatization such as is suggested in any of these or other places in the text. Let the children work it out informally without properties, much after the manner suggested in "The Dramatization of Bible Stories," by Elizabeth Erwin Miller, and "Dramatization in the Church School," by E. E. Lobingier.

The day's program, save for the inspection of the children's exhibit, may end with a visit to that section of the exhibit where the flags of our neighbor friends are gathered, together with our own flag and with the Christian flag. Or the flags may be brought into

the group by a child, if the company is too large to make the first plan feasible. The flags of Latin America may be secured from Annin and Company, flag makers (see Supplement for address), or they may be flags made of paper which the children have made and mounted. A little service, worked out beforehand and well practiced by the children, might be given at this time, whereby the meaning of the various flags might be explained to the visitors, perhaps each child in turn presenting a single flag until all the flags have been presented. The flag salute given to our own flag should be followed by the salute to the flag of our neighbors (found in Program IV). A song such as "I Want to Send a Whisper Song" or the second stanza of "Beautiful Pictures that We See" might be sung as the flag bearers retreat to give place to the bearer of the Christian flag, which should be saluted in good form as suggested in the Supplement. This should be the climax of the closing period, and be followed by a prayer given in unison by both teacher and children—a prayer for our little friends in Latin America and for ourselves, that we may all come to know one another better and that all our peoples may live together as friends and brothers. Make the prayer simple and brief. If it is to be given in unison, see that the children have an opportunity to use it beforehand. The "Good-Night Prayer," by Amelia Burr, used by permission of Child Garden in India, would serve as a parting prayer, especially if the word "to-day" were substituted for the word "to-night" in the last line, or the following prayer may be offered, the children putting the names of the various countries studied in the blank space of the third line.

"Bless all my little friends,
Whom I have never seen,
In ———, far-off land,
Where I have never been.

"Help me to think of them
As thou dost think of me,
And share with them thy love
And all my gifts from thee. Amen."

From "Prayers for Little Children," by Lucy W. Peabody. Published by the Central Committee of the United Study of Foreign Missions.

NOTE: If the worship program as presented in Program XXIV is used, this closing service will need to be much abbreviated or eliminated entirely.

The day will scarcely be complete until the children have conducted their guests to the various parts of the exhibit and shown them their own work and the work that the whole department has done. The teacher and helpers must stand by, alert, ready to help and to suggest and answer questions, but ever watchful that the children have the prominent place in the procedure.

It will be no easy task, especially as the work will come at the close of an unusually trying session, but nevertheless the teacher should make a real effort to see that each child has the articles which he made during the summer session to take home with him. It will mean hunting through the display, checking up to see that each child gets only what is his, and that he gets all that is his. But the teacher will find that no part of the day's task will bring the child such complete satisfaction as taking home his possessions at the end of this, to him, happy day.



PART II

SUPPLEMENT

PART II

SUPPLEMENT

There is no list of necessary supplies offered here as the equipment is suggested under such headings as Games, Handwork, Bibliography, Dramatization, and so forth. The teacher will note that the songs have all been selected from "A First Book in Hymns and Worship," by Edith Lovell Thomas, which has been used throughout the entire three years of the Primary course. For instrumental music, such as is needed for the Entrance March and for other purposes, the teacher is referred to "Music Manual for Use in Daily Vacation Bible Schools and Week-Day Schools of Religion," a book listed in the former Primary vacation church school texts. The teacher will naturally want to supplement with other songs than those suggested in this book, or to make substitutions wherever it seems wise with her own particular group. She should feel free to do so at any point in the program, bearing in mind the purpose of the lessons and what each song aims to accomplish in that purpose.

Under "Games" will be found a list of books and other sources that will be particularly valuable for this part of the recreational period. Attention is particularly called to the two booklets describing the games of our friends in Latin America which our Foreign Mission Board can supply to any teacher at ten cents apiece.

The teacher of Primary groups is referred to the supplementary material in the two preceding books of the course, "Learning God's Way" and "God's Children Living Together," both by Carolyn Dudley. The Bibliography and additional suggestions such as prayers, stories, pictures, games, and activities of various kinds will be found most helpful to the teacher who has not already used them. "Learning God's Way" has in the Supplement excellent patterns for a shepherd and a sheepfold, which, while not indispensable to the telling of the story of the Good Shepherd, cannot fail to add a great deal to the interest the children may take in the making of the sand-table picture of that story.

Music

It will be possible to make the music an interesting feature of this course of lessons. Decide upon several of the most beautiful of the "praise songs" of our Church which are within the ability of our pupils and teach the children to sing them with understanding. Help them to love these old Church hymns.

The nature of the course requires also a number of songs bearing a missionary message, and songs about work and effort for others for Jesus' sake. Be careful in making these particular selections that both words and music are good.

An interesting and delightful collection of appropriate songs will be found in the book "Spanish-American Folk-Songs," collected by Eleanor Hague, and published by The American Folk-Lore Society.

Among the songs that would delight the children are: "Tocolote," "Señora, Su Periquito," and "Arrullo."

A little lullaby is so simple in wording that the children would be much pleased with the task of committing to memory the musical, foreign words:

*"A ro-ro mi ni-ña,
A ro-ro mi sol,
A ro-ro pe-da-zo
De mi co-ra-zon."*

*"Lullaby, my baby,
Darling, hushaby!
You've a very big part
Of my loving heart."*

The little bird song will also please them greatly.

A fine collection of the stirring national songs of our next-door neighbors who love freedom as do we ourselves, and who also have struggled to win and to keep it, may be found in "National Airs and Patriotic Songs," published by Funk and Wagnalls Company.

Songs of Mexico, Peru, Venezuela, Argentine Republic, Bolivia, Brazil, and Chile are included.

Dreamy chords played upon the guitar form a very favorite accompaniment to the songs of the "troubadour." In fact, the guitar may be considered the national instrument. The simple mouth organ is the delight of the peon and of the Indian.

Song List

PRAISE AND GRATITUDE:	Number
"All the Happy Children".....	42
"Can a Little Child, Like Me".....	15
Doxology. (See below.)	
"Glory, Glory, Glory to God".....	86
"All Things Bright and Beautiful".....	44
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of Hosts!".....	4
PRAYER:	
"Can a Little Child, Like Me".....	15
"The Lord Is Ever Near".....	6
SONGS OF FRIENDLINESS:	
"I Want to Send a Whisper Song".....	104
"Beautiful Pictures that We See".....	106
GENERAL:	
"Our Dear Church Was Builded".....	76
"There's Not a Tint that Paints the Rose".....	7
"My Country, 'Tis of Thee".....	97
SPECIAL:	
Spanish Songs. (See page 188.)	

DOXOLOGY

Praise God from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise him, all crea-tures here be-low;

Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

JESUS LOVES ME

CHORUS

Je - sus me a - ma, Je - sus me a - ma,

Je - sus me a - ma, La Bi - blia di - ce a - sí.

Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

WHEN HE COMETH

REFRAIN

1. Je - sus de los ci - e - los Al mun - do ba - jó,
2. Los ni - ños sal - va - dos Se - rán co - mo el sol,

En bus - ca de jo - yas Que a - man - te com - pró.
Bri - llan - do en la glo - ri - a Del Rey Sal - va - dor.

1. The Christ from the heavens
To earth did come down
In search of the jewels
He bought for his crown.

2. The children, the saved ones,
Shall shine as the sun,
They'll dwell in his glory.
By Christ they were won.

Flags

A country's flag is very dear to the people, for it stands for what that country has been in the past, what it is at the present time, and what it hopes to be in the future. It is a reminder of noble sacrifice and an inspiration toward right living.

Even in our Primary classes we begin the teaching of respect for our country's flag, and the awakening of love for it.

An appropriate addition to a course of lessons on our neighbor republics would be the reference to their national flags, and a reminder of the fact that these flags are as dear to our neighbor children as the Stars and Stripes are to us.

It will not be possible to go very deeply into flag lore; but it will be both easy and interesting to show the flags of the several countries mentioned in this course of lessons. Some of the historical associations are well within the grasp of a Primary child, and a number of international flag codes and customs will be very interesting and instructive.

The flags of all these countries of South America and of Mexico may be obtained from any of the Presbyterian Book Stores. A cotton flag of very convenient size for our purpose, 11" x 18", mounted on a standard, may be bought for fifteen cents, postage additional.

The flag of Mexico consists of three vertical bars of equal breadth, green, white, and red.

The flag of Venezuela consists of three horizontal bars of equal breadth, yellow at the top, blue in the middle, and red at the bottom. In the middle of the blue there are seven stars, six of them in a circle around the seventh.

The flag of Bolivia, the country named in honor of General Simon Bolivar who liberated her, consists of three stripes, red at the top, green at the bottom, and a stripe of yellow in the middle. Yellow stands for gold in a flag and white stands for silver. The red in this flag represents the animal kingdom; the green, the vegetable kingdom; and the gold, the mineral kingdom.

The flag of Brazil consists of a green field, with a diamond-shaped figure in yellow upon it. Within this yellow diamond is a blue circle studded with stars, arranged in the form of the Southern Cross. Spanish words meaning "Order and Progress" are printed round the center of the circle.

Several of these flags are of such simple construction that some teachers might desire to use them for the handcraft period. If you choose to do this, be careful to have accurate proportions.

From the historical stories which you have been telling the pupils, they can well understand how dear to the hearts of the people are these flags that stand for liberty and freedom. Flags of their country will float on their public buildings; and national flags will be floated on the ships that sail the seas to different ports of the world.

A ship from Venezuela laden with asphalt coming to our country would fly the flag of Venezuela; and a ship from Brazil bringing us coffee and rubber and mahogany would come sailing into our harbor floating a flag of Brazil. Very simple facts such as these will fire the imagination of a Primary child.

In using flags from several countries for decoration, every flag should be displayed on its own standard, and no flag of a friendly country should be placed above another. Placing a flag above another is considered an insult worthy of an apology.

SALUTE TO THE FLAG OF OUR COUNTRY

"I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the Republic for which it stands: one nation indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

SALUTE TO THE CHRISTIAN FLAG

"I pledge allegiance to my flag and to the Saviour for whose Kingdom it stands: one brotherhood, uniting all mankind in service and love."

Bibliography

BOOKS FOR THE TEACHER'S BACKGROUND

E. W. SHANAHAN, "South America; An Economic and Regional Geography with an Historical Chapter."

JAMES BRYCE, "South America; Observations and Impressions."

W. S. ROBERTSON, "History of the Latin-American Nations."

MISSIONARY EDUCATION MOVEMENT, "As Protestant Latin America Sees It."

S. G. INMAN, "Problems in Pan-Americanism."

WEBSTER E. BROWNING, "New Days in Latin America."

STANLEY HIGH. M. E. M., "Looking Ahead with Latin America."

S. G. INMAN. M. E. M., "Ventures in Inter-American Friendship."

J. F. RIPPY, "The United States and Mexico."

- J. A. ZAHM (H. J. MOZANS, pseud.), "Up the Orinoco and Down the Magdalena."
W. R. WHEELER AND W. E. BROWNING, "Modern Missions on the Spanish Main."
H. G. JAMES, "Brazil After a Century of Independence."
L. E. ELLIOTT, "Chile To-day and To-morrow."
SANDERSON AND SON, INC., "South American Handbook."

HELPS IN PLANNING THE TRIP TO LATIN AMERICA

- South American travel tours and travel catalogues offered by the various traveling agencies.
Picture map of Latin America. Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Price, \$.50.
Picture sheet—Mexicans in the United States. Presbyterian Board of National Missions. Price, \$.25.
Latin American Picture Stories. Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Price, \$.50.
ANNIE S. PECK, "The South American Tour; A Descriptive Guide."

MAGAZINES

- National Geographic (See indexes for Latin-American material).
Missionary Mail, Everyland, World Comrades. All to be obtained through the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

SUPPLEMENTAL MATERIAL FOR USE IN CLASS

- MARGARETTE DANIELS, "Makers of South America."
ANITA B. FERRIS, "The Land of the Golden Man."
E. C. BROOKS, "Stories of South America."
ANITA B. FERRIS, "Stories from South of the Equator."

SERIES OF BOOKLETS ON HOME LIFE IN OTHER LANDS

- "Home Life in Mexico"; "Home Life (Interior Brazil)," and so forth. Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. Price \$.03, each.
ELSIE SPICER EELLS, "The Magic Tooth, and Other Tales from the Amazon."

NOTE: Nearly all the above books may be obtained through the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions.

BOOKS ON GENERAL HANDWORK

LILLIE ANNE FARIS, "The Sand-Table: A Manual for Sunday School Teachers."

J. L. HOXIE, "Suggestions for Handwork in School and Home."
Milton Bradley Co.

ADDIE GRACE WARDLE, "Handwork in Religious Education."

ALBERTA MUNKRES, "Primary Methods in the Church School"
(Ch. 15).

JEAN GERTRUDE HUTTON, "Things to Make: A Book on Hand-
Work and Service for Girls and Boys."

MATERIAL FOR PICTURE PROJECT AND FOR POSTER-MAKING

ALBERT EDWARD BAILEY, "Art Studies in the Life of Christ."

ALBERT EDWARD BAILEY, "The Use of Art in Religious Education."

The Perry Pictures Company catalogue. Malden, Massachusetts.

George P. Brown and Company catalogue. Beverly, Massachusetts.

Catalogue for University Prints. Newton, Massachusetts.

JEANNETTE ELOISE PERKINS, "The Amateur Poster-Maker."

NOTE: Nearly all the above books may be obtained through any of our
Presbyterian Branch Houses.

MATERIAL FOR USE WITH PARTICULAR PROJECTS AND FOR USE IN
CONDUCTING THE CONVERSATIONAL PERIOD IN CLASS

Write to Pan-American Union, Seventeenth and B Streets, N. W.,
Washington, D. C., enclosing five cents for each booklet wanted on
Latin-American countries. Ask for such booklets on any of the five
countries studied in this course as would be of interest to travelers.

Miss Mary Josephine Booth, Librarian at the Eastern Illinois
State Teachers' College, has compiled a most informing and inter-
esting booklet on "Material on Geography," which she will send
for fifty cents to interested teachers. (Price covers cost of pro-
duction only.)

The following manufacturing concerns using Latin-American raw
materials will send free booklets to teachers or school principals
who make their requests on authorized stationery (such as the
church stationery):

Chocolate—Coffee

Walter Baker Cocoa Company, Dorchester, Massachusetts, "The
Story of Cocoa."

Hills Brothers, 2 Harrison Street, San Francisco, California, "Coffee and How It Grows."

Chocolate Sales Corporation, Hershey, Pennsylvania, "The Story of Chocolate and Cocoa."

Sanka Coffee Corporation, 220 E. Thirty-eighth Street, New York City, will send a small case of vials containing stages of coffee production free to teachers who desire to use it.

Aluminum

Aluminum Wares Association, Publicity Division, 844 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois, "From Mine to Kitchen."

Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company, Manitowoc, Wisconsin, "From Clay to Cooking Utensils."

Aluminum Cooking Utensil Company, New Kensington, Pennsylvania, "From Mine to Modern Kitchen."

Rubber

Goodyear Rubber Company, Watertown, Massachusetts, "Story of Rubber."

Goodrich Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio, "A Trip Through Rubber Land."

Not free, but exceedingly valuable are the following rubber exhibits for use in class: Mishawaka Rubber and Woolen Manufacturing Company, Mishawaka, Indiana, will send samples of crude rubber and an illustrated booklet for ten cents. United States Rubber Company, 1790 Broadway, New York City, Educational Department, will send samples of crude rubber for twenty-five cents.

Lead Pencils

Eberhard Faber Company, 37 Greenpoint Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, "Steps in Manufacture from Crude Graphite." Price, \$.50.

American Lead Pencil Company, 220 Fifth Avenue, New York City, will send free a chart showing how pencils are made, the material used, and where obtained, to teachers and school directors.

Cotton

Department of Agriculture and Immigration Division, New Orleans, Louisiana, will send cotton boll, seed, and lint cotton for exhibit free to teachers and principals.

Buttons

"Art in Buttons" Company, Rochester, New York, will send an exhibition showing the vegetable ivory nut process used in making buttons from nuts grown in Latin American countries. Price, \$.75.

Extracts

McCormick Company, Baltimore, Maryland, "Story of Extracts." Price, \$.05.

Burnett Company, 437 D. Street, Boston, Massachusetts, will send free to colleges and technical schools, "Story of Vanilla."

Cut-outs

Milton Bradley Company has two cut-outs that may be of interest to teachers of this course, showing the home life and interests of our Latin-American children in a way that cannot fail to interest little children.

Mexican Village Cut-out No. 8365, 8 plates. Price, \$.50.

Landing of Columbus No. 8362, 8 plates. Price, \$.50.

Dennison Paper Company, Twenty-fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City, also has books on handwork supplies that will add to the interest of village-making and other parts of the special projects.

Handcraft Possibilities

"Every man . . . as he is able." Remember the assignments made in the parable of the Talents.

Cut from thin wood or cardboard a window wedge to quiet a noisy window on a windy night. Paint with bright, primary colors, red, green, yellow, making comb red; head, neck, and legs yellow; tail green.

Plant sticks with parrot tops may be made for mother's winter window garden.

Sand Table

In a course of lessons such as this, the teacher will find the sand table a helpful means of concrete representation. A sand table such as those furnished by the educational supply houses is excellent, of course, but it is not necessary to give up this means of illustration if this cannot be afforded.

Some schools have a sand pile in the corner of the school yard.

If the sand is kept dry, a conveniently shaped wooden box will answer. A large tin baking pan is another suggestion.

In the third paragraph of the Supplement will be found suggestions for obtaining sand-table patterns of shepherd and sheepfold.

Other Projects

OFFERING: There is no regular offering suggested with the worship services this year. That does not mean that the teacher cannot have a regular offering if she desires. It only means that the offering can be something "very special" in this course, which is, after all, a missionary project. If the offering is to come as a regular part of the morning worship service, then the teacher must prepare the children so that they will take part gladly, reverently, and whole-heartedly. That means that they must talk over the purposes for which the money is intended and must be often reminded of the gift they have undertaken to present at the end of the course.

Perhaps mite boxes given out early in the course, after the children are sufficiently acquainted with their new friends to want to do something for them, would be a better way. The Mission Board will supply mite boxes, or the teacher can help the children to make their own in some Work Period. The children will need help in remembering that the mite boxes are to be brought in on the last day of school, and that into each box must go love as well as nickels and dimes and quarters. All money gifts should be sent to the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, with the statement that they are for use in missionary work in Latin America. (Designation of gift may be more particular if the teacher wishes, and it may go to some particular school or church or mission center.) Let the children help in the writing of the letter that is to accompany the gift. They should also be allowed to mail the letter, following a prayer for the letter's safe arrival and for the boys and girls in Latin America for whom the gift is intended.

It might be pleasing to prepare or buy simple gifts, small enough in size to wrap up in cotton, to represent "sour balls" from North America. There would be a surprise element in such a gift that would be pleasing to both givers and recipients.

A LITTLE "MUSEUM": Make and label a collection of things used

in our everyday life which are imported from Mexico and South America. (For details see Programs XXIV and XXV.)

A GIFT SHOP: Things made or gathered by the pupils which are in some way reminders or characteristic of "our next-door neighbors" and their life and environs may be sold to buy a gift for them.

A LITTLE "THEATER": May be used to tell our stories and to pass on what we have learned about our next-door neighbors and their countries. Directions for making and using are offered under "Dramatizations" elsewhere in this Supplement.

HANDKERCHIEF CASES: Pad two squares of cardboard of proper size with felt or cotton. Cover neatly with bands of Dennison's *crêpe* paper to look like the simpler of the flags of Latin-American countries; for example:

Mexico—Vertical bars, green, white, red.

Venezuela—Horizontal bars, yellow, blue, red.

Bolivia—Horizontal bars, red, yellow, green.

Cover with Dennison's *crêpe* paper of any of the following gay and suggestive designs: Parrot, 310, 368; butterflies, 313. Tie with raffia.

BEAN BAGS: Make of cretonne or chintz of gay bird or butterfly design.

The Dolls

(The frontispiece is a composite picture of some dolls made by a group of South American girls. It may offer some suggestion to a group planning to make original paper dolls.)

These dolls are twelve years old! They lived up in an attic all that time, alone and quite forgotten! Now they have been found.

How glad they are to get out of their box and come to play with the children of the vacation church school!

They are real dolls from South America. They were made by some girls who live in Venezuela, the land of that brave hero, Bolivar.

If they could speak, what a story they could tell of the girls who made them, and of the trip they had to our United States.

But even if they cannot talk we can have their story, for here is a real letter that tells about them.

Madison, New Jersey,
January 29, 1916.

My dear _____,

Madam _____ was speaking to me a short time ago, and asked me if I would not tell you something of the dolls she asked me to send you several weeks ago. The dolls represent Venezuelan types and costumes, and are made in the industrial work of the Presbyterian Mission at Caracas.

The dolls are sold and are all that stand between five girls and starvation. And these girls are such fine types of Christians that of the little they make, one tenth is given to the Lord!

My brother, Mr. _____, is one of the missionaries there. There are only two families and they have three million parishioners.

These dolls are dressed to represent the people you see on the streets of Caracas every day. No matter how poor a girl is, she must have a dress made in the style of the bride, with veil and all, though it may be very coarse material, and the bridegroom pays for her dress. He must have a high hat for the occasion though he may have nothing to eat.

When I spoke here in Madison I sold all the dolls I had, even the set I used in making my speech, and I have not been able to get a full set again. They can only send a few at a time from Caracas, and it will take a few weeks longer for me to acquire a full set.

Yours very truly,

M _____

Dramatization

Other important helps suggested for this course of lessons are the playlet, the rhythmic play, and the simple dramatization.

This form of expression allies itself with the inherent play spirit and captures the whole attention of the child. Indeed, it may be so simplified that it is little more than a directed play. But it stirs the imagination, and imagination must not be ignored as a means of understanding a subject.

The books noted below relate to this valuable subject of dramatics, and one or more should be added to the teacher's bookshelf.

"Pageantry and Dramatics in Religious Education," William V. Meredith. Abingdon Press.

"The Dramatic Instinct in Children," American Institute of Child Life. Abingdon Press.

"Educational Dramatics: A Handbook on the Educational Player Method," Emma Sheridan Fry. Moffat.

"The Children's Educational Theater"; with an Introduction by C. W. Eliot, Alice Minnie Herts. Harper.

- "Mission Study Through Educational Dramatics," Helen L. Willcox. Interchurch World Movement.
- "How to Produce Children's Plays," Constance D'Arcy Mackay. Holt.
- "The Dramatization of Bible Stories: An Experiment in the Religious Education of Children," Elizabeth Erwin Miller. University of Chicago Press.
- "Dramatization in the Church School," E. E. Lobingier. University of Chicago Press.

The little "theater," the making of which is described elsewhere in the Supplement, may prove an easy means of reviewing many of the lessons. In some places the giving of an outdoor pageant would be a happy experience for both pupils and their guests. In other places this would be quite impossible, and an indoor performance with a more or less elaborate stage setting would be the choice.

The following is a suggestion merely. It is a playlet arranged from the story given with Program III, "A Party that Never Was Eaten."

If preferred the teacher may substitute a representation of the same story, with the help of the dolls which have been dressed, and help the children to give a pantomime in the little theater.

This particular story is chosen because it gives opportunity for decorative effects gained in a comparatively simple manner, and because quite a number of children could be added to the scene as "Mexican citizens" if desired.

The "Reader" or "Narrator" may be "Teacher" wearing characteristic Spanish touches to her costume, such as a high comb, a lace scarf, and a rose. Yet this costume should not be so gorgeous as to detract attention from the little drama.

A PARTY THAT NEVER WAS EATEN (A Playlet)

THE PLAYERS: *Angela, Maria, Anita, Little Brother Juan, Mexican Lady and Her Guests, Water Carrier, and any number of "Mexican Citizens" desired.*

EPISODE I. ANGELA GIVES THE INVITATION

STAGE: *Represent the small house of a peon family with large pieces of mortar or plaster board with dried grasses stretched over the roof.*

MUSIC: "*Poupée Valsante*" ("*Dancing Doll*"), by Edward Poldini.

READER: "A party!" That is what Angela would have called it if she had lived in the United States.

Instead, however, she said that she was going to have a *merienda*—not a very big *merienda*, of course, because only Anita and Maria and little brother Juan would be there. But it was nice to call the afternoon tea the *merienda* just as did the *señora*, the rich lady who lived in the big house, the hacienda. The *señora* wore a big comb in her black hair, and a beautiful Spanish lace shawl that was worth so many pesos that Angela could not count them, for she never had been to school.

The little daughter of the *señora* went to the *merienda* in the garden, and with her was a little friend, a visitor who had come with her father and mother from the United States.

(Enter, to a few measures of "*Poupée Valsante*," Angela, Anita, Maria, and Little Brother Juan. All gather about Angela and listen eagerly.)

ANGELA: A dress most elegant she wore, Maria! And a string of beads! And a ring of gold! That little girl from the United States. My mother told me all about it. She cooked the *merienda* for the *señora* and she saw!

I'm going to give a *merienda*.

(Anita, Maria, and Juan express increasing interest.)

THE GROUP: Oh-h-h!

ANGELA: You can come, Anita, and Maria, and Juan. (All express willingness to accept the invitation.) There will be sweet tamales! Tamales with raisins and all other nice things in the middle! Mother will make them for me just like those of the rich *señora*.

(Music: "*Dancing Doll*." Children join hands and skip about in a circle.)

CURTAIN

EPISODE II. THE GREAT DOOR SWINGS OPEN

(Stage arranged so that there is room for Angela and other children representing "Mexican Citizens" to pass in front of the curtain as though they were walking through a street. The cur-

tain represents the "Door," which conceals all that the Reader describes: hacienda with patio filled with flowers and the merienda.)

READER: After Anita and Maria had gone home, a plan popped into Angela's mind: she would go to the house of the rich *señora* and wait outside the great door that opened into the garden. Angela didn't say, "Garden," she said, "Patio."

"Perhaps," she thought to herself, "the big door will swing back on its hinges and I can peek inside."

This seems queer to you, but a garden in Mexico cannot be seen from the street. The *patio* is a big, beautiful square place with the house built all round about it. This makes the garden seem in the center of the house. No one can see within except through the heavy door which swings on iron hinges and is bolted and barred on the inside.

But oh! If that door opens! What a beautiful sight! A fountain with tinkling water in the center; walks through green grass; flowers in pots all about; vines climbing up to balcony windows; beautiful ladies sitting in the balconies; a troubadour playing his guitar; a table and benches for the *merienda*! All these things you would see if the great door swung back on its iron hinges.

Angela thought that the iron door might swing back, so she went and sat down in a corner across the narrow street.

(Music, "Dancing Doll," played softly. Angela enters the "street" which passes directly across the curtain that hides the hacienda and its patio.)

ANGELA: Perhaps the iron door will swing open if I wait long enough. (Seats herself in a corner to wait.)

I will wait until the door swings; perhaps I can see what they do at the *merienda* of the grand *señora*. I myself will then give a *merienda* most elegant.

(Several other "Mexican Citizens" pass. Music.)

READER: So Angela waited and waited; but the door did not swing open.

How hot it was! She looked up at the sun; it was very fiery!

A water carrier with his great jars strapped over his shoulders passed near.

(Boy dressed as "Water Carrier" suits action to words.)

ANGELA: I buy some! (Hands man her centavo and he gives

her a cup—paper sanitary—from which she pretends to drink.)
It iss nize!

(Other children with touches of character costuming pass by on the "street." Soft music.)

READER: By and by Angela grew tired of waiting. "Better go home to-day; I come again to-morrow," she said. (*Angela suits action to words.*)

For several days she went back to her corner only to be disappointed. One day she didn't feel very well, but still she went.

(*Angela enters again.*)

ANGELA: The street goes uphill to-day! Why iss it? Those queer noises in my ears! What makes heem? (*Seats herself in corner.*)

READER: The drink of bad water was beginning to do its work, but Angela did not know that, of course.

She was almost ready to go home, when—the door swung open.
(*Music: "Juanita." The curtains part, giving a glimpse of the brightest and most gorgeous patio and surrounding hacienda representation that you and the children have been able to create. The pupils will have brought flowers, or have made some of paper, and have done as much of the work as you could let them do. Reproduce the "troubadour" and lady in the balcony which you already have practiced. The señora and her guests are seated at a table.*)

ANGELA: Oh, most beautiful! Most elegant! The grand patio! The lovely merienda! (*Stands up, clasps hands.*) It—iss—most——
(*Sinks to the floor as she becomes dizzy and ill. The señora and guests gather about Angela in sympathetic attitudes.*)

CURTAIN

READER: The señora and her guests carried Angela into the garden and placed her upon a bench near the merienda table.

"She is very ill," said the gentleman who, when he was at home in the United States, was one of the head doctors in a very big hospital.

"Something she has eaten; or perhaps a drink of impure water," he said. Then he took her to the new hospital not far from the home of the señora, where he went every day.

For a few days Angela did not know what was happening or where she was.

Then one day she felt better, very much better; and she seemed to wake up as she heard a lady say, "Yes." It was the pretty *señora*, the mother of the little girl from the United States.

"How good she has been about taking her medicine!"

"I'm glad you brought that medicine along, daddy," said the doctor's little daughter.

Angela's eyes were wandering round the hospital room.

"Where did I get this?" and she touched the pretty nightgown tied with ribbon.

"Oh, that was one of mine. I gave it to you," said the doctor's little daughter.

"Who put the flowers there? They look nize!"

"I picked them this morning," said the other little girl.

"Whose bed is this?"

"Well, I guess that belongs to a lot of people, neighbor people up in the United States, who love you. You see this is a hospital that they have started, and my daddy has come down to be one of the doctors for a while, and show how to run it."

"Such nize—frien's!" murmured Angela sleepily.

"In a few days you are to visit in the garden—*patio*, I mean, and have a party—no, *merienda*!" exclaimed the doctor's little daughter. "The *señora* asked and my daddy said, 'Yes!'"

(*Curtain parts. Music: "Dancing Doll."—Patio scene repeated with Angela the center of interest.*)

CURTAIN

A STORY OF TWO GIFTS

(*See dolls pictured in frontispiece*)

It was five minutes of nine by the big school clock, and Miguel's hands clutched the bell rope.

"Not quite yet, Miguel," said the teacher. "We must wait until nine. We have just time to gather up these nails and the wrapping paper after opening our 'box.' Let us make the room look perfectly neat. We shall enjoy the surprise so much better in a pretty room!"

Miguel was the teacher's right-hand man, so he dropped the bell rope and helped to pick up the wrappings from the "box" that he had helped to open.

Outside the door waited Arturo and Luis and Maria and twenty other boys and girls who knew that the "surprise" was ready.

A box from North America! It had come from some little neighbors in a

very far-away state where there was snow in the winter time! Their teacher had told them stories about the snow and the ice and the sleds and the snowmen. She, too, had seen snow!

The gift box had come a long, long way in the cars. Then it had been taken to the great city of New York and put on a ship, and at last it had reached South America, and their school in Venezuela.

What was in it? What was in it?

The teacher said that the box would be opened to-day!

Arturo became so excited that he began knocking at the door.

Nine o'clock came at last.

"Now, teacher!"

"Yes, Miguel!"

Then Miguel pulled the bell rope, and the school bell rang out merrily.

The teacher opened the door, and twenty-four little dark-eyed boys and girls filed in to their places.

How eagerly they looked at the big box beside the teacher's desk!

After the verses had been said, and the hymns had been sung, their teacher let them all gather about the "surprise."

"The gift of those neighbors is most elegant, teacher," exclaimed Santos.

"See the paper! There is much paper!"

"Yes," said teacher, "our neighbors have used a great deal of paper and excelsior. There must be something breakable and choice inside!" and she took off the last layer of wrapping.

"O-h-h! O-h-h! O-h-h!" exclaimed twenty-four little people all at once.

"Dolls!"

"Oh! The pretty North American dolls!"

"Oh, teacher! May I have the boy doll on the sled?" begged Arturo.

"May I have the baby doll? Please, teacher!" pleaded Maria, as she stretched out her hands.

"What's that?" exclaimed Santos curiously.

"Why, that's a policeman doll," explained teacher. "And here's a farmer! See his big straw hat and his hoe over his shoulder?"

"O teacher! May I have the lady dressed for the party?" begged Angela.

"Look at the little girl doll with the pretty pink dress!"

Twenty-four dolls, and each one different from the other! A doll for each child in the school!

"You would think that part of North America had come to visit us, teacher!" exclaimed Luis.

"There is something else, teacher," said Miguel as he explored the bottom of the box.

"A roll of pieces!" exclaimed teacher. "Pretty bits of silks and satins and some bright cottons with flowers as gay as a garden bed!"

Then a very wise look came into teacher's face.

"I think I know what our little neighbors hope you will do with these pieces!" she said. "Who can guess?"

It took a long time and a good deal of thinking.

"Perhaps they thought that we could send a gift back," ventured Arturo.

"But we haven't dolls to send," said Christobal.

"How about making the dolls ourselves!" suggested teacher.

"I can sew," said Maria.

"I can make lace. Mother shows me how to make the lace that she sells at the train," said Angela.

"I can make a hat," said Luis.

"Let's make dolls like the people of South America!"

And so they planned, and then they began their work.

They kept at it patiently, too; the dolls were sent, packed in the same gift box in which they had been received.

There was a bride, dressed in her white wedding gown and long lace veil. The bridegroom wore a handsome suit of black.

There was a little old woman wearing her best shawl, ready to go to church.

There was a cook, carrying her bundle of kindling wood.

There was a gay sporting man dressed in satin, ready to go to the games.

There was a little beggar man wearing a straw hat and carrying a staff.

There was a laundress with a big bundle on her head, and ever so many more little people.

The "surprise" box gave just as much pleasure all over again when it came back with its gifts to the boys and girls of North America.

Appropriate music helps greatly in creating a desired illusion, so bring into service a song as "Over the Sea," published by Ginn and Company in their "New Educational Music Course," which the children may learn.

Land may be suggested by a group of palm trees cut from paper, mounted in empty spools, and grouped near the side front of the stage. Imagination does the rest.

Where the children themselves plan to give tableaux or pantomimes representing the life of their Latin-American neighbors, it will be quite possible to create an illusion of a portion of a hacienda house of the Spanish type, occupied by the wealthy. Sheets of mortar or plaster board make a good foundation. The red-tiled roof may be suggested by stretching over a slight framework some red-brown paper. Cut an opening in the wall to suggest a window and Spanish balcony. This need not be high, as we shall want one of our little girls to appear as if "sitting in the balcony," which might be done by putting a high chair just back of the "balcony" window.

The foreground may be decorated with green paper for grass and bright flowers to represent the *patio*. The children will delight in helping to arrange this. A vine, placed in a water jar to keep fresh and decorated with quite large paper roses fastened on in realistic manner, may run up the "balcony."

A shawl, a high comb, a large fan, a rose—and imagination does

the rest to create a high-born Spanish *señora*—and the children will long for the part.

A farmer's straw hat plus something that looks like a sweeping plume, a cape of paper muslin lined with red or green, long stockings, white sneakers, a piece of pointed lace for a Spanish collar, a tin or cardboard sword or a toy guitar—and you have a "troubadour."

Your little *señora* may sit at the balcony and the little troubadour poses in the *patio* below.

Let several children "take turns" in the pantomime during the several numbers.

This little number, or something similar, may be used for a portion of your final "program," if you desire.

For other suggestions for backgrounds, see general notes on "Dramatization" elsewhere in the Supplement, especially for the hacienda against which the dramatic characters representing the wealthier groups are to be seen. For the background useful in presenting the peons, help the pupils to prepare the little "theater" to represent a tropical background—blue sky, palm trees of paper stuck in wooden spools, and a thatched cottage such as the peons have as homes. This is to be the beginning of a "playlet" to be suggested in a coming lesson.

The Play Hour

Every teacher of little children knows how greatly her influence is increased by knowing how to play with them. Make yourself well acquainted with some of the plays that have been loved by children for many generations—indeed, through the centuries.

A study of this subject of games will prove of interest, as well as add to your resourcefulness. The book "Games and Songs of American Children," by W. W. Newell, traces many of the familiar games through the different nations. The Spanish, of course, had its influence upon the play of these children in our neighbor countries.

Our pupils will be pleased to learn some of the games played by these little next-door neighbors, and the following is one, printed through the kind permission of the Young People's Department of the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Chivas: A small hole is dug into the ground if played out of doors, or a bowl placed on the floor if played indoors. A line is

drawn about eight feet away from the hole. The children take a handful of little red beans called *colorinas* and, standing on the line, one at a time, see how many beans they can get into the hole. They must throw the whole handful at once. If any fall in the hole they pick them up and put them in the palm of one hand. Then, with a quick jerk they throw the beans into the air and catch them on the back of the hand; once again, and catch them in the palm. The one who has the greatest number of beans in his palm after the last throw is the winner. The children must each have an equal number of beans to start with.

This is one of a number of others found in the book "Mexican Play Hour." A second book of this "Play Hour" series that the teacher will find helpful in presenting this course is "South American Play Hour." Both books may be obtained from our Foreign Mission Board (mentioned above) for ten cents each.

BOOK LIST USEFUL IN PREPARATION FOR RECREATION PERIOD

- "Play; Comprising Games for the Kindergarten, Playground, Schoolroom and College," Emmet Dunn Angell. Little.
- "Games for the Playground, Home, School and Gymnasium," Jessie Hubbell Bancroft. Macmillan.
- "Indoor and Outdoor Gymnastic Games," Albert Meader Chesley. American Sports Publishing Company.
- "Physical Training for the Elementary Schools," Clark. Sanborn.
- "One Hundred and Fifty Gymnastic Games," Department of Hygiene and Physical Education. Wellesley College, Wellesley, Massachusetts.
- "Education by Plays and Games," G. E. Johnson. Ginn.
- "What to Do at Recess," G. E. Johnson. Ginn.
- "Games and Songs of American Children," W. W. Newall. Harper.
- "Graded Games and Rhythmic Exercises for Primary Schools," M. B. Newton. Barnes.
- Spalding's Athletic Library. American Sports Publishing Company.
- Playground Book. Harry Sperling. Barnes.
- "Games and Dances; A Selected Collection of Games, Song Games and Dances Suitable for Schools, Playgrounds, Gymnastic Associations, Boys' and Girls' Clubs," William Albin Stecher. J. J. McVey.

The Little Theater Used as a Means of Review

Let us remember that we are teaching Primary pupils, and that we must not attempt to cover too much new ground in a field which is as new to them as that which this course of lessons treats. It will be of profit, too, to go over again much of the work that we have tried to accomplish. But this repetition by no means needs to be in the nature of what is understood as an ordinary "review." It may be so planned that it will give unmeasured pleasure to the children, and will in reality be a new accomplishment.

For this work of recalling we may make use of the educational dramatization and a little "play theater" if we begin to get ready for it early enough in the course.

Use an early "Second Story Period" to explain a "wonderful new plan" to the children. Everyone is to do something to join in the plan and to help.

We are going to arrange a little "theater" all by ourselves, and then make up and give some little plays.

The story plays are going to be about our little neighbors of Mexico and of South America.

The paper dolls that we have dressed (or that will be dressed) are to be the people on the stage.

We are going to remember all that we can about the countries where these little neighbors live, and try to make the stage look something like parts of those countries. Let us find all the things that we can to make our plays seem real—things that are like those our little neighbors see every day—parrots and other bright birds, butterflies and monkeys, palm trees and rubber trees, and many, many others.

What a good time we shall have! How busy everyone will have to be, for you all are to help!

Perhaps when we can give one of our plays very, very well, we can take our theater and tell our story to some of the older people in the church—possibly to the ladies who have a missionary society, or to the bigger boys and girls.

First, we need a box, and we must talk about the kind and the size, and where to find it. (Quite a large wooden soap box or starch box will be a good choice.)

Then we must get some material for a pretty curtain.

The box, of course, is turned on its side so that there is a

stage floor, side walls, and ceiling; the front is open. Cut a door opening in each side wall, one directly opposite the other, and large enough for your particular dolls or "puppets" to be easily moved through.

The dolls are fastened in a standing position on a long piece of cardboard. A child standing near one door carefully slips the cardboard carrying the doll or other object through the first door, on, on, till it passes through the opposite door and is guided off the stage by the child standing ready to receive it at the opposite side.

If carefully done, this creates quite an illusion for the little audience, and is thoroughly enjoyed by those who do the "performing." The action, of course, is accompanied by the simply told story.

The curtain may be made of appropriate left-over pieces which you are able to secure, or perhaps a bit of pretty sateen. Decorate with bands of lamp-shade braid, and fasten to the box by means of a curtain rod.

What joy and surprise come with the illusions produced by the children for this background setting! What remarkable suggestions often come from them while they are working at white-hot interest!

In making story selections, lead the children to choose those which give scope for most action. Keep the work well directed toward its use for incorporation in your closing program.

The first scene might be two concrete representations of the voyage over the water to this land of South America: first, the voyage as made by peoples who came shortly after the discovery of the country and who came in contact with Indian inhabitants (this would help to recall the few stories in our course which touch lightly upon the history of South America); second, a boat to represent modern travel.

There is a fine strip of illustrated frieze paper furnished by the Dennison Company* which will help you here. It represents in a bold, simple way the waves of the ocean, the sky, and the three Spanish ships of Columbus. These are typical of the ships of the day, and may be mounted on stiff cardboard, cut out, and fastened on the cardboard standard as described for the dolls. Add as much blue paper as is needed on the sides and the bottom of the stage to give the illusion of sea and sky.

Let the pupils move the ships across the stage while one of the

* Dennison's Decorated *Crêpe* Paper Folds, ten feet long, twenty inches wide. Per fold \$.25; per dozen folds \$2.50. Number 400, ships.

children tells simply how the Spanish ships sailed and sailed and sailed until land was reached.

Then from steamship folders cut a large picture of a modern ship. Mount as suggested, and have the ship "sail and sail and sail" until land is reached. The narrator makes the contrast and tells his or her little story.

The Community Methodist Church

Glossary of Spanish and Portuguese Words

A

adiós—ah dee ose—good-by
al—ahl—to the, at the
la alameda—lah ahl ah maydah—grove, park
el almuerzo—el ahl mooer tho—luncheon
amante—ah mahn tay—loving
así—ah see—so
el aviado—ah vee ahdoe—one supplied with money, etc., to a director

B

bajó—bah ho—descended, came down
la Biblia—bee blee ah—the Bible
el bolívar—bole ee vahr—Venezuelan monetary unit = 1 peseta (12½¢)
los bollos de yuca—lows bolyos day yoo kah—yucca rolls or cakes
la busca—boos kah—search

C

el camote—cah mo tay—kind of sweet potato
el cargador—cahr gah dor—porter, burden bearer
 (caperceta)—cah per oo thay tah—literally, little hood
la capercita—cah per thee tah—game, "little Red Riding-hood"
el centavo—then tabo—about ½ cent
los cielos—lows thee ay lows—the skies
las cienagas—lahs thee en ah gahs—marshes
la colorina—co lor een ah—linnet, bright color
la comida—co mee dah—dinner
como—co mo—like, as
compró—com pro—bought

CH

chivas—chee vahs—game of jacks

D

de—day—from
el desayuno—day sah yoono—early breakfast (coffee and piece of bread)
dice—dee thay—says, tells
Don—doan—sir

E

en—en—in

F

la fazenda—fah then dah—coffee plantation

la fiesta—fee est ah—feast, holiday

el frijol—free hole—kidney bean

G

la gloria—glow ree ah—glory

gracias—grah thee ahs—thanks

H

la hacienda—ath ee en dah—farm, ranch

hoy—oi—to-day

J

las joyas—hoi yahs—jewels

M

la madre—mah dray—mother

la mañana—mahn yah na—the morning

mañana (adv.)—mahn yah na—to-morrow

la mantilla—mahn teal ya—shawl

me—may—me, myself

la merienda—mer ee en dah—luncheon, afternoon tea

el mundo—mün doe—world, earth

N

los niños—neen yos—children

O

la olla—ohl ya—jar, urn

P

las palomitas—pah lo mee tahs—little doves

la pasada—pah sah dah—country inn

el patio—pah tee oh—court

el peso—pay so—piece of money equal to 50¢

la peseta—peh say tah—piece of money equal to 12½ ¢

Q

que—kay—that, which, what?

que viva—kay vee vah—let him live! may he live!

R

rebozo—ray boh tho—scarf

el rey—ray—the king

S

el Salvador—*sahl vah dore*—the Saviour
salvados—*sahl vah does*—saved
el señor—*sayn yor*—Mr., Sir
la señora—*sayn yora*—Mrs., Madam
la señorita—*sayn yor eetah*—Miss
serán—*sayr ahn*—shall be
el sombrero—*som brear oh*—hat
el sol—*sohl*—Peruvian monetary unit = 1 peso (50 cents)

T

el tamale—*tah mah lay*—small dumpling of Indian meal stuffed with minced meat and vegetables, etc.
las tortillas—*tor teel yas*—little cakes

V

vámonos—*vah mo noes*—come on! all aboard!



SUPPLEMENT

Sinchi

An Inca Indian Boy

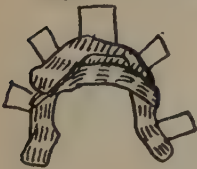


Skin light brown,
Shirt Tan,
Trimming red

Striped scarlet,
Light Tan and Rose
Trousers brown
Jars yellow



Magenta blanket, yellow
stripe. Cream shirt and
Trousers. Belt + collar
yellow. Pipes yellow



Cap scarlet
and Tan

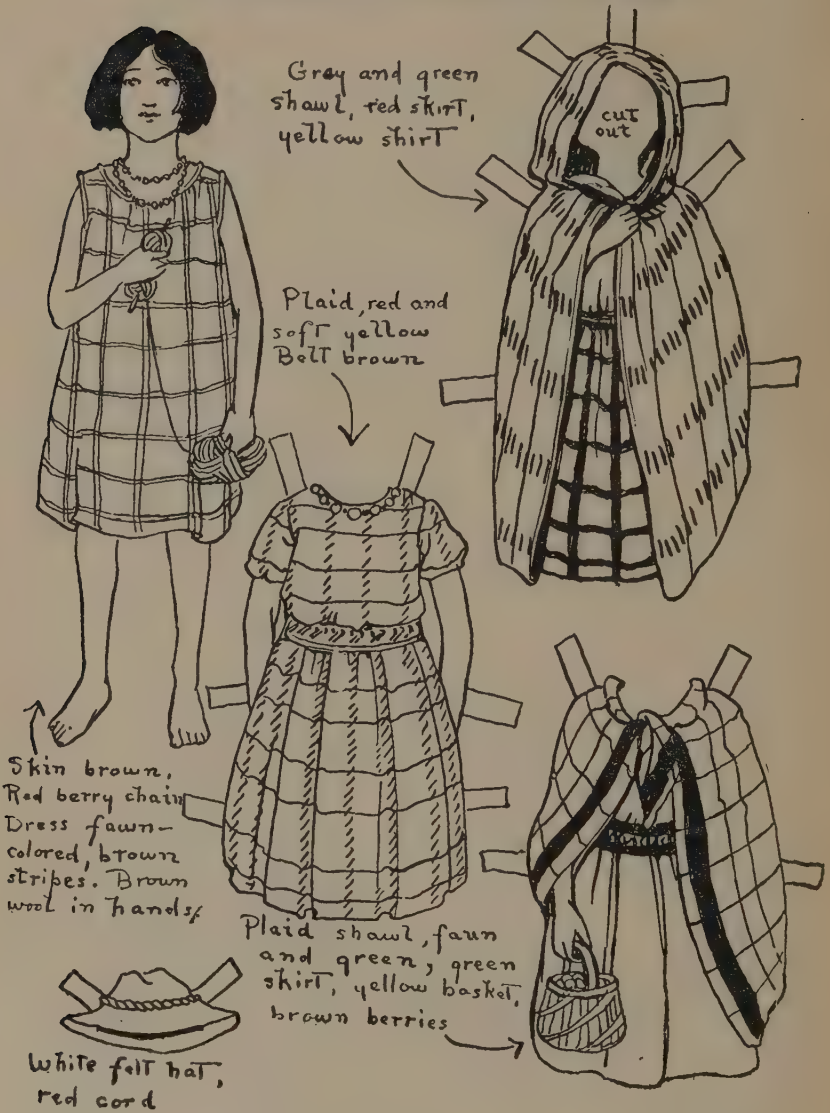


White felt hat

SUPPLEMENT

Dolores

An Andean Mountain Girl



SUPPLEMENT

Micay A Girl of South America



Light (copper-colored)
brown skin.

light, dull yellow
waist, green skirt,
under one bright
yellow.

Cream
stockings

light
yellow
shoes



Dull red
dress with
yellow trimming
Many bright & different
colored petticoats

Oranges and
lemons in
basket



Light, bright yellow

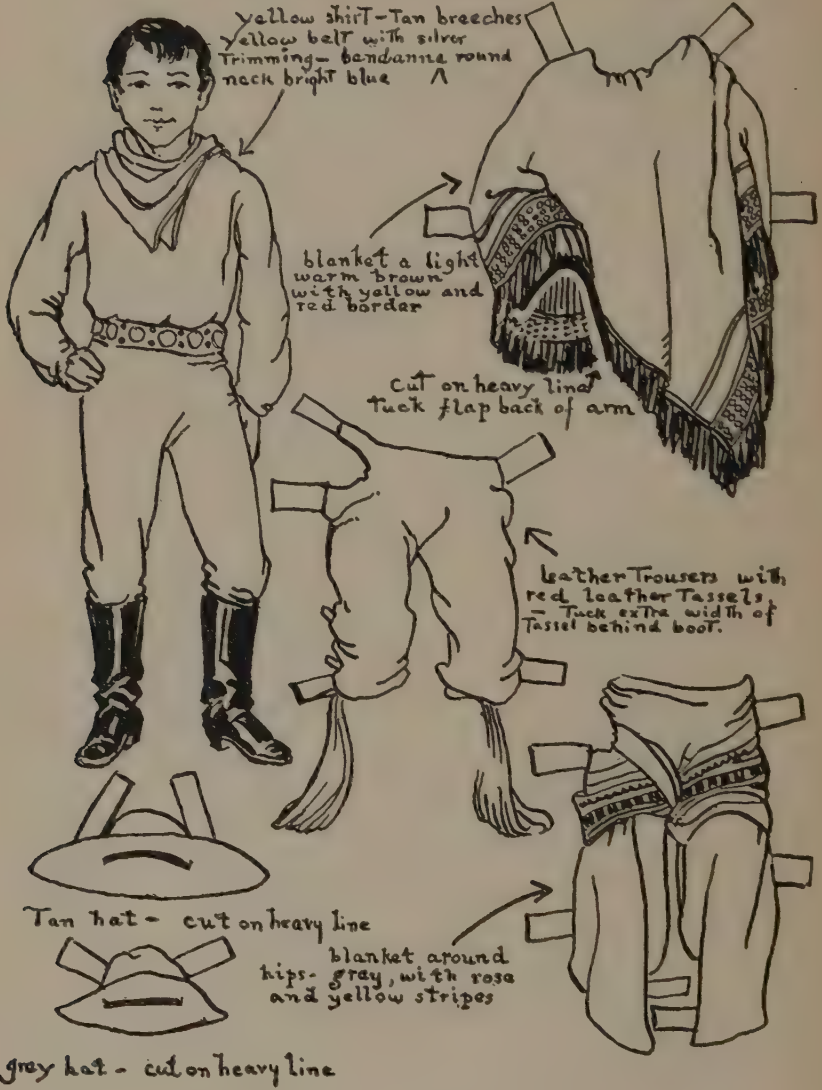
shawl, orange stripes. light yellow.
green dress, 5-ft yellow
basket



Chalk-white
felt hat

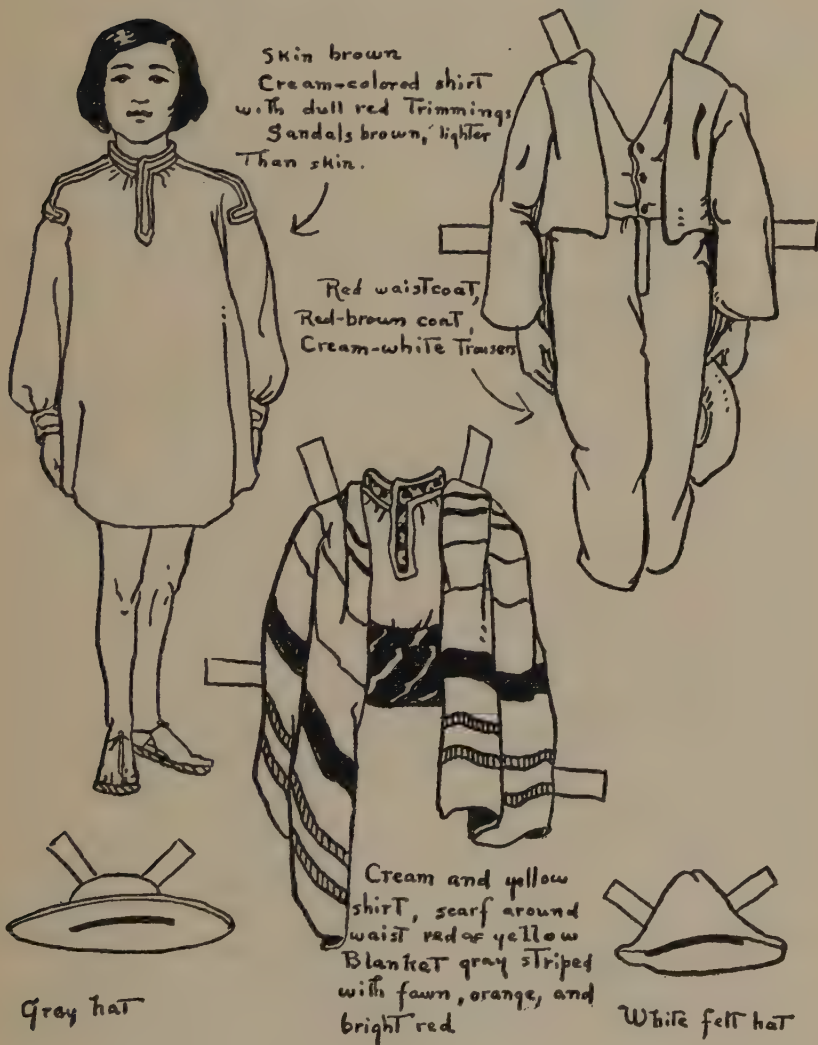
SUPPLEMENT

Pedro A South American Cowboy



SUPPLEMENT

Mayta Aymara Indian Boy



SUPPLEMENT



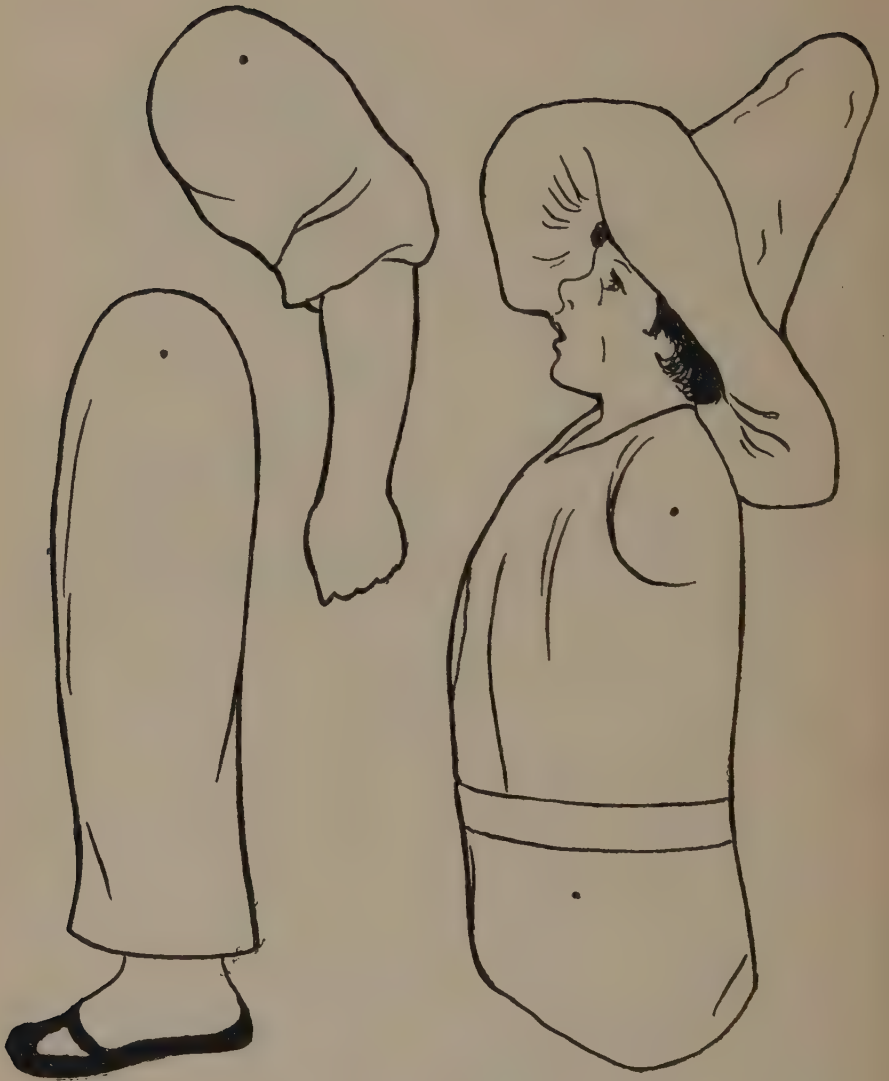
ANGELA AND PEDRO

SUPPLEMENT



PATTERN FOR DOLL

SUPPLEMENT



PATTERN FOR DOLL

SUPPLEMENT



PATTERN FOR ROOSTER

SUPPLEMENT



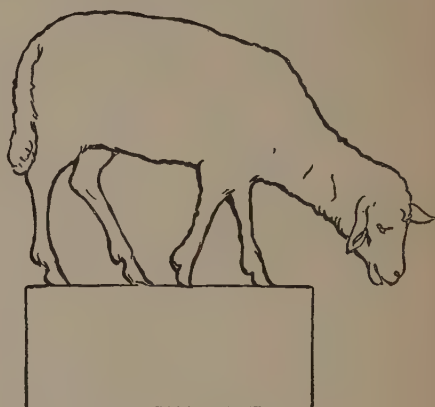
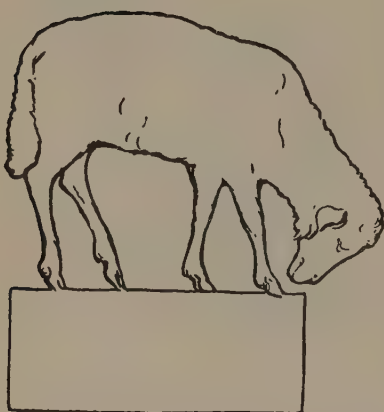
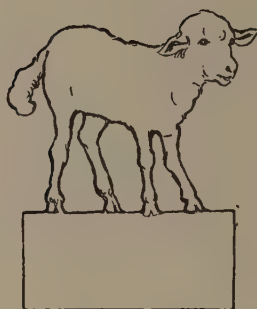
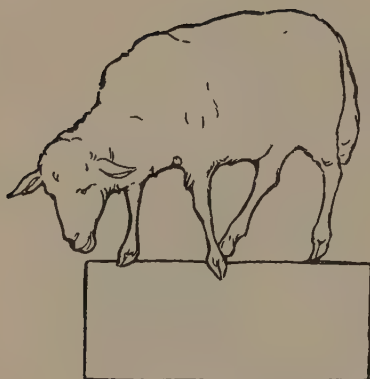
WINDOW WEDGE

SUPPLEMENT



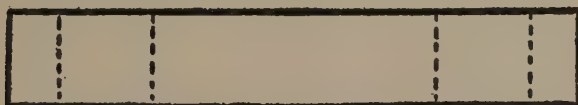
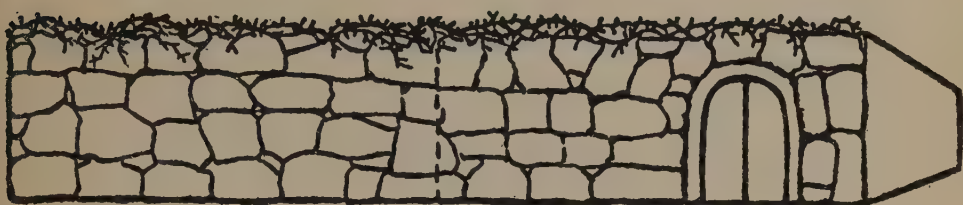
PLANT STICKS

SUPPLEMENT



PATTERNS FOR SHEEP

SUPPLEMENT



PATTERN FOR SHEEPFOLD



PATTERN FOR TREE

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